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FAMOUS Frontiersmen, Pioneers and Scouts;

THE VANGUARDS OF

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

Two Centuries of the Romance of American History.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE OF THE LIVES AND MARVELOUS EXPLOITS OF
THE MOST RENOWNED

HEROES, TRAPPERS, EXPLORERS, ADVENTURERS,

Scouts, and Indian Fighters.

INCLUDING

BOONE, CRAWFORD, GIRTY, MOLLY FINNEY, THE McCULLOUGHES, WETZEL,
KENTON, CLARK, BRADY, CROCKETT, HOUSTON, CARSON, CALIFORNIA
JOE, WILD BILL, TEXAS JACK, CAPTAIN JACK, BUFFALO BILL,
*GENERAL CUSTER WITH HIS LAST CAMPAIGN AGAINST SITTING BULL,
AND GENERAL CROOK WITH HIS RECENT CAMPAIGN
AGAINST THE APACHES.*

By E. G. CATTERMOLLE, A. B.

Elegantly Illustrated.

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PREFACE.

Deeds of the truly great should be brought conspicuously before the people. Whether in literature, in science, in art, or in defense of home and country—wherever are found noble characters, for memory's sake, no less than to inspire others with a spirit of emulation, we ought to rehearse their achievements, and tell the story of their struggles and triumphs. There are so many temptations to follow pernicious lives; so few incentives, comparatively, toward pure heroism and genuine nobility of character. Our part of the world, particularly, is in danger of reclining upon the couch of luxury, and cultivating that spirit of effeminacy so suicidal to the possessor. The sacrifices of ancestral heroes find little appreciation by the modern youth, largely from the fact that the perils of early settlement are so little known.

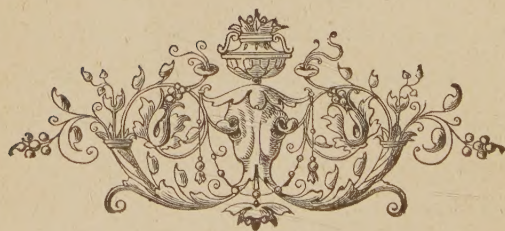
To supply some stimulating food of this character, is the object of the present volume. Such lives as those of Houston, Boone, Crockett, Custer, Crook, and others to be found in the work, should be recounted at every fireside between the great seas.

It has been the object of the author to condense into as small space as possible, the chief events of each life, not forgetting to draw such lessons as may prove finger-posts to those who need a guide.

To indulge in eloquent flights of fancy, profound soundings in historical philosophy, or even to paint beautiful word-pictures, would have been destructive of the more practical effect for which this work has been written. Hence, the only merit claimed lies in accurateness of detail and perspicuity of style—a true sketch, in pure Anglo Saxon, of worthy men.

The author desires to acknowledge the kindly suggestions and assistance of Mr. C. B. Holding in the preparation of the work.

Asking for the present volume no more commendation than its contents justify, after an honest perusal, it is respectfully submitted by the author.





DANIEL BOONE, ~~X~~ *no*
The Father of Kentucky.

COL WM CRAWFORD,
The Martyr to Indian Revenge.

SIMON GIRTY,
The White Savage.

MOLLY FINNEY,
The Beautiful Canadian Captive.

MAJORS SAMUEL and JOHN MCCULLOUGH
Patriots and Frontiersmen.

LEWIS WETZEL,
The Indian Killer.

SIMON KENTON,
The Intrepid Pioneer.

GEN. GEORGE R. CLARK,
The Heroic Conqueror.

CAPT BRADY,

The Great Indian Fighter.

100 DAVY CROCKETT, X

The Hero of Alamo.

GEN. SAM HOUSTON,

The Liberator of the Lone Star State.

KIT CARSON, X

The Celebrated Plainsman and Explorer.

X GEN. CUSTER, X

The Hero of Little Big Horn.

BUFFALO BILL, X

The Tireless Rider, Hunter and Scout.

X WILD BILL, X

The Lightning Marksman.

CALIFORNIA JOE,

The Scout.

TEXAS JACK,

The Government Scout and Hunter.

CAPT JACK,

The Poet Scout.

GEN. CROOK,

The Conqueror of the Apaches.



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DANIEL BOONE.

LIFE OF DANIEL BOONE.

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RIAGE AND DOMESTIC LIFE—POLITICAL INTEREST—KEN-
TUCKY, “THE PROMISED LAND”—CAPTURE BY INDIANS—
PLAN OF ESCAPE—MASSACRE OF COMPANIONS.

Daniel Boone was born in Exeter township, Bucks county, Penn., February 11, 1735. This date is believed to be correct, though some writers have placed his birth one year earlier. Best authorities, however, agree on the date given above. Daniel was the fourth of seven sons. He had four sisters. His father, Squire Boone, was son of George Boone, who came from Bradwinch, about eight miles from Exeter, England. The family of George Boone arrived at Philadelphia, October 10, 1717.

He was a man of considerable wealth, as is evidenced by the fact that immediately upon his arrival in Pennsylvania he purchased a large tract of land in what is now Bucks county.

He purchased also several tracts of land in Maryland and Virginia, and tradition says he once owned the land on which Georgetown, District of Columbia, now stands, and that he laid out and named that town. The fact that the Boone family owned land in

Virginia, may have led to the error made by some writers in naming that State as the place of Daniel's nativity. Daniel's mother was Sarah Morgan, but of her ancestry the records are silent. It is a matter of interest and worthy of note that Daniel's ancestors were Christians, having been members of the English Church in England. Arriving in this country they permitted themselves to be considered Quakers, but subsequent events proved conclusively that Daniel was not taught Quaker maxims; or, if he was, that he, at an early age, departed therefrom. But of what religious persuasion he or his ancestors were, does not form an important part of his history; though the fact of his abiding faith in the wisdom and power of an overruling Providence enables us to comprehend his matchless courage and indomitable will displayed from boyhood to old age. —

Exeter, his native place, can be easily imagined when the undeveloped condition of the nation in that period is remembered. There were no magnificent cities then; no railways, nor any of the great inventions and conveniences of the day. Exeter, when Daniel Boone was born, was only a frontier settlement, consisting of a few log huts, entirely surrounded by dense forests. In these woods was abundance of game, and there roamed at will the panther, the bear, the lynx, the wild cat, and other ferocious animals. There lived also the Indian, more fierce and more to be dreaded than any of the wild beasts. The most harm the beasts would do the settlers was to attack their domestic animals at night; or, when at bay, hard pressed by the hunters, turn and rend their pursuers. The Indians would plan their attack with wisdom, fall upon unsuspecting settlers, destroy property, murder helpless children, and carry the women into captivity,—a fate more dreadful than death. These surroundings need to be remembered that an idea may be obtained of the character of the mould in which Daniel Boone was cast. With him to load and fire a rifle was second nature; to roam the



BOONE AND STUART TRAPPING BEAVER.

wild wood alone, or in company with youthful companions, was pastime; to track the bear, or pursue the panther, was exhilarating sport. Many incidents of those days have come down to us, exhibiting in bright and favorable light the coolness and courage of Boone.

At one time, after a day's ramble in the woods, when the sun was down and darkness creeping on, Daniel and several companions were returning home, when some of the boys cried: "A panther! A panther!" and started on a run for home. Not so Daniel. He stopped, and discovered the whereabouts of the animal just as he was crouching to spring upon him. Quick as a flash his rifle was at his shoulder, and the next moment the panther lay at his feet, pierced through by the bullet from his gun.

His love for adventure, and his ambitious nature, are fully illustrated by his leaving home and wandering several miles away into the forest, at night resting under a hastily built shelter of poles and brush, and during the day hunting at will through the woods. His parents became alarmed at his prolonged absence, and instituted a search which resulted in finding him three miles from home, living alone in a cabin, a structure of his own making. They found him in possession of a good supply of skins of wild animals, which his own hands had captured.

As might be supposed, his educational advantages were limited. There were few schoolhouses in those days on the frontier, and fewer teachers. Occasionally a man would come to a neighborhood, and for a few weeks or months teach school. Generally these wandering pedagogues were themselves poorly prepared to impart instruction to the children, knowing but little more than reading, writing and spelling, and how to "cipher to the rule of three," as simple proportion as now taught, was called. There is no very full or definite account extant of Daniel's experiences at school. Some one of his numerous biographers have related that while at school

he was fond of playing practical jokes upon the teacher. At one time he discovered, hidden in the brush, a flask from which the Irish schoolmaster was in the habit of refreshing himself at frequent intervals each day. Into the whiskey he put a quantity of an emetic. The result can better be imagined than described. We need only to say that there was a vacation the rest of the day. The master finally discovered the guilty culprit, and Daniel's attendance at that school terminated abruptly. But what he lacked in knowledge that might have been gained from books, he more than made up by a close study of nature. His subsequent career proves that he did not fail to read the pages spread out before him day by day, with studious carefulness.

When Daniel was about eighteen years of age his father removed with his family from Pennsylvania to North Carolina, locating near Holman's Ford, on the Yadkin River, not far from Wilkesboro. This removal occurred in 1752. The people now living in that region recall with pleasure the sojourn of the great backwoodsman in their country. The capital of Watauga county, founded in 1849, is named Boone in his honor. John H. Wheeler in his "Historical Sketches of North Carolina," says of him: "His fame is part of her property."

When about twenty-one years of age Daniel Boone was married to Miss Rebecca Bryan, while yet living on the Yadkin.

The children by this marriage were nine in number, the sons being James, Israel, Jesse, Daniel, and Nathan; the daughters, Susan, Jemima, Lavinia, and Rebecca. Two of the boys, James and Israel, were killed in battle with the Indians. In 1846 Nathan was captain in the United States army. All trace of the other members of the family has been lost from history.

Many accounts of the marriage of Boone to Miss Bryan have contained a narrative, very romantic in its details, of how Daniel one night mistook the bright shining of her eyes for those of a



BOONE'S FIGHT WITH TWO INDIANS.

deer, and barely missed firing upon her with his accustomed success as a marksman. This is, however, a myth. So experienced a hunter as Daniel, even at that age, would not make such a mistake. Doubtless there was much of romance about their courtship and marriage, which would have been of interest if recorded; but in those days there were sterner things than love-making to engage the attention and pen of historians. A nation was being builded, and Boone and his compatriots were builders upon that now mighty and beautiful structure.

Daniel seems to have taken kindly to the new relations established by marriage, and at once ceased his roaming and settled down to the quiet and prosperity of a farmer's life, which continued for the next five years. It is presumable that the rest of his days would have passed in a similar manner, but for the disturbed condition of the country politically. The colonists were at that time beginning to grow restive under the cruel treatment of the power across the sea. Boone was no doubt an interested observer of the signs of the times. He disliked discord and political commotion, and longed for the quiet of the woods, the "far West" of those days. There were probably other motives that prompted his excursions into the fastnesses of the unbroken and unknown territory now known as Kentucky. There were men of wealth and of political influence, shrewd men, who looked over the Apalachian range of mountains with an intense longing for a new State in which they should figure as founders and leaders of thought and political action. There are grounds for believing such men as these employed Boone, on account of his eminent fitness for the work, to make tours of inspection throughout the great West.

As early as 1760 he began to visit those regions, and there is positive proof that about that time he hunted along the Watauga River. As early as 1748 Dr. Thomas Walker, of Virginia, accompanied by several men of rank in the volunteer army, made

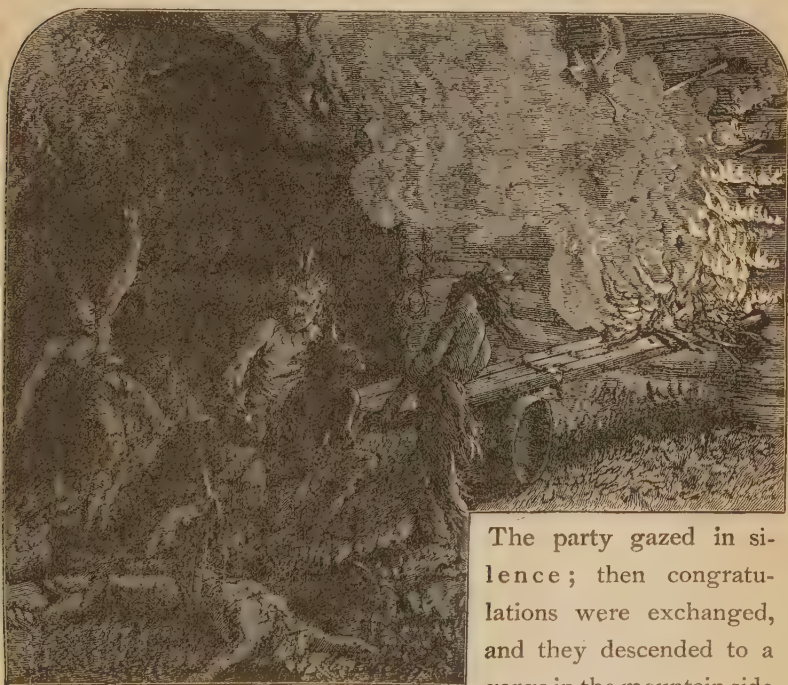
an exploring tour among the then western wilds. It was this company that discovered and named the "Cumberland Mountains," "Cumberland Gap," and "Cumberland River," all of which were named in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, then Prime Minister of England. In 1760 Dr. Walker made another tour of exploration. About the same time a number of hunters, among whom were Wallen, Scaggs, Blevins, and Cox, of Virginia, also went West and penetrated the region now known as Kentucky. The recorder of their travels says, "This year came Daniel Boone, from the Yadkin, in North Carolina, and traveled with them as far as the place where Abingdon now stands, and there left them."

This seems to be good evidence that Boone commenced his westward movements about 1760.

Ramsay, in his "Annals of Tennessee," says, in his day there was to be seen upon a beech tree, standing in sight, and east of the stage road from Jonesboro to Blountsville, in the valley of Boone's Creek, a tributary to Watauga River, the following inscription: "D.⁴ Boon Cilled a bar on TheE tres in yEAR 1760." Taking these evidences as authority, Ramsay concludes that Boone visited Tennessee about ten years before its permanent settlement.

In 1767 John Finley led a party of hunters from North Carolina into Kentucky. On his return he visited Boone and gave him a most glowing account of the richness of the country he had just left. Boone at once determined to accompany Finley upon his next hunting excursion. Soon afterward a party was made up to revisit the land that Finley had described as teeming with deer, turkeys, buffaloes, and smaller game. The intention was to make a thorough investigation of the country, and a long absence was expected. The preparations to be made to leave the families at home, were many, so it was not until May 1, 1769, that they were ready to start on their pilgrimage to the "promised land." After a tramp lasting more than a month they reached the Cumberland River, where they

were bound. Up the mountain side they had toiled all day. At last they reached the summit and from that height took in at a glance a most entrancing scene. The sun was just above the western hills. The air was cool and balmy. Rich valleys stretched out below and before them. All nature was in bright array. Herds of buffalo grazed quietly. Flocks of turkey appeared in view. Deer were plentiful. The tales told by Finley were confirmed.



INDIAN ATTACK.

The party gazed in silence; then congratulations were exchanged, and they descended to a gorge in the mountain side and began preparations

for a long stay. Their cabin was rude, and hastily constructed. The sides were logs rolled together, and the roof bark peeled from linden trees. This was their home from June until December. During that time no signs of Indians were seen, and the hunters felt no fear of attack, whether in company or alone.

The ground they were on was occasionally occupied by Shawnees, Cherokees, and Chickasaws as a hunting ground. The title to the land was vested in Virginia, and was acquired by treaty in 1770. The Iroquois had a year or two previously, ceded all claim they might have had to that country, to Great Britain. For these reasons, at the time Boone and his companions were hunting they were not in territory to which Indians had a title. But of course lack of title did not prevent frequent incursions of neighboring tribes, who came bent on pleasure or business, according to the requirements of the moment. Pleasure, if game was discovered; business, if the hated pale face appeared on the scene. A new experience awaited the little company. They usually hunted in pairs for companionship and for assistance when circumstances required it. In December, 1769, some writers fixing the date as the 22d of the month, Daniel Boone and James Stuart started out to penetrate the depths of a cane brake, following, doubtless, the well-worn paths made by the buffalo. They were in danger, but knew it not. In all their wanderings they had seen not a single wigwam, and had found no traces of the presence of the red man. The country was well adapted to concealment of the foe until the victim was in reach, and escape shut off. While Boone and Stuart were pushing forward, unmindful of danger, a party of Indians rushed from their concealment, captured, disarmed, and bound the two helpless hunters. It requires no vivid imagination to picture their chagrin and grief at this sad termination of their excursion. They were sufficiently acquainted with Indian character and customs to know that one of two fates awaited them. One was to suffer slow torture until death set them free. The other was to consent to adoption in the tribe, and henceforth become in their movements and feelings Indians.

It was under such circumstances as these that Daniel Boone appeared to best advantage as a man of remarkable courage, for-

titude, coolness and wisdom. The Indians were more than a match for him in physical powers, but immeasurably his inferior in cunning and courage.

Acting upon Boone's advice the two men made no attempt to escape, and seemed well pleased with their new surroundings, accompanying the Indians with cheerfulness upon all their hunting expeditions. The vigilance of their captors visibly relaxed after a day or two.

Upon the seventh evening of their captivity the camp was pitched in a cane brake, where all lay down to rest beside a large fire kindled for their comfort. All slept the sleep of men overcome by fatigue, except Boone, whose eyes were not closed, and whose mind was busy planning an escape. When certain that all were sound asleep Boone arose cautiously, noiselessly awakened Stuart, and told him in hurried whispers of his plan. His companion in silence arose, and accompanied him. With steps quickened by hope they hurried away from their sleeping captors, and next day reached the camp of their companions. But to their great grief it was deserted and plundered. What became of the other four hunters of the party is not known. Not a trace of them has been discovered to this day. They were probably murdered by Indians.

Certain it is that had such a man as Finley escaped and reached North Carolina, some record of him would appear in history. But his name is never again mentioned after his departure with Boone on this excursion.



CHAPTER II.

BOONE AND STUART—EXPERIENCE WITH HOSTILE INDIANS—
BROTHER AND FRIEND ARRIVE WITH SUPPLIES—STUART A
VICTIM TO INDIAN CRUELTY—MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE
—UNCOMFORTABLE SURROUNDINGS—BOONE ALONE—RETURN
OF SQUIRE BOONE—JOURNEY TO ATLANTIC STATES—EMI-
GRATION TO KENTUCKY—BOONE'S SON KILLED—TREATY
WITH CHEROKEES—BOONESBOROUGH SETTLED—CAPTURE OF
GIRLS BY SAVAGES—RESCUE.

Boone and Stuart were not disheartened at the disappearance of their companions, but continued their hunting and explorations; using, however, more caution in selecting their camping places, and in their daily movements, for their ammunition was running low, and Indians were becoming more numerous and more hostile.

In January following, that is in 1770, these two hunters were greatly encouraged and benefited by the arrival of Daniel's brother Squire, who brought them new supplies of ammunition, and news from their wives and friends in Carolina.

The meeting of the brothers is remarkable, when we remember that it occurred in the dense forests, where there were no roads or marks to direct the new comer to his brother, even had he known of his whereabouts. Daniel's brother was accompanied by another man, whose name is not given in any of the records. The joy of Boone and Stuart knew no bounds at this addition to their com-

pany. But soon a heavy cloud was to envelope them. As customary, they hunted in pairs, Boone and Stuart continuing as associates. In one of their expeditions they came suddenly upon a party of Indians, who fired upon them. Stuart fell dead, and was scalped by the foe. Boone escaped by flight, and rejoined his brother and the other hunter.

A few days afterward the unnamed hunter went out alone, but never returned. Boone and Squire searched many days for him, yet all in vain. Years afterward a skeleton was discovered in that neighborhood, in the woods, and tradition says it was that of the lost hunter.

Let the reader picture to himself the lonely condition of the two brothers, separated as they were by several hundred miles from friends and civilization; surrounded by wild beasts and savages; roaming through a trackless forest; subsisting upon flesh of game, and drinking from brooks and creeks; no beds but leaves; no covering but brush.

In less than a year six of the eight had disappeared, killed and scalped by vengeful and cunning foes. Surely their surroundings were appalling, but they flattered not. Had they been but hunters, simply men seeking remuneration from the capture and sale of skins of wild animals, we could reasonably suppose their trials too great for them; but they sought more than a few dollars from the sale of peltries. Daniel, at least, was confident that he was exploring the boundaries of a future great State.

They were not unmindful of the dangers surrounding them. Nor were they dead to the emotions excited by thoughts of wife and little ones left behind in Carolina. Daniel never hesitated to acknowledge that he suffered anxiety on account of his family, and their lonely condition. Only a true conception of his great mission sustained him.

It soon became necessary for Squire Boone to return to

Carolina for a fresh supply of ammunition. The brothers separated; the one to travel alone back to Carolina, the other to battle single-handed with his foes.

He would hunt through the day, and return to his cabin at night. But frequently he was compelled to shift his lodging, as he discovered unmistakable evidence that his hut had been visited during the day by the Indians. Some nights he would hide in a cane brake, and listen to the yells of Indians as they hunted the forest for him. But during all this time he never encountered them. In this fact alone we have abundant proof of his coolness and sagacity. To be able to elude his pursuers, and yet to continue his investigations and hunting operations, is very remarkable. We mention one method adopted by Boone to escape detection, which illustrates his carefulness and natural tact. The woods were at that period filled with a species of nettle, that, when once bent down, remained prostrate, and retained the impression of the foot. In this way, even a turkey could be tracked as easily as through snow. This weed Boone always carefully avoided, while the Indians, numerous and fearless, would pay no attention to it. Thus Boone could determine the number of his enemies and the direction in which they were moving.

Squire Boone returned in July, 1770, with a pack horse loaded with all necessary articles. Together they hunted from that time until March, 1771, when they returned to the Atlantic States after an absence on the part of Daniel of more than two years. Of this period, Daniel himself wrote as follows :

“In this situation I was constantly exposed to danger and death. How unhappy such a situation for a man tormented with fear, which is vain if no danger comes, and only augments the pain if it does come. It was my happiness to be destitute of this afflicting passion, with which I had great reason to be affected. The prowling wolves diverted my nocturnal hours with perpetual



BOONE DEFENDING HIS SON'S BODY.

howlings, and the various species of animals in this vast forest, in the daytime, were continually in my view.

"Thus I was surrounded with plenty in the midst of want, I was happy in the midst of dangers and inconveniences. In such diversity it was impossible I should be disposed to melancholy. No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind, as the beauties of nature I found here.

"Thus, through an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures, I spent the time until the 27th of July following, when my brother, to my great felicity, met me according to appointment, at our old camp. Shortly after we left this place, not thinking it safe to stay there any longer, and proceeded to Cumberland River, reconnoitering that part of the country until March, 1771, and giving names to the different waters.

"Soon after I returned home to my family, with a determination to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which I esteemed a second paradise, at the risk of my life and fortune.

"I returned safe to my old habitation, and found my family in happy circumstances."

During this two years' absence, he notes as some of the minor discomforts to which he was subjected, that he tasted neither salt, sugar, nor bread.

As we have seen, Boone returned to Carolina early in 1771, fully determined to remove to Kentucky. The records are silent as to what engaged his attention during the two years next succeeding, for it was September 25, 1773, before he started back to the frontier.

He owned a farm on the Yadkin, and probably a purchaser was not speedily found. It was not Boone's intention to return to Kentucky alone, or with his own family only. His aspirations were to found a state, or at least establish a colony. Thus much

time was required to make preparations for removal and to secure the company of men necessary to form a colony, or make a settlement capable of resisting successfully the efforts of Indians to annihilate it.

Finally all was ready for the start, and Daniel and his brother Squire, accompanied by their wives and children, set out on the journey to the West. They took with them cattle and swine. Their bedding and baggage was carried by pack horses. The men and women went afoot.

At Powell's Valley the party was met by another company of emigrants bound for the West. This company consisted of forty able bodied men, well armed, besides women and children.

In high spirits the cavalcade pursued its journey. At night they found shelter under rude tents constructed of bedquilts stretched over poles. About Oct. 6, after being on the road less than two weeks, their high hopes were dashed rudely to the ground, and sorrow pierced the hearts of many mothers. They, at that time, neared a mountain pass known as Cumberland Gap. The young men who drove the cattle, had fallen in the rear of the rest of the company several miles, when a party of Indians attacked them, killed six of the number, and drove the cattle into the woods. One man only escaped to tell the tale of their surprise. Among the slain was the eldest son of Daniel Boone.

Notwithstanding this heavy blow, Boone was in favor of continuing the journey, as was also his brother and a few others. The majority were disheartened, and insisted on returning.

Boone and his brother finally concluded to turn back. They continued the retreat forty miles, until they reached Clinch River in Southwestern Virginia; here they halted.

Boone remained with his family at this place until the 6th of June, 1774, the next year. At the solicitation of Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, Boone and Michael Stoner started for the

Falls of the Ohio, to conduct a number of surveyors into the settlement. This task was completed, and Daniel returned after an absence of sixty-two days, having traveled in the meantime, 800 miles. Immediately upon his return, Governor Dunmore appointed Boone to the command of the garrisons, and commissioned him captain of militia. He was now nearly forty years of age, and in full vigor of manhood.

The Indian war which now raged along the frontier is known as the Dunmore war, and was brought on by the slaughter of the family of Logan, the Mingo chief. The garrisons commanded by Captain Boone were contiguous, and situated on the frontier. The war was of short duration, and at its close Captain Boone was mustered out of service and returned to his family on the Clinch River.

He had now acquired a reputation as a bold and sagacious leader. An account of his discoveries passed from village to village, and from city to city, until all the country was aroused to the beauty and richness of Kentucky.

Of all the companies organized to occupy the new land, none was bolder or more widely or favorably known than that of Col. Richard Henderson, a gentleman of education and wealth.

The plan of this company was to take possession of all that vast and fertile country lying between the Ohio, the Kentucky, and the Cumberland Rivers. The Cherokee Indians claimed the country. The Henderson Company proposed to purchase the title of the Cherokees, and under this cover take possession of the land. Daniel Boone was selected to negotiate a trade with the Cherokees. He was entirely successful in his mission. As a result of Boone's negotiations, Col. Henderson met the Indians at Fort Watauga, on a branch of the Holston River, March 17, 1775, and in solemn council received from them a deed to the country, after delivering to them a satisfactory consideration in merchandise.

Daniel Boone was selected to lead a band of hardy men to open a road from the Holston to the Kentucky River, and to establish a station at the latter place, where Otter Creek empties into it.

This undertaking was dangerous in the extreme, and attended with many difficulties. Before the completion of the work the company suffered the loss of four men killed and five wounded by the Indians, who did not make an open attack, but from time to time picked off an unsuspecting workman.

Boone and his companions reached the Kentucky River about the 1st of April, and encamped where Boonesborough now stands. At this place and at this date the first settlement of Kentucky commenced.

Boone, in his autobiography, says they were attacked by Indians and suffered the loss of one man on the fourth day of their arrival. They were not, however, again molested until after the fort was completed. On June 14, 1775, they had a fort ready for occupancy.

It is not at all improbable that this same Col. Henderson was the cause of Squire Boone's going to the relief of his brother, as has already been narrated in these pages. It is thought by some, at least, that when Boone made his long journey in 1769 he was in the service and pay of Henderson.

When the cabins were finished, which was immediately after the completion of the fort, Col. Henderson, John Lutterell, and Nathaniel Hart, three of the proprietors, arrived at the station, or Boonesborough as it was now called. These men were accompanied by about forty new settlers, and some of the necessities of civilized life. Boone supposed that he had laid the foundation of a great city.

Soon after, he returned to Clinch River to remove his family to the beautiful country he had settled. In September, 1775, he



VIEW ON THE OHIO.

again started from his home in the East for the West, taking his family with him. The company consisted of twenty-six men, four women, and four or five boys. Mrs. Boone and her daughter were among the first six to stand upon the banks of the beautiful Kentucky River.

Boonesborough became the general rendezvous for all new comers. Many of these attached themselves to Boone's colony, and remained with him permanently. Some, however, returned to their Eastern homes after having made such surveys as they desired. Among the settlers to come to Boonesborough at this early day was Col. Richard Calloway, Simon Kenton, John Floyd, and the four brothers, McAfee, all known to fame subsequently. A good road for pack horses was kept opened from the Holston to the Kentucky River.

The following summer the pioneers at Boonesborough were startled by the capture of three young girls belonging to the fort. One of them was a daughter of Boone, the other two, Betsy and Frances, were daughters of Col. Calloway. Miss Betsy was grown, but the others were only about thirteen years of age. Mr. Butler, in his "History of Kentucky," thus narrates the scene as taken from the papers of John Floyd:

"The affair happened late in the afternoon, and the spoilers left the canoe on the opposite side of the river, which prevented our getting over for some time to pursue them. Next morning by daylight we were on the track, but found they had totally prevented our following them by walking some distance apart through the thickest cane they could find. We observed their course, however, and on which side they had left their sign, and traveled upward of thirty miles. We then imagined they would be less cautious in traveling, and made a turn in order to cross their trace, and had gone but a few miles before we found their tracks in a buffalo path.

"Pursuing this for the distance of about ten miles, we overtook them just as they were kindling a fire to cook. Our study had been more to get the prisoners without giving their captors time to murder them after they should discover us, than to kill the Indians.

"We discovered each other nearly at the same time. Four of our party fired, and then all rushed upon them, which prevented their carrying anything away except one shot gun without any ammunition. Mr. Boone and myself had a pretty fair shot just as they began to move off. I am well convinced I shot one through. The one he shot dropped his gun; mine had none.

"The place was very thick with cane, and being so elated on recovering the three broken-hearted girls, prevented our making any further search. We sent them off without moccasins, and not one of them with so much as a knife or a tomahawk."

The capture and rescue of the girls was the means of arousing the settlers all along the line to the danger they were in; for the Indians that carried them off were only a part of the numerous bands that then infested the country, and as the news of their fate spread rapidly, it put other settlements on their guard. Fortunately, however, no further depredations were committed that year, 1776, and Boonesborough enjoyed quiet and prosperity.



CHAPTER III.

WAR WITH ENGLAND—BOONESBOROUGH BESIEGED BY INDIANS—
EXPEDITION TO BLUE LICK—BOONE AGAIN TAKEN PRISONER—SURRENDERS ENTIRE PARTY OF MEN—COURT-MARTIALED, BUT ACQUITTED, AND PROMOTED TO RANK OF MAJOR—INDIANS PRESENT TEN PRISONERS TO BRITISH AT DETROIT—BOONE COMPELLED TO RETURN TO CHILLICOTHE—CEREMONY OF ADOPTION BY INDIAN TRIBE—EXPERIENCES DURING CAPTIVITY—ESCAPE—DUQUESNE COMMANDS INDIANS IN A SECOND ATTACK ON BOONESBOROUGH—SUCCESSFUL DEFENCE.

War was now raging in the Colonies with England. Hundreds of men left the wilderness on this account, and returned to the Atlantic States, but their places were filled by other emigrants from the Colonies, who from time to time came out to the various stations, as the forts were called.

In July of 1777 Boonesborough was reinforced by the arrival of forty-five able bodied men. This was a fortunate occurrence. The Indians were becoming about this time very annoying. Under the leadership of white men in the employ of the British Government they were continually harassing the frontier settlements. Some of the stations had undergone regular sieges. Boonesborough had been besieged in April, and in the conflict to disperse the Indians the settlement lost one man killed, and four wounded. The

Indians returned to the attack in July, having been reinforced by about two hundred warriors. The siege commenced on the 4th of July, a day already historic, and destined to become more so, as we in this day do gladly attest. The local historian, Gallagher, relates that after a vigorous attack lasting two days and nights, during which time the occupants of the fort lost one man killed and four wounded, while the enemy's loss was seven killed, the siege was raised, and the Indians fled. The remainder of the year passed without further molestation by the Indians. During all the time Boone was the master spirit of the settlement. Through his management the two formidable attacks of the Indians had been successfully repelled. He was not the kind who urged others forward, while he remained behind, an interested but protected spectator. If dangers were to be braved, he was first to go. This spirit was now about to deprive the settlement of his presence, his inspiration, his wisdom.

Boonesborough had no salt, the supply having been exhausted. The only way to replenish their store was to send a party of men to Blue Lick, there to make it from salt water. Daniel Boone was to head the expedition.

In January, 1778, the company started. They arrived at their destination, and at once set about the task in hand. While here Boone went out hunting, and fell in with a band of over one hundred Indian warriors then on their way to attack Boonesborough.

He undertook to escape, but his pursuers were more fleet than he, and he soon found himself a prisoner. This was his second experience, the former having already been related in these pages, it having occurred about nine years before. The fate of his companions at the Lick was in his hands, but so was the fate of Boonesborough, where were his wife and children. It was an hour of great consequences. Boone knew the Indian character perfectly. He knew his captors would return to their own village to engage

in a triumphal dance, if they had his fellow salt makers. Otherwise they would move on to Boonesborough; and dark, indeed, and fearful in the extreme, would be the fate of the innocent ones there. Boone surrendered his entire party of twenty-seven men on the condition that they should have life and good treatment. Both conditions were faithfully kept. Here Boone's sagacity appears to good advantage.

It is said by some writers that Boone was severely censured for his conduct at this time. It was of course optional with him to lead his captors back to the Lick, or follow them as prisoner, on to Boonesborough. Having deliberately chosen the latter alternative, he was censured and court martialed. The court, however, returned a verdict of not guilty, and that it was a righteous decision every one will agree. It certainly were far better that the few men should endure temporary captivity than that an entire settlement with its women and children, should be given over to Indian cruelty.

Boone and his men, closely guarded by their captors, set out on a march for the Indian camping ground, old Chillicothe, on the Little Miami. The weather was bad, cold rain falling most of the time, but after three days they reached the end of their journey. During this tramp the prisoners fared just as well as their guard. It is pleasant to know that in this instance the savages were true to their plighted word.

The hardest part of the experience of Boone and his men was the very close confinement to which they were now subjected; but that was far preferable to the torture most frequently visited upon prisoners.

For Boone especially, the Indians felt a strong attachment. He was careful not to annoy them, and appeared to be perfectly reconciled to his captivity. No doubt, also, his exploits and remarkable courage, displayed on previous occasions, were known to them, and excited their admiration.

Detroit at that time was a British army post. Boone and ten of his men were taken to Detroit. The ten men were presented to the officer in command of the garrison, who received them kindly, and treated them well. Boone, however, was not presented. The Indians were jealous of him. Several gentlemen of Detroit were anxious to have him in their possession, but the Indians persistently refused all offers. The British commander proposed to buy Boone's freedom with a large ransom, but his offers, too, were spurned. We may imagine that it was with feelings of disappointment Boone saw his captors preparing to return to Chillicothe, while he was yet in their power. He was compelled to accompany them on their return march, which occupied fifteen days.

Mr. Peck, in his account of this period, tells of Boone's formal adoption into the Indian family, which occurred soon after his return to Chillicothe. The forms of ceremony are severe and ludicrous. The hair of the head is plucked, except a tuft three or four inches in diameter on the crown. This is called the scalp lock, and is dressed in ribbons and feathers. The candidate is then stripped, and taken into a river and thoroughly washed by squaws. The object of this washing is to get out the white blood. The next step is a meeting in the council house, where the chief recounts the daring deeds performed by the candidate, and enlarges upon the honors about to be conferred. Then the face and head are painted, the whole ceremony concluding by a great feast and smoking.

Boone was now an Indian, outwardly at least, and he pretended to be an Indian in spirit. But how he must have longed to return to his wife and little ones, away out in the wilderness in Kentucky! A less brave man would have died of sheer grief. But no outward sign indicated the inward emotion. Boone accompanied the Indians in all their sports. He measured strength with them in games; he engaged in shooting matches; he paddled canoes with them, but in all he was careful to let them excel. His policy was

to please them in all things, and annoy them in none. He knew he could afford to stoop to conquer.

It was now June. A band of the Indians went to the Lick to make salt. Boone was taken with them. His time was now wholly occupied in drudgery. He was kept constantly at work at the kettles. He longed to escape, but no opportunity presented itself. Finally a supply of salt was obtained, and the party set out for Chillicothe. How sad the condition of the brave pioneer! His thoughts were of Boonesborough, from which he was marching rapidly, instead of toward it, as he fondly desired. His fears and anxieties grew to be insupportable when he arrived at Chillicothe and found four hundred and fifty warriors painted for battle and well armed, just ready to start for Boonesborough!

Boonesborough was distant one hundred and sixty miles. To escape and reach the fort before the warriors, was the consuming desire of Boone.

Next morning he arose as usual, and went out to hunt. He did not return that day or the next. When out of sight and hearing, he sped along with all the swiftness of which he was capable. For five days he tramped steadily on. He did not stop to kill game, nor to cook food. He had covered up in his blanket one meal before he left the village. This was all he ate until the fort was reached. The settlement was not looking for an attack, and the fort was in no condition to resist the Indians, but under Boone's management everything was soon put in a condition to successfully resist them.

Another prisoner escaped the day after Boone left Chillicothe. He reached Boonesborough when the garrison were hourly expecting the assault. He brought word that the meditated movements of the Indians had been postponed on account of Boone's escape. It was not, however, wise to relax vigilance on that account, for Indian spies were thick in the settlement, ready to convey to the

waiting warriors any carelessness on the part of the settlers. Extreme caution must be used instead.

About the 1st of August, when the tedious watching for an attack had become so irksome as to cause the garrison to relax their vigilance, Boone determined to take the aggressive. In company with nineteen men he left the fort, and moved rapidly toward the Indian towns on the Scioto. When within four or five miles of the village he intended to surprise and capture, he met a band of thirty Indian warriors. An engagement at once ensued, in which the Indians were routed with the loss of one warrior killed; two other men were wounded. Boone's company also captured three horses, and all the camping utensils of the Indians.

He now learned that the company he had defeated was a detachment of a larger force then hastening on to attack Boonesborough. He immediately set out to overtake and pass the marauders. After forced marches through six days, he came to the attacking party and successfully passed them. The next, or seventh day, he arrived at the fort.

The day following, when the enemy appeared before the fort, judge of Boone's surprise to find them under command of Capt. Duquesne, and several other Canadians, and several distinguished chiefs. The British flag floated before them. The number of the force, and the skill and courage of the commanders, were well calculated to strike terror to the hearts of the little garrison. They were, however, animated to a stubborn defense by the knowledge that death awaited them on surrender. The commander of the enemy demanded possession of the fort in the name of His Britannic Majesty. This demand was received without any apparent alarm, and Boone requested two days for consideration. This was granted by Duquesne.

Let us now look at the condition of the garrison. When Boone assembled the men for consultation, only fifty responded.

What could fifty men do against the hundreds on the outside? The fort was ill-prepared to endure a siege. But when the little garrison remembered that five hundred remorseless savages awaited them, if they surrendered, they determined to die in defense of the fort, rather than be made subjects of Indian torture. Their decision was duly announced to the commander of the enemy, who received the refusal to surrender with evident disappointment.

Duquesne now proposed other terms. They were of so favorable a character that Boone agreed to meet the commander and arrange terms of capitulation. But when he and eight of his men were in the camp of the enemy for this purpose, they soon discovered by the motions of the savages that nothing but ill could come to them by surrender. The treaty was terminated suddenly. The men regained the fort, and closed the gates. They were none too soon. A heavy fire was at once opened upon them.

But the garrison fired with deadly aim and great rapidity. The attack that was first made in force, and with intent to scale the walls and carry the position by storm, now changed, and consisted of random shots from behind trees, and other convenient breastworks. Finding his men were being killed, while the garrison appeared to be as numerous as ever, and believing the fort could not be taken by storm, Duquesne resorted to strategy. His plan was to undermine the fort, and blow it up. A fortunate circumstance saved the besieged company this fate. In digging the mine, the earth excavated was thrown into the river. This discolored the water. This unusual appearance of the water did not escape Boone's eye. He was quick to guess the cause, and equally quick to devise a plan to defeat this movement of the commander of the enemy.

Boone at once set a party to digging a deep trench along that side of the fort. This would of course prevent the plan of the British officer from being carried out. He ordered the dirt dug out

to be thrown over the walls. His theory proved correct; for when the Commander saw these counter preparations, he at once gave up his work of undermining.

For nine days the siege lasted. But the losses were principally with the attacking party. At the end of that time Duquesne departed, very much disgusted at his failure. Only two men of the fort were killed. Duquesne lost thirty-seven killed, but the number of his wounded is not known.

This was the last formidable attack upon Boonesborough. The settlement had proven its bravery and power of resistance. There were, however, other causes of freedom from molestation by the Indians, one of which was that other towns had sprung up, and these were selected to receive the fury of the assaults that before were reserved for Boonesborough.

Boone was disappointed when he arrived at Boonesborough after his escape from Chillicothe. He expected to meet his wife and family. They were not there. Supposing him to have been killed when captured at Blue Lick, they had returned to their friends in Carolina. As soon, therefore, as the war ceased, he returned to the Atlantic States to meet his family and bring them again to the Kentucky River.

He started late in the autumn of 1778, and returned to Kentucky with his family early the following spring.

He was followed by scores of emigrants. He set a good example before all, by entering upon the close and careful cultivation of his farm. His influence among the settlers was almost unbounded. All looked upon him as founder of the State. They respected him for his many admirable qualities of head and heart. He was a constant source of inspiration to all.

It was about this time that Boone was court-martialed for his surrender at Blue Lick. Upon his acquittal he was promoted to Major.

We are now to record a very sad incident in Major Boone's life. In 1779 he procured about twenty thousand dollars in paper money, by sale of his property, with which he intended to purchase land warrants for Kentucky land. He set out on a journey from Kentucky to Richmond, Va., to make his purchase. On the road he was robbed of all he had. To add to his grief, he was custodian of funds for many of his friends, to be used for the same purpose. All this was stolen, too. It is pleasant to know, however, that he was entirely exonerated from all blame.





INDIAN WEAPONS.

CHAPTER IV.

BOONE AS LIEUT.-COL.—SIEGE OF BRYANT'S STATION—INDIAN
AMBUSCADE—SIXTY-FOUR KENTUCKIANS KILLED—COL.
LOGAN—LAND PURCHASES—REWARD FOR MILITARY SER-
VICES—NARROW ESCAPE—LOSS OF PROPERTY—IN EXILE.

Nothing further of importance occurred in Daniel Boone's history, outside of the daily routine of duties belonging to the founder of a new settlement, until late in 1780. At that time, he and a brother, his brother Squire, probably, though the record does not mention his name, went to Blue Lick to get salt. While there, they were attacked by Indians, and Boone's brother fell, killed by the foe. He himself fled and escaped, though closely pursued by the enemy, who had the assistance of a dog. Boone succeeded in killing the dog, which assisted him much in avoiding his pursuers.

This year, 1780, the militia of Kentucky was thoroughly organized, and Major Boone was promoted to Lieut.-Col. He was, therefore, ever after that known as Colonel Boone.

In August of the next year, 1781, a large army of Indians from Chillicothe, laid siege to Bryant's Station, which was a post on the road from Lexington to Maysville. The garrison repulsed the enemy with great loss to the attacking party. As soon as news of the siege reached Boonesborough, Colonel Boone, ever ready to lend assistance to those in need, accompanied by his brother Samuel and his son Israel, started to succor the besieged fort.

Other parties of men also came from the surrounding country, so a body of one hundred and eighty men came as reinforcements. These arrived just after the Indians had retreated. A council of war was called, and the decision was to pursue the fleeing enemy. Colonel Logan was known to be approaching with a large body of men. Wisdom would have dictated a delay until he should arrive. The Indians evidently desired to draw the pursuing army into ambush, as they left abundant evidence of their route. Colonel Boone especially called attention to the many signs, that the enemy were fleeing for the purpose of ensnaring their pursuers. The Kentuckians had among their number many who were not as experienced in the Indian method of warfare as was Colonel Boone, and their impetuosity prevailed against his better and cooler judgment. Bitter was the fruit of their rashness!

The enemy were not overtaken until the Blue Lick was reached. A few straggling Indians were seen on the hills beyond. The Kentuckians halted, and held a council. Colonel Boone advised great caution. He said he knew the ground well, and much feared the Indians were lying in ambush. He believed they were numerous and ready for battle. He thought that the enemy were posted just ahead, in such a manner that the Kentuckians, if moved forward, would be attacked from the front and both sides at once. He advised a delay until Logan should arrive with reinforcements. But if that was not done, a part of their company should make a detour and attack the enemy in the rear, while the rest attacked the front. But while the matter was under discussion, Major McGary dashed into the river on horseback, calling on all who were not cowards to follow him. Immediately, the whole company moved forward with enthusiasm, yet without order and with no commander, in fact. As Boone had said, the enemy were posted below a ridge, that stretched out between two ravines that finally united in one. In these ravines were the Indians hidden

from view by thick brush. The Kentuckians were on the ridge, exposed to the cross fire of the savages, and without any protection. Huddled together in confusion they were slaughtered like sheep, while the Indians escaped unhurt until they emerged from the ravines. The Kentuckians held their ground against fearful odds. The officers seemed to have been set apart as especial marks for the Indians' fire. Early in the engagement, Colonels Todd and Lugg were killed, as also were Harland and McBride, and Colonel Boone's son, Israel.

To escape being completely surrounded, the Kentuckians finally fled back across the river. Here was an opportunity which a savage heart could not let pass. The Indians rushed upon the fleeing men, and with their tomahawks cut many down ere they reached the river, while those who reached the water and were struggling to cross, were mercilessly shot. Colonel Boone was surrounded. His boy lay before him dead; his dearest friends were killed. Hundreds of Indians were between him and the ford; death was near, and seemed certain to claim him. He knew every foot of the ground, and made a dash for liberty. He escaped the whistling bullets sent after him, and baffled every attempt to head him off. He crossed the river below the ford by swimming, and escaped to Bryant's Station. The loss of the whites was sixty killed. The Indians lost sixty-four. To make the number even they afterward slew four of their prisoners.

In the meantime Logan arrived with those who had escaped the slaughter at Blue Lick. He found himself at the head of four hundred and fifty men. With Colonel Boone he marched to the field, hoping to find the enemy awaiting his coming, but the field was deserted. They remained only to bury the slain. This done, the expedition returned to Bryant Station and there disbanded.

Kentucky for a time enjoyed rest from Indian hostilities.

Colonel Boone now devoted himself zealously to the cultivation

of the soil. He was able to purchase several very valuable tracts of land. He obtained money to make these purchases from Virginia, as compensation for his military services in Kentucky, for the latter territory was still part of the domain of Virginia.

It was about this time that Boone had an adventure with a small band of Indians, who came to his house to kidnap him.

The facts of this adventure were narrated by Boone himself just before his death, the occasion being the marriage feast of his granddaughter, and may therefore be relied upon as correct.

Colonel Boone devoted a part of his farm to the cultivation of tobacco. The patch was so small, however, that he was able to attend to the curing of the weed himself. The dry house was built of logs, and covered by a thatch roof made of rails and grass. When ripe, the tobacco stalks were gathered and hung up in this dry house upon poles stretching from side to side, and placed so as to form tiers one above another. The tobacco was split in the stalk and hung over these poles, the leaves hanging down. Here it was left till thoroughly dried. Every day or two it was necessary to change the position of the various stalks, so that all might cure alike. Colonel Boone was engaged in this part of the work when he became aware of the presence of his enemy. One after another stepped into the little dry house, until four large, stout Indians were inside the hut. Escape seemed out of the question. Colonel Boone was perched upon the poles overhead, changing the tobacco, some of which was already well dried. His would-be captors were on the ground, between him and the door. The dry house was too far away from his cabin to make a cry for help of any avail. But though thus completely hemmed in, his wits did not fail him.

With a low, peculiar chuckle, the Indians said: "Now, Boone, we got you. You no get away. Take you to Chillicothe. You no cheat any more!"

Boone saw at once they were in earnest. Their guns were

loaded and pointed at his breast. He at once recognized them as some of his old friends, with whom he had hunted and fished when last a captive in their hands.

"Ah, my friends," said he, "I am glad to see you!" apparently not noticing their threats to carry him off. He continued his work with the tobacco. They grew impatient, and said:

"Boone, come down. We go away now. Come down!"

"Yes, yes," he said, "I go too. You watch me. I fix tobacco, then I'll go."

All this time he was rapidly planning a way of escape, and seeking to persuade them to await his movements.

"Me take tobacco," he said. That pleased them, and he began to gather up the stalks, selecting that which was driest and most brittle. They were now completely off their guard, and watched his movements with eager, upturned faces. He continued to gather in the tobacco, and managed to crush some of it to quite a fine powder. Suddenly he dropped upon them, skillfully throwing the crushed leaves into their faces, eyes and mouths. The strategy was entirely successful. They rolled together on the floor, spitting, sputtering, nearly blinded and suffocated. Colonel Boone dashed out the door and ran toward his cabin, where his trusty rifle awaited him. Though having so narrow an escape, after running about fifteen yards, he stopped and looked back to see what his Indian friends were doing. They were crawling out of the dry house, cursing Boone as a rogue, and themselves as fools.

In later years Boone would relate this experience with great glee, considering it one of his neatest tricks played upon the savages. Indeed it was. Few men, if any, would have escaped with such odds against them.

We now approach a sad part of Colonel Boone's history. It is the year 1790—twenty-one years since Daniel Boone left his North Carolina home to explore the then unknown regions of what

is now the beautiful, populous, and wealthy State of Kentucky. We have, in the foregoing pages, learned of the almost incredible hardships which the pioneer endured while making these first necessary explorations. We have followed him through the many bitter Indian wars, and found him in the thickest of the fight, the bravest of the brave. We have paused to see him tenderly lay away two sons, both victims of Indian hate. We have followed him in his captivity, and admired his fortitude, his sagacity, his devotion to his companions in exertions to save his frontier settlement from surprise and capture. We have found him taking the money received from the State of Virginia in compensation for his services as an officer of her militia, and with it purchasing land near his own loved Boonesborough. It would seem that man could not be found so lost to all feelings of justice as to deprive this venerable pioneer of his well-earned possessions. But, alas, for human nature! There were those who would take advantage of ignorance, or trusting, simple-hearted mankind.

For various reasons, which we need not enumerate here, title to land in Kentucky in that day was very imperfect. Colonel Boone never gave much attention to land titles. Indeed, the complications were of such a nature that only an expert could unravel them. Thus it came about that all his property was taken away from him through the technicality of law. The beautiful farm near Boonesborough went with the rest. When nearly sixty years of age, the best part of his life behind him, Colonel Boone found himself virtually banished from a State which he had, in one sense, made, and enriched with his own blood.

A sadder picture cannot be painted, than that of this pioneer, soldier and patriarch turning his back upon home, and wandering back to the East to find an abiding place among strangers.

He finally settled on the Kenhawa River, in Virginia, near Point Pleasant. Here he remained several years.

CHAPTER V.

HUNTERS ON THE MISSOURI—BOONE WELCOMED BY THE GOVERNOR—LAND GRANTED—THE GREAT NATURALIST, AUDUBON, VISITS BOONE—ANECDOTE RELATED BY AUDUBON—AUDUBON'S DESCRIPTION OF BOONE—A VICTIM OF LAW—KENTUCKY ACKNOWLEDGES THE JUSTICE OF BOONE'S CLAIM—DEATH OF BOONE'S WIFE—BOONE'S LAST DAYS—KENTUCKY HONORS HER ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

Another portion of the West was now being explored. Hunters had crossed the Mississippi River, and were finding game and gain along the banks of the Missouri. These men brought to Colonel Boone glowing accounts of this new West. They told of peace and quiet, and abundance of game in that region. They pictured it as a land where lawyers and law suits were unknown. This latter recommendation was a pleasant subject of contemplation by Colonel Boone. As might be guessed from what we have learned of Colonel Boone's feelings and desires, his tastes and habits, he did not hesitate long. In October, 1797, he loaded up his pack horses and started for what is now Missouri, but what was then Upper Louisiana, and which at that time belonged to Spain.

So important a personage could not fail to be known by reputation to those who had never seen him. A knowledge of his exploits had gone before him. When he arrived at St. Louis,



INDIAN WAR DANCE.

he was met by the Governor of the Territory, who told him he should have ample portions of land for himself and family. His first residence was about forty-five miles west of St. Louis, in the district of St. Charles. He lived here with his son Daniel M. until 1804, when he removed to his youngest son's home, and remained with him until 1810, when he removed to the home of his son-in-law, Flanders Callaway.

July 11, 1800, he was commissioned commandant of the Femme Osage District, by Lieutenant-Governor Don Charles D. Delassus. His duties were both civil and military, which he exercised to the satisfaction of all concerned until the territory was purchased by the U. S. Government. This occurred in 1803. The Territory, however, was not admitted into the Union until 1812.

It was during his residence in Missouri, that Colonel Boone was visited by the great naturalist, J. J. Audubon. The visit was made probably in 1810. Mr. Audubon, in his *Ornithological Biography*, speaks with undisguised satisfaction of the pleasure this visit afforded him. He relates the following incidents as occurring while he was at Boone's house.

Colonel Boone had taken his guest for a ramble through the woods. His rifle was carried along to bring down any chance game. Presently a squirrel was discovered high up in a tree near by. Colonel Boone said he would bring the squirrel down without shooting it, by a process known as "barking." He requested Audubon to watch the squirrel carefully, and notice particularly that it lay stretched out on a small limb. The rifle was quickly loaded, and brought to bear on the game. Suddenly there was a flash, and a sharp, ringing report. The squirrel seemed to leap in the air, and fell to the ground dead, but no bullet had struck it! Audubon noticed that the rifle ball struck the limb just below the squirrel. Colonel Boone then explained that the concussion caused the squirrel's death. This was known as "barking," and only

good marksmen could perform the feat. The rifle used was large and heavy, and the ball proportionately large. The limb on which the squirrel lay was shivered. Many other squirrels were killed in the same way that day.

This distinguished writer gives the following description of his remarkable host :

“ The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the Western forests, approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise, and perseverance; and when he spoke, the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true. I undressed, while he merely took off his hunting shirt, and arranged a few folds of blankets on the floor, choosing rather to lie there, as he observed, than on the softest bed.”

In consideration of his services as commandant of the district, Spain gave Colonel Boone 8,500 acres of land. To perfect his title to this grant, he should have obtained from the immediate representative of the Crown, then residing at New Orleans, a confirmation of the deed. It was also necessary that he should reside on the land thus granted. Neither of these conditions were complied with. When the United States obtained possession of the Territory, the commission appointed to adjust all claims, found that the law prevented their admitting the claim of Colonel Boone, as the conditions of the original grant had not been complied with. Thus we see him a second time deprived of his property through technicalities.

He found his residence in Missouri very agreeable. He continued to hunt and trap in the season of such work. From the proceeds of this business he secured sufficient money to cancel some debts he was unable to pay when he left Kentucky. He made a

journey back to that State for the purpose of cancelling these obligations.

It is said, when this was done, he remarked to a circle of old friends who had come to greet him: "Now I am ready and willing to die. I am relieved of a burden that has long oppressed me. I have paid all my debts, and no one will say when I am gone, 'Boone was a dishonest man.' I am perfectly willing to die."

He returned to Missouri, and continued his hunting. He was nearly always accompanied in these expeditions by a negro servant boy. In one of these excursions he was attacked by a band of Osage Indians, but he speedily routed them. Another time, he was alone. A large body of Indians encamped in his immediate vicinity. For twenty days he was compelled to secrete himself. He could cook his food only at night. In the daytime the Indians would have been led to him by the smoke from his fire.

Another time, while hunting he fell sick, and for many days was unable to move about. He thought he would die. His attendant was his servant, a negro boy. To him he gave very minute account of how and where he desired to be buried. He also made arrangement for the disposal of his rifle, his peltries, and his blankets. Fortunately, he recovered.

In 1812 Colonel Boone tried to obtain an act of Congress confirming him in his title to the land granted by Spain. He applied to the Legislature of Kentucky for an indorsement, and assistance in obtaining the desired confirmation. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Legislature, January, 1812:

"The Legislature of Kentucky, taking into view the many eminent services rendered by Col. Boone, in exploring and settling the Western country, from which great advantages have resulted, not only to this State, but to his country in general; and that from circumstances over which he had no control, he is now reduced to

poverty, not having, so far as appears, an acre of land out of the vast territory he has been a great instrument in peopling; believing, also, that it is as unjust as it is impolitic, that useful enterprise and eminent services should go unrewarded by a government where merit confers the only distinction; and having sufficient reason to believe that a grant of ten thousand acres of land, which he claims in Upper Louisiana, would have been confirmed by the Spanish government, had not said territory passed, by cession, into the hands of the General Government; wherefore,

“Resolved, By the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky,—that our Senators in Congress be requested to make use of their exertions to procure a grant of land in said territory to said Boone, either the ten thousand acres to which he appears to have an equitable claim, from the grounds set forth to this Legislature, by way of confirmation, or to such quantity, in such place, as shall be deemed most advisable, by way of donation.”

His memorial to Congress received the earnest support of such men as Judge Coburn, Joseph Vance, and Judge Burnett.

On Dec. 24, 1813, the Committee on Public Lands made a report on the memorial. The justice of the claim was admitted, but the committee recommended that he receive one thousand arpents, or 850 acres, in Upper Louisiana. The injustice of this decision can be seen when it is remembered that every settler in Upper Louisiana was entitled to that much! The bill confirming his title to this land was passed Feb. 10, 1814, just as Boone reached his eightieth year.

In the meantime sorrow had come to Colonel Boone's household. His wife died March, 1813, aged seventy-six. This was a bereavement indeed, for he was tenderly attached to her. For nearly sixty years she had cheered him in his severe struggles against adversity. His affectionate disposition was rudely shocked by this loss.

From this time on he made his home with his children; sometimes with one, and sometimes with another. He was greatly beloved by his grandchildren and great grandchildren, for he lived to see his descendants of the fifth generation. He in return was very fond of his children and their offspring, and found much pleasure in their society. He was no longer able to do hard work, yet he was never idle. His time was occupied in making powder horns for his grandchildren and for his neighbors. He took great delight in repairing rifles. In this work he was very expert. While thus engaged he would recall the pleasure of other years, and in memory live over the days when he found real enjoyment in the excitement of the chase.

In the summer of 1820, Chester Harding, a celebrated portrait painter, visited Colonel Boone for the express purpose of getting his portrait on canvas. The Colonel was not able to sit alone, owing to his great age, and consequent feebleness. He was supported, while the artist painted, by his friend, Rev. J. E. Welsh. This portrait is the one that has since been copied in so many engravings. In this portrait he is represented in a hunting dress, and a large knife gleams from his belt. The face is wan and pale, the hair perfectly white, and the eyes a bright blue. The expression of the countenance is very pleasing, having nothing of that austerity one would expect to find in such a subject.

In September, 1820, Colonel Boone was attacked by a fever, but recovered sufficiently to visit his son, Major Nathan Boone. Here he suffered a relapse. After an illness of three days he died, **Sept. 26, 1820**, in the 86th year of his age.

The news of his death was received with profound sorrow. The Legislature of Missouri was in session at the time. A resolution was passed requiring the members to wear a badge of mourning for twenty days. The Legislature then adjourned for one day, as a token of respect for the distinguished citizen of that State.

He was buried in a coffin that had been prepared at his own direction several years before. Such a custom was not uncommon in those days. He was buried in a grave next to that of his wife.

The funeral attracted wide attention. Hundreds of people came from the surrounding country to be present at his interment. He was not, however, yet at his final resting place. Twenty-five years afterward the citizens of Frankfort, Kentucky, prepared a cemetery to receive his ashes. Having obtained the consent of the family, the remains of Colonel Boone and his wife were removed from Missouri and placed in this cemetery near Frankfort. This reinterment occurred Aug. 20, 1845.

The ceremony was more grand and imposing than the first burial. Some of Boone's contemporaries were present. They had come from all parts of the State. The descendants of the illustrious man were numerous, and were in front of the procession. The hearse was decorated with forest evergreens and white lilies. The address was delivered by Mr. Crittenden. Not only did Kentucky thus honor the hero, but in the assembly gathered that day were hundreds of people from neighboring States. Twenty-five years had elapsed since Daniel Boone had ceased to live, yet his fame had moved grandly forward, increasing with the flight of years, until it stood, a lofty monument, attracting the gaze of distant States. At this writing nearly forty years have passed away since that second grand funeral, and yet the fame of Daniel Boone grows. The nation, which, when he wandered in the trackless forests of Kentucky, was unheard of, to-day numbers over fifty million souls, and yet there is no nook or corner of this vast land where the name of Daniel Boone is not known and revered. Since he lived, hundreds of men have come upon the stage of action, have acted their parts nobly, have passed off, honored and wept, yet no name has been inscribed on Fame's fair tablet, that has by its brightness dimmed the luster of Boone's. His mission and his character were

unique. Before he came there was none like him; since he has gone no one has arisen to be compared to him.

It was fitting that Kentucky should be his final resting place. In 1790 he left it a penniless wanderer, cheated out of his possessions. In 1845 he comes back in triumph to receive the homage due him in other years! Other heroes have monuments of wood and stone, which perish under the tread of time. Boone's monument is Kentucky! As long as the nation endures, will his monument last!

There does not come to us a breath of aspersion of his character. Against his name is no blot. In every relation of life he was faithful and pure.

A remarkable fact in his history is that he was never wounded in battle. Like Washington, he seems to have had a charmed life, proof against the most skillful marksman.

Daniel Boone was pioneer, patriot, patriarch, and prince!





EARLY PIONEERS.



COL. CRAWFORD.



CRAWFORD'S ATTACK ON THE INDIANS.

LIFE OF COL. WILLIAM CRAWFORD,

SOLDIER, PATRIOT, AND MARTYR.

CHAPTER I.

FRIENDSHIP WITH WASHINGTON—YOUTHFUL PASTIMES—COMMISSIONED LIEUTENANT FOR BRAVERY—PROMOTED TO CAPTAIN—SEEKS A HOME—ENTERS THE COLONIAL ARMY—CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE INDIANS—THE BATTLE—RETREAT—CRAWFORD MISSING.

George Washington was scrupulously careful in selecting his associates, and especially so in forming intimate friendships. Ever courteous, kind, and even sympathetic, he nevertheless believed in social caste, and lived in accordance with his belief. He thought too much of his moral character to be defiled by “evil communications;” understood too well the intellectual advantages of intelligent company to permit himself, long at a time, to be found in any other; and possessed such social qualities as endeared him to the finest natures.

We then can form some conception of the true character of Col. William Crawford, the subject of this sketch, when we learn that he and Washington were bosom friends and lifelong

companions. They both studied the same branch of learning, viz., surveying. They both loved the excitement of the chase in times of peace, and a position in the front rank of battle in times of war. Although not reared together, they first met when scarcely of age, and as often thereafter as the peculiar times in which they lived would permit. The two young men contested in athletic sports, —wrestled, jumped, rode, shot, and ran races together. Their homes were not far distant from each other, hence many, indeed, were the adventures and escapades indulged in by the promising youths. Washington, by superior abilities, perhaps, and the opportunities that fate threw in his way, outstripped his companion in after years so far as military and political achievements were concerned, but never in courage, in manliness, or in patriotism.

Col. Crawford first came into notice as a soldier in the year 1755, at the famous battle of Braddock's Fields. Although a private in this fight, his gallantry won for him the rank of lieutenant. Soon after this, when Forbes made his attack upon Fort Duquesne, Washington, who had charge of a division, selected Crawford as one of his captains. His conduct upon this occasion was highly praised by his superior officer. In 1767 he concluded to take some steps toward founding for himself a home, and acquiring some of the vast territory stretching beyond the Alleghenies into the limitless West. He therefore saddled his horse and started across the mountains in quest of an abiding place. He reached the Youghiogheny River, and upon its banks resolved to drive his stake. It was a desolate place, as far as social life was concerned, but full of beauty and magnetism to the lover of nature and adventure. The exact locality where this intrepid pioneer soldier cleared a spot and built his cabin, is where, at present, stands the town of Connellsville, Fayette Co., Penn.

At the breaking out of the Revolution, Col. Crawford, of

course, offered his services to his old friend, who had been put in charge of the American army. They were gladly accepted, and he was given command of forces on the Western frontier. He was kept here during most of the war, fighting valiantly against both the British and their allied Indians. No other man did more for the cause of liberty in keeping back the murderous bands of savages. His boldness was remarkable, his perfect knowledge of woodcraft unquestionable, and his generalship of the highest type.

Finally, the news came of the surrender of Cornwallis. The army was disbanded, and Col. Crawford returned to the bosom of his family, hoping never again to be called into active military life. But, since the world always seeks great men, it never being necessary for them to seek it, he was not destined to have his hopes of settled peace fully realized.

After the Moravian massacre, which occurred in 1782, the various Indian tribes seemed to have vowed eternal vengeance, and swept down upon Virginia like whirlwinds. Some families were murdered, entire settlements driven like chaff before a gale, and too frequently overtaken by the relentless tomahawk. Something radical must be done. It seemed that savage hate stretched far beyond the Maskingum, even into the northern boundary of Ohio and Indiana. Sandusky was the chief center of hostility, and it was resolved to send an expedition against this place, if sufficient force could possibly be secured to make it practicable. Appeals were made to the general government. The answer came back: "The settlers must defend themselves. The government will give its assent, and furnish ammunition ; but men it has none."

A meeting was therefore called of all pioneers who would volunteer to go against the vast hordes of savages in their own country. Accordingly, about the 20th of May, a secret conclave of rugged border men from Washington and Westmoreland

counties, was held near the present site of Steubenville, on the Ohio.

A novel assemblage, indeed, when they were all together. Vigorous, muscular men every one, with an independent air and open, manly countenance. Each man was "monarch of all he surveyed" when at home. No neighbors were near enough to challenge his right to the title.

The loved ones at home had bidden him farewell, scarcely expecting to see the familiar form again in this world. Wife and baby had stood upon the lonely cabin doorstep, while the brave father and husband had discharged his rifle into the air, waved an adieu with his coonskin cap, and finally disappeared in the distance.

One person among all the assemblage—which amounted to four hundred and eighty horsemen—requires our special notice. He is a man about fifty years of age; of large form, fine appearance, and military bearing. When he approaches, the rough border men give way, and seem to manifest a respect akin to reverence. The man is Col. William Crawford. Washington has insisted upon his taking the command; General Irvine has urged him again to shoulder the rifle, and three of his relatives have agreed to march against Sandusky, provided he will lead.

Many of the settlers had taken little thought as to who should command, but in a short time after reaching their rendezvous, it was decided that there were only two men in all the company capable of engineering so remarkable and hazardous an undertaking. Col. David Williamson and Col. William Crawford were these two. Good naturedly the men began their balloting, which soon resulted in the election of Crawford by a majority of five votes. Three rousing cheers were given by all parties for the successful candidate, the crowd broke, and the men immediately made preparations for their tedious march through the wilderness.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning in May, when the cavalcade of horsemen filed out of Mingo Bottom for the Northwest. Every ranger was anxious for the fray—anxious to speedily annihilate the murderous Delawares, Shawnees, and kindred tribes. Very few of the company had ever before seen five hundred horsemen together, and to their inexperienced eyes it seemed an overwhelming number. If one white man could more than match half a dozen Indians (and that was generally held to be true), where could the latter ever recruit sufficient force to withstand this formidable array? Their confidence was supreme—much more than can be said of their force after reaching the scene of conflict.

As has been said, the border men supposed this expedition to be a profound secret, except to the whites. Every precaution had been taken to prevent its being known among the enemy. But the English had suggested to the Indian tribes that had participated in the recent massacres along the Virginia border, that they keep a sharp lookout for avengers. This the savages did, and just as soon as squads of horsemen began to pour into the Mingo Bottom, the alarm was given. Scouts were kept as near the rendezvous of the whites as possible. Every movement was noted, and reported by messenger to the Indian headquarters. The British at Detroit were immediately made acquainted with the scheme for vanquishing their allies, and resolved to add their power to that of the wily savages. Simon Girty and Capt. Elliott—two renegade Americans, who figured extensively in the worst Indian battles and massacres ever indulged in by their bloodthirsty companions—were at once notified, and placed in charge of the defence. These men were both well skilled in the arts of border warfare. Their superiors could scarcely be found. In addition to this, they hated their own countrymen with an undying hate, and were always rejoiced to have an opportunity to defeat and destroy them.

As the news was carried to the chiefs and white leaders, of the



INDIANS' AMBUSCADE.

numbers marching against them, every Indian camp and village along the border was broken up, and the inhabitants ordered to Sandusky. Women and children were sent to places of safety, while the braves painted and plumed for a bloody conflict. It was, therefore, not strange that Crawford and his force marched on for about ten days without seeing a solitary warrior. They had reached the banks of the Sandusky, and near the spot where, a year previous, one of the principal Indian villages had stood, but not a red man could now be seen. The guides were perplexed, the Commander scarcely knew what it portended, and the men were becoming impatient for the fight. They determined to move on a short distance further, and then, if no "signs" were visible, to turn their steps in another direction. It was rightly conjectured by Crawford and Major Rose, his first assistant, that the savages were concentrating their forces. It was therefore deemed inexpedient by many to push too far into the enemy's stronghold, lest they fall into an ambush, and all be ruthlessly murdered when least expecting it.

A few hours' march after the consultation at the deserted village brought them to the scene of action.

"The company of light horse rushed rapidly forward, and soon reached a beautiful piece of woodland in the midst of the prairie, which seemed to invite them out of the fierce heat of the June sun. They pause and rest, but finally strike out again into the open country. All at once they suddenly come in view of the enemy running directly toward them. Aha! Shaken up at last! Listen to those yells and whoops! The skulking copperheads! A fleet horseman flies to the rear to apprise Crawford, and all at once is bustle and confusion."

The two Delaware chiefs, The Pipe and Wingenund, had assembled all their warriors, amounting to something over two hundred. *Shaus-sho-toh*, the celebrated chief of the Wyandottes, was only a short distance in the rear with four hundred painted

braves, while others were pouring in from all quarters. It was, indeed, a formidable army for four hundred and eighty whites to encounter. However, the rangers, upon receiving the news of "Indians!" jumped to their saddles with a smile of satisfaction not seen in the last ten days.

Crawford and Rose marshaled their forces in excellent order, a few hearty words of encouragement were spoken, and the company advanced to the onslaught.

The savages had taken up their abode in a thick copse, from which the eager border men drove them in hot haste. They retreated to another neck of woods, and as the impetuous Americans hurried on to the rout, the renegade, Elliott, suddenly appeared upon the right flank with a considerable force of savages. The stratagem of attacking the whites in the rear was well executed, causing some fierce fighting, and a sudden stop of the advance. Crawford succeeded, however, in regaining the woods after losing a number of men.

It is said that Major Rose, during this conflict, as also every other one, manifested a genius for commanding, of the highest type. His coolness was like balm to the excited brain; his excellent judgment turned many a doubtful contest; while his manly courage was the remark of all. In fact, with a less gifted *aid*, Col. Crawford and his expedition would have probably fallen far short of the results attained, and perhaps brought destruction to every one engaged in it. But Rose, with his gentlemanly manners, rich voice, keen black eye, and fine presence, inspired the men to faithful execution.

All the day long, until darkness obscured the vision and made the firing uncertain, did the whites and reds engage at "Battle Island."

Right skillfully were the brave border men handled by their commanders to the disadvantage of their foes. Although their

numbers were far less than the enemy, yet their killed and wounded at the close of day was not one-half that of the opposite side. Had not the Indians had Girty and Elliott to cheer, to command, to manoeuvre, their forces would have been completely routed. As it was, Crawford remained in possession of the field, while the Indians withdrew to safer quarters.

After a restless night the weary and thirsty soldiers awoke to the troubled realities of another fierce and disastrous battle. They were in no wise daunted by superior numbers, as long as those numbers were made up entirely of red men. But with the morning of this second day came a large body of horsemen from Detroit. Their sabers and armor glittered in the sunlight; their military aspect, and apparently large numbers, caused the raw militia from Virginia to feel some apprehension for their safety. Then ever and anon a squad of painted reds would be seen advancing from an unexpected quarter, until the whites realized that their position was indeed becoming a perilous one.

It was resolved by Crawford and his staff to retreat. Accordingly, in the best of order, the famous homeward march began, which at times it seemed utterly impossible ever to complete. Of course the British cavalry crowded closely upon their rear, while bands of savages skulked among the trees, endeavoring to pick off, one by one, those covering the retreat.

At a juncture where it seemed indispensable to have a commanding officer in whom the panic-stricken border men had confidence, the news was heralded that Col. Crawford was missing. A number had straggled off in the darkness, but when it was announced that the intrepid commander was gone—probably captured—all hearts sank in despair. Col. Williamson, however, immediately took command, and, ably assisted by Major Rose, succeeded in keeping the men together until they had reached the present site of Crestline, Ohio. Here the British and savages gave

up the chase, much to the gratification of the worn out Americans.

From this time the company took matters more coolly, regaining their expended energies, and also rejoicing in the return of various individuals who were supposed dead. It was the 13th day of June, when the crestfallen rangers filed into the Mingo Bottom. Only about three hundred returned with the main body, but for a week stragglers were coming in, until it was discovered that their actual loss was not over seventy persons.



CHAPTER II.

CAPTURED BY INDIANS—COMPANIONS MASSACRED—INTERVIEW
WITH GIRTY—AID REFUSED—TIRESOME MARCHES—INDIG-
NITIES—DOOMED TO DEATH—BEATEN AND FIENDISHLY
TORTURED—BURNED AT THE STAKE.

After the brave Virginia rangers had been on the retreat for two days and nights, Col. Crawford discovered his horse weakening, and concluded it would be impossible for him to travel much further. Knowing that each man needed his own steed, he determined to get away from the main body, as far as his horse could carry him, and then trust to his own legs for further safety. Accordingly, when nearing a marshy bog, he called his relatives, consisting of nephew, son, and son-in-law, together with Dr. Knight, the surgeon of the expedition, and asked them to accompany him in retreat. This they consented to do, supposing the entire body of horsemen would be scattered sooner or later, and having promised the Colonel to stand by him to the end. The four horsemen, therefore, under cover of night, set out, taking a direction at right angles to the one pursued by the company. All night did they cautiously wend their way through woods, over streams, and across marshes. When daylight came, Crawford's horse had completely given out, so he was forced to proceed on foot, as did also the others. They traveled on all day. In the afternoon they met with Lieut. Ashley and Capt. Biggs, who had also abandoned the main body.

Rather a pleasant night was spent together, each party having escapades and adventures to relate, thrilling in the extreme. On the next day the six border men, thinking they were now out of reach of the hostile foes, continued the march homeward, when most unexpectedly they found themselves in the midst of an ambuscade. It was useless to fire, and impossible to escape. Biggs and Ashley had proceeded but a short distance, when they were overtaken, tomahawked, and their scalps brought back as victorious trophies of war. Crawford and Knight were deceived by an apparent friendliness on the part of the savages, into delivering themselves up as prisoners of war. Just how far the other two members of the party succeeded in getting away before overtaken, is not known, but their mutilated bodies were found some days afterward.

The prisoners, Crawford and the physician, were conducted to the village, and there watched with an unsleeping vigilance. Right well did they now know that their fate would be the most horrible one possible to devise.

Crawford heard that the notorious Simon Girty was not far away, and begged to see him. Girty and he had been well acquainted before the renegade left his American home, their acquaintance even reaching that of an intimate friendship. It has been stated that Girty once had sought the hand of Col. Crawford's beautiful daughter, which had been refused him by both father and child. The remembrance of this little episode in his career was not calculated to inspire him with love for the veteran, who was now, to a certain extent, in his power. But Crawford hoped that still a faint spark of humanity might be found in the treacherous heart, and that for old friendship's sake, if nothing else, he would use his influence for deliverance. The savages granted Crawford's request, and the meeting took place.

It has been said that Girty was offered one thousand dollars, if



INDIANS TORTURING A CAPTIVE.

he would secure the Colonel's release. This he indignantly refused, taunting his victim with the prospect of death. Crawford returned to his Indian captors, feeling that every ray of hope had departed.

The prisoners were driven on, the party in charge wisely avoiding the lodge of the Half King Pomoacon, as it was very certain that this kind-hearted Indian ruler would bitterly oppose such tortures as had been determined upon.

It is said that on their journey to the place of execution, the party came upon five other prisoners. These were all placed together in charge of a great number of squaws and children, while the warriors went out to hunt. Some of the prisoners attempted to escape, but they were set upon by the women and children with tomahawks, knives, and clubs, with such fury and violence that every one save Knight and Crawford were murdered outright. The fiendish wretches, whose appetite for blood had been aroused, scalped the victims, severed their heads from their bodies, and perpetrated other diabolical barbarisms too disgusting to mention. With yells of triumph did the small boys dance around, swinging the fresh and bleeding scalps aloft, and frequently dashing them into the unprotected faces of the surviving prisoners.

The next day at sunrise, the captors and captives again set out upon their wearisome journey. Reaching the town where dwelt The Pipe and Wingenund, the two noted Delaware chieftains, they halted.

The Pipe manifested great friendliness, as indeed he had frequently met both Knight and Crawford in times of peace. This seemed to offer a gleam of hope, but when he began to apply the black paint of death, the doomed whites bowed their heads in submission to the inevitable.

The party again started for their final destination. Along the route it became more and more apparent that a fearful death

awaited the victims. Insults and indignities were heaped upon them by all classes. Warriors, squaws, and children, would slap them in the face, pull their hair, prick them with arrows, etc., etc. Girty was seen following in the rear, apparently in the highest humor over the prospect of revenge. He finally approached Knight, and said:

“Are you the doctor!”

“Yes sir,” said Knight. “I have met you before, haven’t I?” and he reached out his hand, hoping that Girty had come to deliver them. The inhuman renegade cried:

“Be gone! you — rascal! I’ll never shake hands with a cowardly Virginian.”

It was the afternoon of Tuesday, June 11, 1782—only two days before the three hundred frontiersmen reached the Mingo Bottom—that the Indians with their victims reached the vicinity of Pipe’s Town, where the tortures of death were to be inflicted on all but Dr. Knight. The prisoners understood that their doom was sealed, and that the death would be fearful enough, but none imagined beings capable of such diabolical acts as were really practiced.

Col. Crawford, or the “Big Captain,” as his tormentors called him, was reserved for the last. Many of those who were witnesses of his death had met him in times of peace, and still retained a warm regard for the brave-hearted white. Especially did Wingenund, the Delaware chief. It is said by Dr. Knight in his thrilling narrative of this scene, that quite a conversation took place between Crawford and his old Indian friend, regarding the cause of the apparent hostility on the part of the infuriated savages. Wingenund informed the Colonel that the latter was supposed to have been connected with the massacre of the Moravian Indians a short time previous, and that the worst possible fate was reserved for every one having a hand in that. In vain did Crawford assure

Wingenund of his hearty disapproval of that barbarous outrage, stating that Col. Williamson and his select company were alone responsible for that, while the government and all law-abiding citizens condemned it. Wingenund said it would be utterly impossible to convince the yelling mob about him that such a statement was true; they had heard of Crawford's complicity, and nothing now could check them. A last sad farewell was taken of each other, while the tears trickled down the cheeks of the brave Delaware, as he saw his beloved friend tied to the stake.

The details of this awful tragedy are almost too fearful for belief; and were it not for the excellent authority from whom we glean what is here appended, the account of it might be taken with a degree of incredulity. But Dr. Knight, who was obliged to be an eye-witness of the horrible drama, afterward escaping, gives us the full particulars in all their hideousness.

Knight and Crawford were stripped naked, painted black from head to foot, and then beaten severely with clubs. This was but the premonition of coming cruelties. Crawford was then taken to a stake prepared for the occasion, bound round with thongs, sufficient "slack" being allowed to permit him to move about the stake, or sit upon the ground. Then began the hellish work of torture. One Indian loaded his gun with powder, and shot it into the victim. This was received with loud yells of applause by the others, who immediately followed his example. Seventy or eighty large charges were thus sent into the naked body, until, had not the paint preceded, the powder alone would have turned the tender flesh to an ebony hue. Stoically did the grey-haired veteran stand this terrible infliction, scarcely flinching under the most excruciating pain. As yet the tragedy had but just begun. A number of yelling demons now rushed upon him, and severed his ears from his head. The blood streamed down until he presented a frightful appearance. Then followed cruelties

and indignities beyond description. Dr. Knight closed his eyes to the awful sight several times, thereby not witnessing all that transpired, but by the noise, the clamor, and renewed yelling, could always tell when some successful device had been resorted to for increasing pain. The women and children vied with each other in attempting to wreak misery on the unresisting victim. For an hour or more this preliminary torture was indulged in, until, bruised, and bleeding, and raw, the sufferer was prepared for the fagots. Slow burning hickory poles were placed around him, that the fire might not cause death too soon. It seems that the hardened multitude of the old Coliseum, where Christian martyr or condemned criminal gave their life's blood in conflict with ferocious beasts, never could have dreamed of such barbarities as these fiends now enacted.

As the flames began to roll up around the stake, each forked tongue licking the quivering flesh, as if conscious, and in high glee over the prospect of dissolving soul and body, the distinguished victim could remain silent no longer. He called to Girty, who sat on a horse near by, to shoot him and end his misery. Girty shook his head, and answered that he had no gun. Then Capt. Elliott, who, clad in British military array, stood near, was appealed to for some merciful termination of his horrible fate, but in vain. These renegades had become as callous as their yelling and whooping companions. Even during the most excruciating agonies of Crawford, Girty approached Knight, and endeavored to enter into conversation regarding old times. He inquired as to the opinion men in Virginia held toward him; whether his punishment would be very severe, were he captured by the Americans, and many other questions, which Knight had no heart to answer then.

Col. Crawford, in the meantime, ceased appealing for more immediate death, and sought only to derive assistance from a merciful God. Low, solemn prayers were sent up to Him, whose

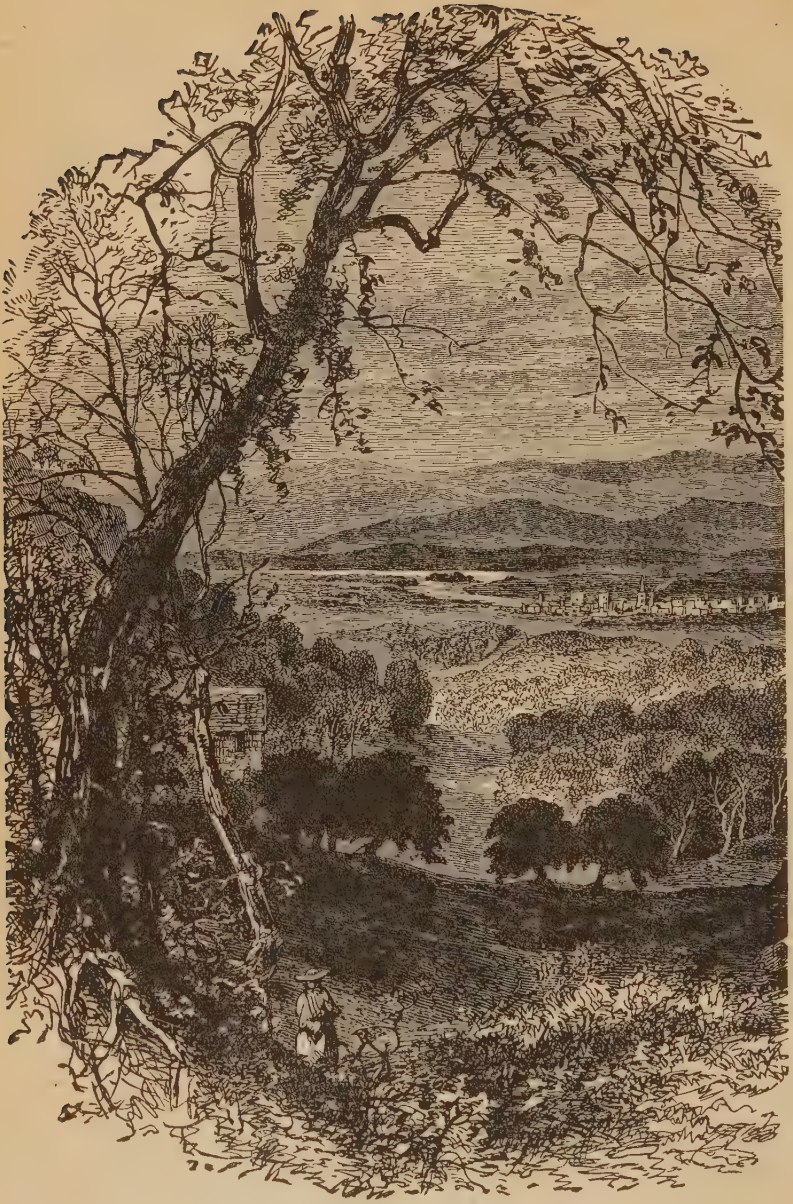
eye never sleepeth, for succor in this awful closing of an earthly existence. Gradually did the flesh, the nerves, and muscles, become oblivious to pain. The mediums of communication to the brain at length lost their function; and the nearly exhausted victim sank upon a bed of coals.

It seems that the bloodthirsty tormentors must surely now be satisfied—that their demoniac natures can desire no further suffering. But look! A stalwart brave thinks of the much-coveted scalp, and plunges into the burning mass to secure it. The keen blade carves the circle, and in a moment more the reeking, gory covering is lifted from the scorched and bleeding head. The victim, however, moves not a muscle—the power of sensation is well nigh, if not quite, extinct. But stop! A hideous old hag, with projecting teeth and wrinkled visage, hopes once more to fan the dying spark of life into existence. She rushes to the pile of coals, gathers a piece of bark, and loading it with live, glowing embers, pours them upon the unprotected head. It seems improbable that the skull has been opened sufficiently to let in the fire, but the intense heat penetrates to the sensitive seat of life, and stirs the wretched sufferer again to action. He rises, blind and staggering, involuntarily renews his weary walk around the stake, hoping to rid himself of the unspeakable torments that will, in a few moments more, end his suffering.

At length, quivering and writhing from head to feet, Col. William Crawford, soldier, patriot, Washington's friend, gave up the ghost, and his body was burned to ashes.







SCENE OF WYOMING MASSACRE.

LIFE OF SIMON GIRTY.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY INFLUENCES—DEMORALIZING SURROUNDINGS—FAMILY—
LIFE IN CAPTIVITY DURING BOYHOOD—EFFECTS OF SAVAGE
TRAINING—RETURN HOME—GIRTY AND KENTON AS SPIES—
FAITHFUL SERVICE—ESPOUSES THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM—
DISSATISFACTION—BECOMES A TRAITOR—ALLIES HIMSELF
WITH BRITISH AND SAVAGES.

The name of Simon Girty was a synonym for terror one hundred years ago. Then there was a ring in the tones which carried it, that caused the housewife to involuntarily blanch with fear, and the American scout to seize his gun with a firmer grip. Children shuddered when they heard it spoken; officers of the army appeared anxious to catch the least information regarding it, while savage cruelty gloated over its prominence.

“Some men are born to lead.” Yes, and frequently they seem to care not under what circumstances, or championing what cause. If the defense of virtue, of freedom, of innocent humanity offers not an opportunity for the gratification of such an ambition, then repute must be gained by ignoring virtue, placing the shackles upon liberty, and crushing the helpless.

Simon Girty was by nature a leader; by acquirements an inhuman monster; by birth an Irish-American; by habit a savage. Naturally endowed with an impetuous, fiery disposition, his life in the wilderness, for the most part estranged from all that was good and noble, made him a very demon.

Some have endeavored to palliate his wrong doings; others have said that liquor drinking developed his savage propensities, while freedom from that habit would have made an entirely different character. No doubt the addition of this fiery stimulant augmented that bloodthirsty nature, which he possessed; but within the bosom was ever lurking, whether intoxicated or sober, an insatiate love of cruelty and vengeance, which were ready at any moment to burst forth in unquenchable fury.

He was born somewhere in the neighborhood of Fort Pitt, (Pittsburgh) in the State of Pennsylvania, about the year 1750. His father was a disreputable trader among the Indians, dealing out to them more liquor, perhaps, than any other article, in exchange for furs and skins. Inheriting that love for stimulants, which too frequently characterizes the natives of the Emerald Isle, old Simon Girty gratified his appetite to an unlimited degree, finally bringing premature death to himself, and great suffering upon his entire family. Thomas, his oldest son, was the most respectable of all the boys, having lived on the Allegheny, at Girty's Run, the greater part of his life, in comparative quiet. Simon, James, and George, however, naturally followed in the wake of their father, only becoming much more notorious, because of superior courage and opportunities. The two latter possessed natures equally fiendish with that of Simon, though they did not become so notorious.

When quite young, these three boys were carried into captivity by the Indians. Thomas, it seems, escaped from their savage clutches; just how, we are not informed.

For several years Simon lived in the wilderness with his red



KENTON AND GIRTY.

brothers, to whom he soon became attached. As he was but five or six years of age, when captured, the instructions given by the Indians, as well as the experiences connected with their rude life, made an indelible impression upon his tender mind. Although rescued by Col. Bouquet, the lad could not be kept with the whites, except by force.

After being compelled to remain among his own kindred for a year or more, Simon became contented with his lot, and grew to manhood under the influences of border civilization.

At the age of twenty-four we find him acting as spy with Kenton, in Dunmore's war. During this exciting period his courage and skill in woodcraft made him a valuable addition to the list of scouts. A peculiarity, also, of his otherwise unenviable make-up was a strict regard for his word—no man ever knew of Girty breaking his promise. Hence, while fighting against the Indians, he was as true a friend to the cause he espoused, as when, afterward, he cast his lot with the treacherous savages and fought so relentlessly against the whites.

Simon Kenton ever spoke of this comrade spy as fearless, skillful, and heroic. Nor did he ever fail to think or speak of the renegade, except in the most affectionate manner. That magnetism which gave him the power to command thousands of Indians, attracted Kenton with an irresistible power. It seems also, as has been referred to elsewhere in this work, that the attachment between these sturdy pioneer Indian-hunters was mutual. For when Kenton was about to be sacrificed at the stake, Girty succeeded in securing his liberty at the risk of his own safety and reputation.

After Dunmore's war Simon Girty joined the American cause in the struggle for freedom. His countrymen immediately made him commander of a company of militia, and in this capacity he did active service until the year 1778.

At this time he was stationed at Pittsburgh. His ambition called for promotion. This it seemed impossible to receive, as others were constantly preferred before him. Becoming at length exceedingly jealous, and claiming ill-treatment at the hands of his superiors, he determined to play traitor, flee to the British ranks, and gain that prominence so much desired.

Accordingly, in company with Elliott, Alexander, McKee, and twelve others, he first circulated false and malicious stories among the savages, inciting them to take up arms against the Americans, and then deserted Fort Pitt and his countrymen.

The injury done by the renegade body, just at this critical moment—March, 1778—was incalculable. Neutral tribes were told that Washington was dead; that Congress was broken up; that defeat after defeat had followed the efforts of the American army, and that in a short time the English would sweep down upon all opposing Indians with destructive violence.

Had it not been for Heckewelder, the Moravian missionary, much more damage to the American cause would have resulted from Girty's falsehoods. This noble Christian man and patriot refuted the stories, and quieted the fears of several tribes, particularly the Delawares.

Girty and his infamous colleagues, having abandoned Fort Pitt, struck across the country toward the British headquarters at Detroit.

They came very near paying the penalty of their treachery, however, ere the goal of their ambition was reached. For hardly had they gotten fairly into the forests of Ohio, before an ambuscade of Indians compelled them to surrender. This they gladly did in preference to being shot down on the road. Girty remonstrated with the savages, maintaining that his intention was to join their allies, the English, and to fight battles for the red man. But in vain did he plead for liberty on these grounds. The captives

were taken from place to place until brought before the grand council of the tribe, where the guilty and terrified deserters succeeded in convincing the chiefs of their loyalty to the British cause.

Being finally released, Girty proceeded on his way to Detroit, which point he reached in due time, much to the joy of that notorious official, Gov. Hamilton. Disclosures of the Americans' plans were made at once, and "The Hair Buyer," as Hamilton was termed, lost no time in taking advantage of the valuable information. The traitor was immediately put in charge of a large force to act in concert with the Indians. This just suited the renegade, as it afforded abundant opportunity for gratifying what had now developed into an intense hatred for his own countrymen.

It would be difficult to determine how many horrible massacres, scalping crusades, and savage battles, this white man of the woods engaged in during the remainder of the war. But certain it is that no champion of savage cruelty ever held such indomitable sway over his barbarous associates, nor ever wreaked such terrible vengeance as he. Space would not permit even a cursory glance at his numerous conflicts. The whites along the border feared him as they feared no chief that wielded the tomahawk. He united the craftiness and courage of the savage, with that superior mental force and knowledge gained in civilization.



CHAPTER II.

ATTACK ON BRYANT'S STATION—POWER AS A LEADER—GETS
COMMAND OF A LARGE FORCE—SEEKS VENGEANCE—MAR-
RIES—SINKS INTO DISSIPATION—INSTANCES OF EXTREME
CRUELTY—BECOMES BLIND SEVERAL YEARS BEFORE DEATH.

One of his best arranged attacks was that upon Bryant Station, Kentucky. Girty, with six hundred painted fiends of the forest, silently surrounded the station where were collected the old men, women, and children of the heroic settlers. With silent and noiseless steps the renegade and his subjects performed their journey of many miles after midnight, so that, when the morning light began to scatter the darkness, the six hundred dusky forms were within a stone's throw of the block house, and not a hint of their approach had the garrison received.

Fortunately a detachment of American soldiers had arrived at the fort but a short time before the savages. Consequently, when the attack was made in the morning, the too confident leader met with a sudden repulse, and was eventually completely routed. The failure of the scheme, though, was not occasioned through any lack of military skill on the part of Girty—his arrangements and onslaughts were conducted with much ability.

There is a bit of romance connected with this desperado's career which both interests us and gives an insight into his better nature. Although hardened, cruel, and relentless when in his

worst moods, and, in fact, for the most part, during all his intercourse with men, yet there lay hidden somewhere beneath the rough exterior, a tender spot which Cupid only could discover.

'Tis not music alone that "hath power to soothe the savage breast." A beautiful face, a soul lit eye, a bewitching smile, a fair maiden with the form and features of a Venus, can frequently exercise as softening an influence.

At least, it was such a delicate, fascinating creature that caused Simon Girty to humble his proud heart. Death had stared him in the face many times, yet he rushed to its embrace. Sword and musket and tomahawk and scalping knife had threatened destruction, did he not surrender, yet he scorned to bow before them. But when the beautiful captive maiden, Catharine Malott, came under his observation, the old lion crouched, and would not come forth.

This young lady was about eighteen years or age when first beheld by Simon Girty. She had been captured by the Indians three years previous, near Wheeling, Virginia. Her graceful figure had developed in the warm sunlight and fresh air of a nomadic life, while to the fair cheek was added the rich color of a vigorous circulation, and to the eye a softened fire that glowed and burned into the souls of men. Even her captors had learned to love the young girl. The old warriors were never better pleased than when she would bring them a gourd of water, or attend upon them in times of sickness. She made the very best of her unfortunate captivity, learning readily their barbarous customs, and trying to keep herself cheerful by scattering sunshine among her rude associates.

Girty, learning that the damsel's mother was in Detroit, endeavoring in every possible way to near something of her daughter, determined to effect her release. Accordingly, acting in the *role* of a hero, he communicated this intelligence to Miss

Malott. Tears of gratitude and unbounded joy at once filled the maiden's eyes, while the tender heart clung to the strong deliverer in fullest confidence. Nor did the latter prove false in his promises. Although having the young lady completely in his power, away from home, friends, and civilization, he nevertheless sought to win her affection and hand in the most honorable manner.

She was conducted to the city of Detroit by himself. There, the house in which lived for the time Mrs. Malott, was hunted up, and amid tears of joy, mingled with expressions of tenderest regard for the one who had united the long separated parent and child, Simon Girty asked no other reward than the fair maiden herself.

The young lady fully reciprocated the affection of Girty. Mrs. Malott, however, desired to give a different kind of compensation for the services rendered by the renegade. She wanted her daughter to remain at home. Besides, the more experienced woman discerned characteristics about the suitor, which, she feared (and rightly) would one day bring untold sorrow upon his wife. This she communicated to Catharine, but the die was cast—the maiden's heart was no longer her own, so the nuptials were celebrated immediately, after the custom of the day.

For several years Catharine Girty had little reason to regret her union with the "white savage." His love for drink would occasionally cause a jar in the marital relations, but the flame of love burned away the dross, and purified their affection anew. However, after a number of years, Girty grew cross and petulant, especially when under the influence of stimulants, which grew more and more into a settled condition. His savage nature was given full sway; the old demoniacal spirit took complete possession of him, until a separation from wife and children became a necessity. Mrs. Girty accordingly moved back to Detroit, from whence they had gone into the interior of Ohio, while her husband continued his barbarous and heartless career among the Indians.

It is said by one or two writers on this subject, that he and his wife afterward came together, living peaceably until her death.

D. M. Wortman, Esq., of Ohio, gives the following interesting note regarding Girty about the close of his life. Says he:

"In 1813 I went to Malden, Canada (about fifteen miles below Detroit), and put up at a hotel kept by a Frenchman. I noticed in the bar-room a grey headed and blind old man. The landlady, who was his daughter, a woman of about thirty years of age, inquired of me, 'Do you know who that is?' pointing to the old man. On my replying 'No,' she said, 'It is Simon Girty.' He had then been blind about four years. In 1815 I returned to Malden, and ascertained that Girty had died some time previous. Girty was a man of extraordinary strength, power of endurance, courage and sagacity. He was in height about five feet, ten inches, and strongly made."

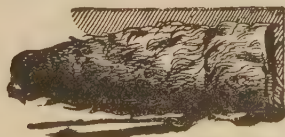
To show the firmness of this man's nature when opposed, we give the following, related by Heckewelder, the Moravian missionary. This missionary, with several hundred innocent Moravians, whose towns upon the Muskingum River had been ruthlessly destroyed and themselves taken captive by Girty, were ordered to Sandusky for execution. The renegade himself could not accompany the party, having too many scalping expeditions on foot. He gave the strictest orders, however, to those who had charge of the captives.

"Drive them the same as though they were cattle!" thundered he to the Frenchman in command. "Never let them halt, even for the purpose of the women giving suckle to their children."

The Frenchman, however, was more humane than his master. He declined to persecute the unoffending whites after Girty's departure. Having arrived at Lower Sandusky, instead of pushing on afoot as commanded, he ordered a halt, until some boats should be brought from Detroit. While thus waiting for the conveyances

to arrive, the pilgrims were startled by the announcement that Girty had returned, and was completely beside himself with rage. Directly he came to the guardhouse where were the French commander and his captives. "He flew at the Frenchman," says Heckewelder, "most furiously, striking at him, and threatening to split open his head. He swore the most horrid oaths respecting us, and continued in that way till midnight. His oaths were all to the purport that he would never leave the house until he had split our heads with his tomahawk, and made our brains stick to the walls of the room. He had somewhere procured liquor, and would at every drink renew his oaths until he fell asleep. Never before did any of us hear such oaths, nor know anybody to rave like him. He appeared like a host of evil spirits. He would sometimes come up to the bolted door between us and him, threatening to chop it to pieces to get at us. No Indian we had ever seen drunk, would have been a match for him."

With such an inhuman monster we care to have little to do. Let this cursory glance at his life suffice; let his name go down to posterity, as it has come to us—disgraced by the life of him who bore it, and a warning to all, that an evil heart, bad associates, love of whisky, and an utter disregard of Him who is the author of purity and true nobility of character, will bring a stigma no less than that which attaches itself to the name of Simon Girty, the Renegade.





INDIAN BAG, DRUM, ETC.



MOLLY FINNEY.



CANADIAN TRAPPER.

LIFE OF MOLLY FINNEY,

THE CANADIAN CAPTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

HER REMARKABLE BEAUTY — FIRESIDE CONVERSATION — ATTEMPT TO REMOVE FEARS—STARTLED—INDIANS EFFECT AN ENTRANCE—KILL MR. MEANS AND CHILD—CAPTURE MISS FINNEY—INDIANS FLEE—BURIAL—REMAINDER SEEK BLOCK-HOUSE.

The circumstances which we are about to relate are taken from real life. They may appear of so romantic a character that the probability of their ever having transpired is questioned. But great pains have been taken to secure the facts as here narrated, which are given by descendants of the parties concerned, and nothing in the history of the unfortunate lady is here presented upon which the reader cannot rely. Molly Finney was the prettiest girl on the coast of Maine. Her sister, with whom she lived, perhaps had surpassed Molly in beauty before the responsibilities of wife and mother were laid upon her shoulders. But now there was not a maiden or matron in any place near Casco Bay, who would for a moment challenge the right of our heroine to occupy the foremost seat in the synagogue of beauties.

Many a young man had been smitten by the charms of this fascinating creature as she was seen at the trading post, or met with in the gatherings about Flying Point. Nor was Molly altogether oblivious to the fact that she was the admired of all admirers.

“She was pretty, and knew it too,
As other village beauties do,”

but not to her detriment. Beauty loses its enchanting power when its possessor is ever seeking to display it. The pea fowl would appear transcendantly lovely, were its natural loveliness always accompanied with the desire to conceal its beautiful plumage. And cannot the same be said of humanity? The puerile fop, although perhaps in many cases possessed of natural attractiveness, becomes supremely disgusting with eye glasses, cane, and his pseudo culture. The bewitching maiden is no longer such when compliments have taken from her cheek the blush of modesty, or flattery produced an *apparent* desire to excel.

No such opinion of herself had ever resulted in anything harmful with Miss Molly, unless playing with men's heart-strings is harmful. She showed no desire to win any one's affection without reciprocating it, but it was a real pleasure to see how recklessly the “sterner sex” fell headlong into a trap not prepared for them at all. A bewitching smile, a roguish glance of the eye, would cause such a descent from the pedestal of dignity that—who could resist the temptation of witnessing it? But to our story.

It was the evening of a balmy day in June, 1756, that Mr. Means, his wife and three children, together with Miss Molly Finney and a man by the name of Martin, who was working for Mr. Means, gathered around the fireside and began to discuss the probability of an attack from the Indians. The settlers of that region had been collecting at the block house for several days.

Reports were constantly coming in of the presence of savages in the neighborhood, and the depredations committed. Still, Mr. Means, living not far from the place of refuge, thought it time enough to remove his family when an Indian had been seen in the immediate vicinity of his house. He had cleared a patch of timber, built a comfortable log cabin, planted vegetables, and sowed some grain; it seemed hard to abandon these now, at the time they most needed his attention.

Upon this evening, however, he felt somewhat uneasy. Messengers had passed his cabin during the day, with the word that the fiendish redskins were approaching nearer and nearer. He had determined upon remaining as long as possible with safety, but he feared the removal should have taken place before.

"Wife," said Mr. Means, "have everything ready to load up to-morrow morning. We must be off before sunrise. I wish we had gone to-day."

"Why, husband," replied Mrs. Means, with some degree of apprehension, "surely you have not heard of the Indians being about our house."

"No, not in this immediate vicinity, but they were seen by Sam Thompson yesterday, skulking around his place, and you know they could very easily make that distance by this time. But do not be alarmed, I think they will hardly attempt treachery just yet. Besides, Martin and I have been in the woods all day, and have seen neither an Indian nor Indian signs."

But as Mr. Martin spoke, there seemed a ring of sadness in his tone, and a cloud settled upon his features, not usual with him.

"Never fear those cowardly redskins, Thomas," said Molly, "with such a force as you have about you to-night. Why, I believe I could be more than a match for a half-dozen of them myself; and you could certainly do that well, while here is Mr. Martin, Alice, and the children. Everybody, male and female,

old and young, ought to be ready to fight these painted wretches. But then your fears are groundless. I don't think they would be brave enough to come this near the block house, until they come in all their force," and the sprightly maiden endeavored to scatter the clouds which seemed to overshadow the rest of the household. She laughed at their apprehensions, and jumped up and pretended to be a redskin herself, brandishing an old butcher knife over her head, and endeavoring to give the war-whoop.

Her effort in this direction was not a complete success. While most of them could not refrain from laughing at her antic movements, yet there was not the usual flow of spirits manifested, to betoken unalloyed happiness.

Again and again did Mr. Means express the desire that he had moved the family to the block house before night. Fearing lest the women and children might be unduly alarmed, he would generally close his remarks with a reproof to himself for cowardice. Yet, as he said, it was not for his own safety, but that of the helpless ones, which caused the anxiety of mind. And the more he tried to cast off the evil forebodings that crowded upon him, the less able to accomplish it did he become. It seemed that an impenetrable gloom had settled upon him, which exceeded the darkness surrounding the house, and caused him to feel confident of impending danger.

No doubt the presentiment which took possession of Mr. Means' mind, was really the warning of Him whose eye never sleepeth—a warning of approaching death, that a preparation for that change might be made before it be too late.

Finally Molly said, "O Thomas, I declare you *will* get us all frightened to death yet, if you don't show less uneasiness. What in the world has taken possession of you? You are generally the last one to fear danger; you must have worked hard to-day. Your nerves are unstrung. Hadn't you better go to bed?"

Just as Molly finished her little speech, a rustling of bushes was distinctly heard. In a moment every member of that little circle was upon his feet. Strange how such slight noises as that can startle the most courageous ones, when danger is momentarily expected. Even Martin involuntarily reached for his long hunting knife, as though about to meet a foe.

Molly ran to the window and peered into the darkness. Nothing could be discerned for quite a while. Presently she saw a dark figure retreating through the woods. It appeared somewhat like a human form, and caused a momentary chill to run through her veins, but in another instant a wolf rushed by, and then another and another, until the foolish girl concluded what she had seen must be wolves. Had she notified Mr. Means of the first object she had seen, better preparation would have been made ere they retired for the night. As it was, the young lady turned to the anxious listeners about her, and exclaimed:

“Only a wolf! Ha! ha! to think that one of those plentiful creatures should raise the entire Means’ household to such a pitch of excitement! Come! Let us all go to bed, sleep soundly, dream pleasant dreams, and then be ready for the old cramped block house by sunrise,” and Molly started to her room.

The remainder of the family soon repaired to their couches, except Thomas Means. He visited each door and secured it as best he could. Then the windows were nailed down, and the old fireplace stopped up. After seeing that no place was left open through which an enemy might enter, he again sat down and listened intently for strange noises. Nothing being heard which caused a suspicion, he undressed and retired for the night—for the last time in his life.

It was not long before perfect quiet reigned about the Means’ cabin. The tired family were soon asleep, dreaming of early childhood days, future wealth, and Indian massacres. About midnight



SCENE ON CASCO BAY.

a half dozen dusky forms might have been seen stealthily advancing toward the little cabin, tomahawk in hand. They were the messengers of Death to the pioneer's family. Many a scalp dangled from their belts, and at least one more was soon to be added to the number.

With tomahawk and knife they noiselessly worked the bolt from one of the doors, and in another moment all of them stood in the presence of their victims. One of the little girls, Alice Means, was the first to observe the unwelcome guests. With a scream sufficient to awaken the other sleepers, she leaped from her bed and fled through the open door out into the dense underbrush. A couple of the savages started in pursuit, but failing to observe the direction she took, returned to participate in the destruction of the rest.

Mr. Means was the first to be seized. Scarcely conscious of his situation, he was dragged into the open air, and before an effort could be made to escape from his captors, a rifle ball pierced his brain, and Thomas Means was no more.

Miss Molly rushed from her room, clad only in her night clothes, and very nearly made good her escape. A burly savage, however, spying the fleeting form, dashed madly after her, and in another moment brought the fair captive back to the scene of slaughter.

Mrs. Means grasped her infant boy, when her husband was ruthlessly torn from the bed, and with remarkable presence of mind, secured herself in the adjoining room. She hurriedly bolted the door, but not soon enough to avoid witnessing the horrible death of her husband, and the still more blood curdling sight of her infant's death. A ball from an Indian's rifle came crashing through the crack of the door just as it was almost closed, finding a lodgment in the breast of Mrs. Means after passing entirely through the body of her child! The brave woman immediately laid the little one

upon the bed and proceeded to barricade the door. She then began crying out to different persons who really had no existence, for the purpose of creating the impression that there were several men in the house. She cried:

“Martin, shoot down the wretches from the back window. Thompson, fire from your window. Kerns and Brown, hurry down and lock the door so they can’t get out,” etc., etc. Martin really did fire and wounded an Indian, which so frightened the remainder that they beat a hasty retreat.

The remaining hours of that fearful night dragged wearily enough with Mrs. Means and Martin, who alone out of the household were left in the cabin. Finally the gladsome light of day began to scatter the prevailing darkness, and with it came the unbearable consequences of their imprudence.

Mr. Martin and the almost distracted wife and mother picked up the lifeless body of Thomas Means, scalped and bleeding, and carried it within the cabin. Then broke forth the deep anguish of soul which this courageous woman could no longer control.

“O God!” she exclaimed. “All gone! all gone! Is there not a loved one left? O, my dear, dear husband, my darling children, do not leave me alone! Father! Thou who pitiest Thy poor suffering creatures! Wilt Thou not send back my loved ones?” and the distracted woman buried her head in her hands in unspeakable grief.

But He to whom she had appealed, who careth for the ravens and the lilies of the field; who heareth the voice of the distressed, and answereth the prayer of his children; He it was, surely, who prevented the dethronement of intellect at this awful moment by returning two of the loved ones to her embrace. One of the little girls, as has been described, fled to the brush and made good her escape. The other crawled into a hole in the floor, unobserved, and both children rushed from their concealment the same time.

The frantic mother returned a heartfelt prayer of thankfulness to God as she drew the little ones to her bosom. They in turn were rejoiced beyond measure at finding her whom they loved still living, but were almost paralyzed at the sight of the dead ones upon the bed.

After arranging her husband and child for the grave, which had been prepared by Martin, the sorrow-stricken group laid the two side by side, and the heavy clods were thrown in upon them. The last funeral rites accomplished, Mrs. Means and her children, with Martin, took up their weary march to the block house.

It is not the design of this sketch to follow the changing fortunes of those who escaped upon this memorable night. Suffice it to say that they arrived safely at their place of refuge, where all remained until the Indians had been driven from the vicinity.



CHAPTER II.

RETREAT OF INDIANS—NURSE—ARRIVAL AT QUEBEC—SALE OF MOLLY—LEMOINE, PURCHASER—HER WORK IN CAPTIVITY—CAPT. M'LELLAN ARRIVES AT QUEBEC—INQUIRES FOR CAPTIVE—LANDLORD'S INSTRUCTIONS.

As soon as the Indians had been frightened from the Means cabin they began a rapid retreat in a northwesterly direction. Miss Finney was graciously provided with a blanket to shield her somewhat from the night air, but her feet were left entirely unprotected. The torture experienced from being forced along over brush and briars in this condition, can scarcely be realized. Finally, at a distance of several miles from the starting point, with her feet and ankles torn and bleeding, she was permitted to rest. Here her pitiable condition was first noticed. Some of the party happening to have an extra pair of moccasins and leggins, the poor girl was supplied with them, much to her comfort. The journey was again taken up, and for twelve hours did they hasten over hills, across creeks, and through tangled underbrush. As the evening twilight was gathering around, the leader ordered a halt. Some corn and dried venison were brought out, which was much relished by the almost famished girl.

The Indian whom Martin had wounded was being carried with them on a litter. Miss Molly was now informed that she must attend to all his wants, and did she permit him to die, her own

scalp would be taken in payment. Of course, while the office was by no means a pleasant one, she nevertheless became exceedingly anxious that the ugly patient might recover. He proved exceedingly ungrateful and cross, however. Indeed, his wound made him ferocious at times; so much so that Molly's life was in jeopardy. Once he seized her by the hair, and raising aloft his tomahawk was about to let it descend, when another Indian caught his arm, thereby saving the life of the unfortunate maiden.

As day after day rolled by, and she became more used to the Indian character, Miss Finney became more independent. She would occasionally taunt her captors, calling them cowards for keeping a "squaw" in captivity. Her patient also suffered from lack of attention. Molly would laugh at his grimaces, and refuse to obey his imperative commands. Such boldness really amused some of the warriors. The Indian never fails to admire courage, wherever seen. This, our beautiful captive maiden possessed in a high degree.

One day, after the party had been on the road for several weeks, it was announced that Quebec was in sight. How joyfully Molly looked upon those habitations—the marks of civilization, where dwelt some of her own race—none but those who have experienced what she did, can imagine. It is true that she would now either be executed or sold into slavery, but it seemed that either would be preferable to a life among barbarians.

The chief of the party came up to her as they were nearing the town, and said:

"We no kill pale face squaw. We sell her. Good?"

"Yes," replied Molly. "Yes. Sell me. To whom?"

"Don't know; some Frenchman. Anybody."

Accordingly, upon reaching the center of the town, a halt was made, and the girl offered for sale. It was a terrible state of society, that would encourage such outrageous practices as capturing female

servants, and bringing in the scalps of white men. Yet the French of Canada were doing it at this time.

It was not long before a shriveled old specimen of humanity came shuffling up, offered a nominal price for the girl, which was accepted, and he, taking her by the hand, departed for home. The name of this purchaser was Lemoine—a wealthy old fellow, who had in his possession several women who had been sold to him by savage captors. Most of these were compelled to work in the field at manual labor. This our spirited damsel resolutely determined not to do. She was put to weeding an onion bed. The onions were soon all gone! She was ordered to prune the grape vines. Alas! such merciless cutting was never before witnessed. One thing after another did the old Frenchman put Molly to work at—one thing after another was ruined which she touched. In a rage Monsieur Lemoine ordered her to keep in the house; he didn't want any more of her out doors. This was just what she wanted. Being a good cook, Madame Lemoine soon gave everything of the culinary sort into her hands, and there was general satisfaction all around.

Although not reared to drudgery, and especially to fill the menial office of a slave, Molly Finney nevertheless possessed a hopeful disposition, and such an abundance of good common sense as to enable her to make the most of every situation of life, and pluck the flowers, though surrounded by many thorns. She consequently cast sunshine into the family where she lived, the reflection of which gladdened her own soul. Thoughts of home and kindred would course through her brain at times, causing the tears to involuntarily start from her eyes, but such reflections were not encouraged. And well for her beauty they were not. Her buoyant spirits assisted in developing her graceful form, and casting a glow of health over her radiant features, which finally worked out her salvation from slavery.

The breezes which blew along the Atlantic and down the St. Lawrence in September, 1757, wafted an English trader, called the *Rose*, to the wharf at Quebec. She was a well-equipped cruiser, fitted for other work and other seas. Her gentlemanly commander, Capt. McLellan, had expressed a desire to visit the famous French city of Canada for the avowed purpose of gathering up some Indian wares and such other articles of merchandise as that country afforded. His real purpose was to rescue the captive maiden, Molly Finney, accounts of whom he had heard at Freeport. Her sister and family were making inquiries constantly, regarding the fate of the poor girl. An Indian finally arrived at Freeport bearing the news of her captivity in Quebec. Of course it would necessitate great expense to accomplish her rescue, which Mrs. Means was by no means able to meet. Almost crazed to see her sister and recover her from slavery, she appealed to every ship captain whom she met for assistance. One evening, after listening to the pathetic story, Captain McLellan, a young man of fine address and noble heart, said:

"Mrs. Means, I do not know whether the owners of the *Rose* will permit a trip up the St. Lawrence or not, but they have been talking of trying it for some time, and if I can persuade them to let me run up there, your sister shall be brought back to you, if she is in the town."

With many tears and grateful acknowledgements of his kindness, the joyful sister shook the generous commander by the hand, and bade him God speed.

It was about the 15th of September when Capt. McLellan dropped anchor at Quebec. Not many hours afterward he might have been seen at the hotel, inquiring of the landlord respecting a certain English girl by the name of Finney.

"Feeney, Feeney," repeated the old fellow. "O, yez, she iz a servant of Monsieur Lemoine. Yez, yez. A very beautiful girl is



SCENE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Mademoiselle Feeney. Ze young men would like to go wiz her, but Monsieur Lemoine keeps her locked up."

"Has she any particular lover?" inquired our impertinent sea captain, in a careless sort of a manner, yet with a peculiar interest difficult to explain.

"Vell, dere is von Monsieur Bovais who likes Mademoiselle very much, but she don't like him so much, I guess," and the old Frenchman looked up with a twinkle in his eye, that seemed to say, "There's a chance for you if you want her."

Somehow or other the last statement had a very pleasant effect upon the handsome young seaman. He smiled audibly, and then continued:

"Can you tell me where Monsieur Lemoine's house is?"

Before the landlord had time to answer, three foppish young Frenchmen stepped into the room, and called for wine. The proprietor gave McLellan a knowing wink, unobserved, which was at once understood. The latter accordingly ordered a lunch at a table near by, and sat down, apparently not noticing the new comers.

"Well, Bovais," said one of the three in very good English, "you are completely trapped this time. Ha! ha! Before I would let old Lemoine beat me out of such a beautiful jewel as Mademoiselle Finney, I would tear his old shanty down over his head," and the speaker brought his fist down on the counter in real earnest.

"O, fie! Monsieur," returned the party addressed, "you don't know Lemoine. He would shoot a man and probably the girl too, rather than let her slip from his grasp."

"But how close does he watch her, anyhow?" said the third party in the group. "Can't you arrange to meet clandestinely?"

"Watch her! Why, Ferrere, she is not allowed to step upon the street without some member of the family is with her, and every night as soon as the day's work is over she goes to her room,

and the old tyrant turns the key upon her. Besides that," rather reluctantly acknowledged the young man, "I am not so sure Mademoiselle Finney would do such a thing. I tell you, *Monsieurs*, she is not like your French coquettes. She is so modest, so timid, so pure, so beautiful ——"

"There, there," interrupted one of the number. "Bovais, you're in love—positively in love—and that's a condition of heart Frenchmen ought to know very little about. Come, let's have some more wine, and talk about this matter at another time. Here's to the health of Mademoiselle Finney."

After swallowing the champagne set before them, the trio took their departure from the hotel, while McLellan arose from his lunch, which had scarcely been touched, and received the directions to Monsieur Lemoine's residence.



CHAPTER III.

MISS FINNEY UNDER GUARD—M^YLELLAN'S VISIT—NOTE—REPLY—APPOINTED MIDNIGHT MEETING—PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT, WITH NOVEL EXPERIENCES—THANKSGIVING FOR RESTORATION—CAPT. M^YLELLAN AT FLYING POINT—THE WEDDING.

Molly Finney's heart was sad. While her master and the family manifested confidence in her, it was not so difficult to live the life she was enduring, but now, since Monsieur Bovais had been coming to see her once in a while, old Lemoine's suspicions were aroused—the girl might be taken from him! Accordingly she was ordered never to speak to him again, much less receive his company. More than that—her actions were closely watched. As has been said, the door of her room was locked from the outside every night, not permitting her even slight liberty after work hours.

Molly cared nothing whatever for Monsieur Bovais. His attentions had been somewhat encouraged, simply because any one's attentions were a relief from the harassing monotony of domestic slavery. Besides, she hoped that through his influence her liberty might be obtained. So when old Lemoine proclaimed his edict regarding this gentleman friend, positively prohibiting social intercourse with any one out of the family, the poor girl's heart sank within her.

Upon the morning that Capt. McLellan overheard the conver-

sation regarding the captive maiden, Molly was going about her housework deeply despondent. The last ray of hope had fled, unless—she scarcely dared to think it—unless her relatives might hear of her whereabouts, and send a rescuer. As she was pondering over the probabilities of such a case, there came a slight knock at the half open door, and a strange gentleman, wearing the colors of an English sea captain, stepped into the kitchen, without waiting a response to his knock. Rather frightened and bewildered, Molly jumped back and was about to offer a cry of alarm, when the courteous stranger, lifting his hat, said:

“Hist! Do not be scared. I did not want Monsieur Lemoine to know of my presence. Is this Miss Finney?”

“Yes sir, that is my name,” exclaimed the girl, now assured. “Whom do I have the honor of addressing?”

“My name is McLellan. I am commander of the ship just arrived last night. I have a message for you here, which you must read at your leisure, and return me an answer at the time stated.”

With those words the Captain tipped his hat and withdrew, leaving the young lady completely nonplussed. One of her own countrymen had called upon her, he knew her name, he understood her position, he sought to keep the interview from Monsieur Lemoine—what *could* it mean? With trembling hands she tore open the note, and read:

“MISS MOLLY FINNEY:--

“Your sister, Mrs. Means, of Flying Point (Freeport), Maine, has sent me to your rescue. I am Captain of the ‘Rose,’ an English trader, and can carry you home to your relatives if it be possible to get you on board ship. Let me know if a means of escape, or at least, if an interview, is possible. We can arrange matters if the latter could be effected. I will pass this door this afternoon at five o’clock—have your answer ready at that time.

“Your friend,

“WILLIAM McLELLAN.”

Never in Molly's brief career had *she* experienced such tumultuous joy as at this moment. The kindly words burned into her soul; they were more precious than all the wealth of the Dominion would have been. When the clouds seemed thickest, and despair the deepest, behold, they are suddenly scattered by the meridian glow of an unknown sun! "Surely," the happy girl thought, "the darkest hour is just before day."

How joyfully she attended to the remaining duties of that eventful day, the reader can imagine. As soon as an opportunity offered, she slipped up to her room and penned the following reply to her would-be deliverer:

"CAPT. WM. McLELLAN:—

"I cannot express the gratitude that fills my heart for your kindness in seeking my deliverance from this captivity. The prospect of once more, and so soon, seeing my dear sister and those whom I feared were dead, thrills me with such joy that I fear it will be impossible to restrain my feelings when Monsieur Lemoine's family is about. But I must. Their eyes are ever on the alert. The greatest caution is necessary. You must not be seen passing the house too often, or suspicion will at once be aroused.

"If you will come to the spot immediately under the second story window overlooking the alley (there is but one window there) to-night at midnight, I shall be ready to hold the proposed interview. Please be there at the appointed time, and do not speak above a whisper.

"Very gratefully,

"MOLLY FINNEY."

That evening, just as the clock struck five, the young sea captain leisurely strolled by Lemoine's residence, apparently enjoying the scenery about him, "but glancing anxiously at the door whence a beautiful female form ought to emerge. When within thirty or forty feet of the spot opposite the door, it suddenly flew open, and Miss Finney, broom in hand, emerged, sweeping all "trash" before her. With an extra "sweep," Molly threw a tiny piece of paper at the feet of Capt. McLellan. The latter

stooped and picked it up, sauntering on again as though nothing had transpired.

The servant girl immediately returned indoors, well satisfied with the accomplishment of her scheme.

Ten o'clock! The drudgery of the day is over, rest has at last come to the busy household. An inmate of the room overlooking the alley listens for the approaching footsteps of old Lemoine in the hall; at last she hears them. He comes nearer and nearer, then the squeaking voice pipes out, "Molly! Molly! You in ze room, girl!" "Yes sir, I'm here," replies the young lady. "Vell, go to sleep, quick. You must be up early in ze morning," and, turning the key, Molly's lord and master retraced his steps to his own room.

Left to herself, the captive maiden began to recount the experiences of the day. She tried to imagine herself once more in the family circle at home, surrounded by those whom she loved, with the privilege of acting and talking as she pleased. Smiles chased each other over her features, her soft velvet eyes grew ten-fold more lustrous, while the excitement of the hour crimsoned her cheeks.

"In meditation the maiden sat"—

sat and waited, and wondered, and dreamed. It suddenly occurred to her that she had been very ready to believe in the sincerity of this stranger. How did it happen? Why had she not suspected him? Then she exclaimed, "Bah! who could doubt such a face, such eyes, such frankness? Am I not a woman, and can't I read truthfulness or treachery in any man's face? Capt. McLellan has a noble heart, and could not deceive a poor unfortunate girl like me."

This conclusion seemed perfectly satisfactory, and Molly again anxiously looked out of the window for the appearance of Capt. McLellan. Presently, a dark figure was noticed gliding

along the fence near by, and in another instant it was beneath her window.

"Miss Finney," whispered the new-comer.

"Yes, I'm here," was the reply which came from the window.

"Now we must talk fast, and arrange for your deliverance as soon as possible. Some one may come along and spoil the whole game. Are there any sleepers in the room below you?"

"None," replied the girl, "that is the kitchen. I am alone in this room, and locked in."

"Good," said the Captain, "is there anything up there you can fasten a rope to?"

"The bedpost," returned Miss Finney. "It is a large one, and quite strong, I judge."

"Very well. Now I have brought a rope along with me to-night, and if you are ready, we may complete this business without further delay. My vessel can be ready for moving by sunrise, if necessary. What do you say?"

"It will take me but a moment to gather up my traps," replied the young lady, "and if you can wait, I shall be ready to accompany you to the ship."

"Certainly," replied McLellan, "get ready as quick as possible, then I will throw you this rope, which you can fasten to the bedpost and descend."

Molly's wardrobe was decidedly meager, hence it was not many minutes before the graceful form once more appeared at the window, ready for action.

The rope was thrown up, the noose placed over the bedpost, and the announcement made that the occupant was ready to descend. With a firm grip Molly took hold of the rope, climbed out of the window, and noiselessly slipped down to the ground. Our heroine reached *terra firma* in safety, and in a moment, with her strong protector, was walking rapidly toward the wharf.

A yawl was in waiting, manned by several of the Rose's crew. Into this Capt. McLellan assisted his liberated captive, and soon they were swiftly gliding over the St. Lawrence. It was still necessary to observe silence, hence the oars were muffled, and not a word escaped the lips of any one. In about fifteen minutes from the time of leaving the shore, the yawl glided alongside a large, handsome vessel.

"Now, Miss Finney," said the commander, "permit me to introduce you to our noble ship Rose."

Molly was glad enough to stand upon the deck of that monstrous habitant of the seas, especially since it was commanded by so gallant and noble-hearted an officer.

She was shown to the cabin, refreshments served, and after expressing her deep, heartfelt gratitude to her preserver, repaired to a richly furnished state-room, where the excitement of the hour was swallowed up in blissful dreams of friends, home, and—who knows what else?

It is not the design of this sketch to relate, *particularly*, anything not essentially connected with the capture and deliverance of its subject. Yet it would be cruel, indeed, to leave the young lady in such charming company as was found upon the Rose, without even hinting at what came of it.

Life to her suddenly became full of bright hopes, present enjoyments, and great possibilities. The trip to Freeport from the St. Lawrence seemed not near so long or tedious as might be anticipated. There was so much beautiful scenery, and some one to point it out to her! Like a caged bird suddenly liberated, the maiden reveled in the delights of freedom—as well as congenial associations.

At length the anchor was dropped in Casco Bay. In an hour from that time Molly Finney was enwrapped in the embraces of her relatives and friends, who showered kisses upon her, and bene-

dictions upon the bronzed seaman who stood by her side. The latter seemed inclined to linger about Flying Point longer than business really required. To tell the truth, all that had been enjoyable aboard the *Rose* for several weeks, was ashore, and he fain would remain there also. He wanted the beautiful and fascinating girl for his wife, and determined to let her know it. More than a half dozen times aboard ship had he prepared himself to open his heart to the young lady, but somehow he didn't know what to say when the time came. He could command a vessel; his clarion voice could be heard above the wildest storm, ringing out the orders which were quickly obeyed; but when it came to asking for the hand of a bewitching maiden like Molly Finney, every time he prepared to utter the fatal words, some roguish glance or word would throw him off the track—*that* wasn't so easy to do. He therefore resolved to wait until ashore—such things could certainly be better attended to on land than on the tempestuous sea.

One evening, as the two sat alone in the front room of the Means' dwelling, Capt. McLellan said:

"Molly! I've been sailing a lonely sea all my life. I never thought it so until lately, but it has been lonely—it *must* have been. Don't you think so?" and the brave officer wiped his forehead violently.

"Well, I don't know, Capt. McLellan, what kind of a sea you have been sailing, but surely if it were always as smooth and pleasant as this trip, I shouldn't call it lonely." The blushes that mounted to Molly's cheeks told that it was more than the "smooth sea" which made the trip so enjoyable.

"Why, bother it, there's the trouble! This last trip has been so different from the others that—that—I wonder if *you* did not have something to do with it, Molly?" Ah! It was almost accomplished, but not quite. Gathering courage and strength from the last desperate effort, he exclaimed:

“Molly! The sea would be so much more delightful, the cabin so much more beautiful, the storms so much more easy to quell, if *you* were only aboard. Won't you, Molly, won't you be the Captain's wife, and help him guide his vessel over the broad ocean, and at last to drop anchor in the Port of Peace?”

Of course, like any sensible girl, Miss Molly Finney said “Yes.” She couldn't say aught else to such a noble and handsome fellow as McLellan. Accordingly, before the *Rose* departed from Casco Bay, Capt. McLellan had wedded the fair captive of Quebec, and as they sailed down the river of Time, finally casting anchor in the Port of Peace, many were the times that the story of their meeting was told; nor was that meeting ever regretted. Several children were born to the happy pair, one of whom, Capt. William McLellan, Jr., attained notoriety as a brave and skillful navigator of the seas.





MAJORS

SAMUEL & JOHN McCULLOUGH.



VIEW OF BLOCK HOUSE.

LIFE OF SAMUEL AND JOHN McCULLOUGH.

CHAPTER I.

SAMUEL M'CULLOUGH—FROM PRIVATE TO MAJOR IN REVOLUTIONARY WAR—HEROISM—PERILOUS LEAP FOR LIFE—WELL EARNED SHOUT OF VICTORY—PATRIOTISM OF THE TRUE TYPE—THE LAST RIDE—INDIANS DESECRATE M'CULLOUGH'S REMAINS—BURIAL BY FRIENDS.

On Short Creek, Virginia, there lived in Revolutionary days, a family by the name of McCullough. This family consisted of the parents and five children—three boys and two girls. One of the latter became Mrs. Elizabeth Zane, wife of Col. Ebenezer Zane, of frontier notoriety. The boys grew to manhood, robust, wiry, and skilled in all the intricacies of woodcraft.

At the breaking out of the Revolution, Samuel immediately volunteered his services to the country of which he was a native, and which he loved. He was accepted first as a private, but finally reached the rank of Major, carrying to his grave a record for heroism not excelled by Roman gladiator or Hellenic athlete. Some of his marvelous adventures are almost incredible, yet fully authenticated by many eye-witnesses. He did not, like the Wetzels, Bradys, Boones, and others, have any deep cause of

revenge against the Indian, but fought him for the sake of peace and his country.

The savages became thoroughly acquainted with his prowess and unerring marksmanship. His superior qualities were recognized even before Revolutionary days by his being frequently placed in charge of expeditions, where most of those under him were his seniors in age.

The most remarkable adventure, perhaps, that befel him during his eventful career, and which causes the reader at this day to stand in awe at the intrepidity displayed, occurred near Fort Henry, Virginia, sometime in 1777.

The inhabitants of that section, and especially of the little border town of Wheeling, received news of the approach of Indians. They were coming with painted faces and tufted scalps, said the messenger. "Fly to the fort!" was the cry, and before the sound of the horseman's voice had died away, each household thus warned was on a rapid march to the place of safety. Many of the males were out hunting, hence, when every one was reported as being within the block house walls, and the doors closed, the roll showed only forty-two fighting men.

In a short time, squads of savages were seen approaching stealthily, concealing themselves, as far as possible, by the trees and brush, until it seemed the entire woods must be alive with them. Some four hundred braves, it is estimated, assembled around the little garrison.

Firing was kept up for a while by the parties inside, until the men resolved to make a charge upon a band of reds near the fort. They therefore dashed out of their retreat, dealing death blows to all they met, but when a short distance from the fort, discovered themselves cut off by another band of savages. They immediately retraced their steps, endeavoring to fight their way through. Many were cut down, the heavy tomahawk clove skull after skull,

until about twenty-five of the brave defenders lay still in death. The remaining sixteen reached the fort in safety after a most bloody conflict.

The stratagem of the savages proved so successful as nearly to deprive the garrison of its protectors. But the sixteen men held the foe at bay for many a weary hour, while the daughters and wives brought ammunition and water, frequently exposing themselves to the merciless rifle.

A messenger had been sent to Major McCullough, who was not far away, requesting his assistance. Without asking any questions regarding numbers, nor waiting for unnecessary preparations, the commander ordered his forty horsemen into the saddle, and made all possible speed to the rescue. Arriving at the scene of conflict, he was almost staggered at the large numbers surrounding the block house. But immediately deciding that his success must lie in gaining admittance to the fort, he ordered his men to fight their way through. It was a terrible conflict. Every one, however, reached the open gate in safety but the brave commander, who had remained in the rear to encourage his men. The Indians at once recognized him, and desiring above all things to secure the noted pale face, with yells of hate crowded around him, completely separating him from the fort. Again and again did McCullough try to dash through their midst, but each time additional numbers barred his progress.

At first it seemed strange that they did not shoot him, or crush his skull in with a tomahawk, but upon a moment's reflection he concluded they desired to capture him in order to inflict great torture. This he determined they should never do. He would die there rather than be subjected to the flames, with a yelling band of inhuman wretches dancing around him.

"Finding himself unable," says a biographer, "after the most strenuous exertions, to accomplish his entrance, and seeing the

uselessness of a conflict with such a force opposed to him, he suddenly wheeled his horse and fled in the direction of Wheeling Hill at his utmost speed. A cloud of warriors started up at his approach, and cut off his retreat in that direction, driving him back upon another party who blocked up the path behind; while a third closed in upon him on one of the other sides of the square. The fourth and open side was in the direction of the brow of a precipitous ledge of rocks nearly one hundred and fifty feet high, at the foot of which flowed the waters of Wheeling Creek.

“As he momentarily halted and took a rapid survey of the dangers that surrounded him on all sides, he felt that his chance was indeed a desperate one. The Indians had not fired a shot, and he well knew what this portended, as they could easily have killed him had they chosen to do so. He understood the feeling of hatred felt against him by the foe, and saw at a glance the intention to take him alive if possible, that his ashes might be offered up as a sacrifice to the *manes* of their friends slain by his hand. This was to die a thousand deaths, in preference to which he determined to run the risk of being dashed in pieces. He struck his heels against the sides of his steed, who sprang forward toward the precipice. The encircling warriors had rapidly lessened the space between them and their intended victim, and, as they saw him so completely within their toils, raised a yell of triumph, little dreaming of the fearful energy which was to baffle their expectations. As they saw him push his horse in the direction of the precipice, which they had supposed an insurmountable obstacle to his escape, they stood in wonder and amazement, scarcely believing that it could be his intention to attempt the awful leap, which was, to all appearances, certain death.

“McCullough still bore his rifle in his right hand, and carefully gathering up the bridle in his left, he urged his noble animal forward, encouraging him by his voice, until they reached the edge of

the bank, when, dashing his heels against his sides, they made the fearful leap into the air. Down, down they went with fearful velocity, without much resistance or impediment until one-half the space was passed over, when the horse's feet struck fairly the smooth, precipitous face of the rock, and the remainder of the distance was slid and scrambled over until they reached the bottom, alive and uninjured. With a shout which proclaimed his triumphant success to the foe above him, McCullough pushed his steed into the stream, and in a few moments horse and rider were seen surmounting the banks on the opposite side."

Thus was accomplished a feat in comparison to which the famous ride of Putnam sinks into insignificance. The Indians stood awe-struck, not venturing to follow, though afoot. No effort was made to capture the heroic Major, and he soon reached a place of safety, where he reflects upon the scenes of the past hours, and renews his strength for the future. The fort was not taken—the Indians soon found themselves rapidly lessening in numbers because of the unerring rifle from within, while it was utterly impossible to get near enough to fire the block house. Consequently, the main body withdrew, carrying with them many dead and wounded.

Major Samuel McCullough passed almost entirely through the Revolutionary war, winning distinction wherever he fought, and he was never happier than when fighting the enemies of his country. He was a true patriot, as well as a bold and fearless soldier. It is sad, indeed, to chronicle the untimely death of such a man, which occurred about one year previous to the close of the war.

It was in the autumn of 1782, that Major Sam and his brother (afterward Major) John, started out for Van Metre's Fort. The brothers were horseback, and made no attempt at silence, little suspecting savages in the region where they were. Cheerfully they cantered along the well-known road, pleasantly chatting about their old home, or relating some war experience, when, without the least

warning, came the sound of a score of deadly rifles. They seemed to be on both sides of the road. The gallant Major fell from his horse with an expression of pain, never to rise again. Several bullets had pierced his body, the wound from any one of which was sufficiently fatal to cause death.

John's horse reared, plunged forward, and fell, mortally wounded. Quick as a flash the unharmed horseman leaped to the saddle just vacated by his brother, put spurs to the steed, and amid another volley of bullets, made good his escape. Only one bullet struck him, and that inflicted merely a flesh wound.

The dead brother lay in the road, and John, after getting a hundred yards away, stopped to take a last glance. As he wheeled his horse to look, an Indian was in the act of taking the Major's scalp. With great coolness the brother took aim, pulled the trigger, and ere the bloodthirsty savage had completed his work, a leaden messenger of death had visited his heart, producing death. With some satisfaction at least, John rode on, reaching the fort, and alarming the settlers to a sense of their danger.

Thus ended the career of one whose life had been of the noblest type, and whose record in war and in peace is free from a single blot. In regard to the remains of the unfortunate Major, a recent writer gives the following:

"The next day a party went out from Van Metre's and gathered up the mutilated remains of the poor Major. The savages had actually disemboweled him, but the viscera all remained except the heart. Some years subsequently an Indian who had been one of the attacking party on the occasion, confessed to some whites that the heart of Major McCullough had been divided and *eaten* by the party. 'So that,' he concluded, 'we be bold, like Major McCullough.' On another occasion the Indian, when speaking of the incident, said: 'The white (meaning John McCullough) had killed a great captain, but they (the Indians) had killed a greater one.'"

CHAPTER II.

CAPTIVITY OF THE M'CULLOUGHES—IMMERSION, AN INDIAN RITE—
BROTHERS SEPARATED—SICKNESS AND INTENSE SUFFER-
ING — SURGICAL OPERATION PERFORMED BY SAVAGES —
RECOVERY.

John McCullough, brother of Samuel, has left a full account of the captivity of himself and brother while they were youths, which so vividly portrays the sufferings of early frontier life, as well as the primitive education of these notorious men, that we here subjoin a condensed history of that experience.

John gives us more of their early life than can be gleaned from any other source.

His father lived in New Castle county, Delaware, where the two boys spoken of were born. About a year before Braddock's war, Mr. McCullough moved to Franklin county, John being then about five years old. After remaining here awhile, the family removed to York county, where they lived until the spring of 1756. At this time Mr. McCullough concluded to return to his old homestead in Delaware county, whence he had been driven by the savages. It was soon found to be very unsafe, and before harvest time had come, the entire household was obliged to flee to the nearest settlement for protection. After a month or two the family again concluded to return home, in order to secure their crop, which was now ready to gather. They stopped, temporarily, at a neighbor's, some

three miles distant, while the father, mother, and oldest sister visited the home-place each day, and returned to their neighbor's at night. On the 26th of July, 1756, the three oldest members of the household, together with a man by the name of Allen, started as usual to their day's work. Allen was going to Fort London, expecting to pass by the McCullough farm, and in the evening would return that way, when they all would go on together.

Allen learned, however, soon after leaving Mr. and Mrs. McCullough's, that a family had been ruthlessly murdered within a short distance of the latter's home only the day before, and, taking alarm for his own safety, struck out in a circuitous route for the settlement. Upon reaching the house he had left in the morning, and where the McCullough children were, the dreaded news of the "Indian sign" was related. The family were of course in the greatest excitement, not only for their own safety, but especially for the McCullough's, who were three miles distant.

John and Samuel overheard the older people discussing the advisability of warning their parents. Who would go? Nobody desired the task. Their own homes were to be protected, and their own scalps preserved. Finding that no one was going, the two little fellows slipped out of the house, bare-footed and bare-headed, and made rapid tracks for their parents. The sun was almost below the horizon, when the brave boys reached the open space around the cabin. A few more steps, and they would be in the embrace of father and mother! Alas, those steps were not to be taken. As soon as they had started across the clearing, six or eight Indians rushed from concealment, seized the wanderers, and paying no attention to the screams of their captives, carried them hastily into the woods, and away from the house.

It seems that Mr. and Mrs. McCullough were gathering flax a short distance from the house, and the former, thinking he heard the voice of his children, ran up to the cabin, called loudly for them,

but seeing nothing, returned to his house. The savages, hearing Mr. McCullough calling, stopped and sent back two of their number to waylay him. Fortunately, by the time the two Indians had reached the cabin, McCullough had returned to the field, where he was concealed from view. Thus the capture of an entire family was prevented by the merest accident.

John and Samuel were now rushed along at a swift pace, their captors fairly swinging them along by the hands. All day long was this speed maintained, until the little fellows were ready to sink from exhaustion. The Indians, however, tried to make it as easy as possible for them, and when at night they stopped for supper, a fowl was cooked for the boys, while the savages indulged in raw hog.

For three days they traveled over mountains, through valleys, and across streams. One night John arose and endeavored to get away, but had gone only a few steps when his guard arose and demanded his return.

“The morning before we came to *Kee-ak-kshee-man-nit-toos*, which signifies Cut Spirit,” says McCullough, “they pulled all the hair out of our heads, except a small spot on the crown, which they left. We arrived at the town about the middle of the day, where we had some squashes to eat; the next morning we set out for Fort Duquesne. The morning after that we came to several Indian camps. Here the Indians gave us some bread, which was the first we had tasted from the time we were taken. About a mile or two before we came to the Fort, we were met by an old Indian, whose dress made him appear very terrifying to us; he had on a brown coat, no shirt, his breast bare; wore a breech clout, a pair of leggins, and moccasins; his face and breast were painted rudely with vermilion and verdigris; a large bunch of artificial hair, dyed a crimson red, was fixed on the top or crown of his head; a large triangular piece of silver hanging to his nose, covered almost the whole of

his upper lip; his ears, which had been cut according to their peculiar custom, were stretched out with fine brass wire, made in the form of, but much larger than that which is commonly fixed in suspenders, so that he appeared somewhat as you might imagine the likeness of the devil.

"As he approached toward us, the rest said something to him. He took me by the arm and lashed me about from side to side. At last he threw me from him as far as he was able, then took hold of my brother and treated him in the same manner. Shortly after that they stopped and painted us, tying or fixing a large bunch of hawk's feathers on each of our heads, then raised the war halloo, viz: One halloo for each scalp, and one for each prisoner, repeating these at certain intervals."

When the captors and captive children reached the fort, which was then in possession of the French, the boys were separated, Samuel being given to a Frenchman and John adopted by an English-speaking Indian. They never saw each other more during their captivity. What must have been the feeling of these waifs, no one can describe. So far from father and mother, surrounded with hideous-looking savages, subjected to hardships which one of mature years might well shrink from, and without the possibility of ever finding their way home, their condition must have been abject indeed. However, the sequel will show how soon these forebodings were turned into real pleasure, and how rapidly a love for the wild, inhuman life of the red man, supplanted their natural and early devotion to parents and civilization.

John was led around by a new brother, who appeared very proud of the little white boy given him. The various camps were visited, until all had been made acquainted with the youth. Toward evening of the first day in this new relation John was led down to the Allegheny River by two braves, for the purpose of baptizing him. This custom, which has ever been prevalent among

civilized Christian nations, to indicate the renouncing of old associations and acceptance of new ones—the change from one condition of living to another—seems to be strictly adhered to by the North American Indians. Those interested in the study of the various races of men, may find something worthy of note in this feature of savage life.

John could by no means divine the intent of this visit to the water. However, it was not long before he concluded it would result in his departure from this world.

The three climbed into a canoe, pushed out a distance from the shore, and then began the fun. The poor little fellow was roughly seized by the wrists and “ducked” under the water a half dozen times or more, until, gasping for breath, he begged them to stop. One of the Indians said: “Me no killim; me washim!” The nearly drowned boy thought this the severest washing he had ever experienced. He therefore besought them to let him get over into shallow water and wash himself. This they consented to, but when he would put his head under for a moment only, and then rise, one of the savages thought it too superficial. Savages, like a few good people in this world, of another color, thought an entire submerging of the body, or at least the head, quite necessary to symbolical purification. The one referred to, therefore, caught Johnnie by the neck and held him beneath the surface until he was nearly dead.

After this they told him he was a true Indian.

The lad was sent the next day to a town called *Shenango*, on Beaver Creek. Here he was formally adopted into the family to which his new found Indian brother belonged. He says that his uncle, the proprietor of the establishment, was a very good-natured Indian, treating him kindly for the most part during his long stay. One practice, however, which this “kind” hearted uncle instituted for Johnnie’s benefit, was to make him get up before daylight every

morning, walk to the creek, and sit in water up to his chin, even when the ice had to be broken for the purpose. The uncle consoled the youth with the reflection that it would make him hardy. "Better," thought John, "remain non-hardy for a time, than to undergo such discipline." Of course, the comparatively delicate system of the pale-face boy was disarranged in a short time, and he was thrown upon a bed of sickness, from which it was very doubtful whether he would ever rise. He lay all the long, weary winter, suffering intensely at times, although considerable attention was given him. An old squaw was his doctor. Her treatment was herb tea, honey, and Indian meal. No cold water, no flesh of any kind, nothing with salt in it, could he have. In this condition the little sufferer passed many wretched months, until the muscles of his limbs contracted to such an extent that he could not walk. At length, as summer came and he grew better, his legs were straightened by force, and splintered and finally regained their normal condition.



CHAPTER III.

JOHN M'CULLOUGH, CONCLUDED—BARELY ESCAPES DROWNING—
INDIAN METHOD OF RESUSCITATION—HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT
—INDIAN DOCTRINES—COMPELLED TO QUIT HIS INDIAN LIFE
—RELATIVES FOR A TIME FORGOTTEN—RETURNS TO FRIENDS
AND CIVILIZATION—ENTERS ARMY—PROMOTED TO MAJOR.

For a year after his recovery, the subject of this sketch played about the *weik-waum* of his uncle, learning rapidly the language and the customs of those about him. He was taken on several expeditions, spending part of the time at Presque Isle and Fort Le Boeuf. It would be useless, perhaps, to enumerate here the incidents of each twelve months. One, however, is of considerable interest, in that it shows the treatment of children when in danger of death from drowning.

Johnnie had gone out in a canoe, tumbled overboard, and was well nigh drowned when rescued by a stalwart savage. Dragging him ashore, the Indian threw him down, supposing the little fellow dead. "It happened," writes McCullough, "that my head was down hill and the water gushed out of my mouth and nose. They had previously sent off one of the boys to inform my friends about it. After some time I began to show signs of life. He then lifted me from the ground, clasping his hands across my belly, and shook me, the water still running plentifully out of my mouth and nose. By the time my friends arrived, I began to breathe more

freely. They carried me up the bank to a wigwam, or house, and laid me down on a deerskin, where I lay till about the middle of the afternoon; at last I awoke, and was surprised to see a great number of Indians of both sexes standing around me. I raised my head, my older brother advanced toward me and said: 'An-moygh-t-ha-heeh a-moigh,' that is, 'Rise, go bathe yourself.' I then recollected what I had been doing. He then said 'if he should see me in the creek again, he would drown me outright;' but the very next day I was paddling in the water."

An incident, showing a horrid punishment extant among the savages, happened while the lad was stopping at the house of his relative, and will here be given.

Johnnie and a fellow playmate were having a good time together, while nearly every one else had left the village on a hunt. The lad playing with young McCullough, thought to amuse himself by scaring the pale-face boy. He caught a snapping turtle from the creek, and endeavored to throw it upon Johnnie. The latter kept out of the way for a while, but finding his playmate persistent in meanness, finally threw a stone at him, which cut a severe gash in his head. The blood flowed freely, and both lads were considerably frightened. Some of the Indians coming home told the boys that *Mos-sooh-whese*, their guardian, would punish them severely when he returned. Johnnie was advised to hide, which he did, but the other lad, fearless even in youth, stood his ground, saying, "*Mos-sooh-whese* no whip *me*." The sequel will disclose the fallacy of his prediction.

The guardian, on learning of the encounter between the lads, immediately ordered the young Indian out for punishment. A conflict ensued, the Indian boy denying the right of *Mos-sooh-whese* to scourge him. However, the latter soon overcame the lad, tied him to a tree, and then perpetrated the following punishment: An old gar's head (a kind of fish) was brought out; this consisted

of a long bill about one foot in length, containing sharp, incisive teeth. One-half of this gar's bill, with the gleaming teeth, was drawn over the tender flesh of the naked victim. From thigh to ankle, from shoulder to wrist, and diagonally across the back, was this scourge drawn, until the child was crimson with blood flowing from the gashes cut.

This treatment the Indian lad submitted to with stoical fortitude, never a tear appearing upon the swarthy cheek, nor a groan escaping the thin lips.

Johnnie lay concealed where he could witness all this, and trembled with fear lest he might be discovered. After *Mos-sooh-whese* had satisfied his fiendish nature with one of the little fellows, he turned his attention to the lost one. Everywhere did he search, apparently, but in the right place. Realizing the uselessness of further avoiding him, Johnnie came forth and delivered himself up.

The savage grinned with satisfaction over the prospect before him. The white child was bound, as had been his playmate, and the cruel barbarism repeated. Four times were the piercing gar's teeth pressed into and pulled through the quivering flesh, cutting such gashes as were never after obliterated. The little fellow stood it as best he could, begging the while for mercy. The heartless savage was finally satisfied, untied the lad, sent him to bed without supper, and with nothing to soothe the painful wounds.

Some doctrines and teachings, concerning which John McCullough heard while a prisoner, are full of interest to every student of that peculiar race. An Indian from another part of the country came among his tribe, pleading with them regarding their soul's salvation. Perhaps the preacher had listened to some of the missionaries of both the Protestant and Catholic faith, and had badly mixed his theology. At any rate, there was both wholesome and unwholesome doctrine in his creed. We will give it in McCullough's own language, or rather as condensed by McKnight;

“The first or principal doctrine they taught was to purify themselves from sin, which they believed they could accomplish by the use of emetics, and abstinence from carnal knowledge of the different sexes; to quit the use of firearms, and to live entirely in the original state in which they were before the white people discovered their country; nay, they taught that fire was not pure which was made by steel or flint, but that they should make it by rubbing two sticks together, which I have frequently assisted to do in the following manner: Take a piece of red cedar, have it well seasoned, get a rod of box-tree, well seasoned, dig out a bit with the point of a knife, cut off the cedar about an eighth of an inch from the edge, set the end of the box-tree in it, having first stuck a knife in the side of the cedar to keep the dust that will rub out by the friction; then take between the hands and rub it, pressing hard upon the cedar, and rubbing as quickly as possible, and in about half a minute the fire will kindle.

“It is said that the prophet taught them or made them believe that he had his wisdom immediately from *Kush-she-la-mil-lang-up*, or a being that *thought* us into being; and that by following his instructions they would, in a few years, be able to drive the white people out of the country. I knew a company of them who had secluded themselves for the purpose of purifying themselves from sin. They made no use of firearms. They had been out more than two years before I left them. Whether they conformed rigidly to the rules laid down by their prophet, I am not able to say with any degree of certainty, but one thing I know, that several women resorted to their encampment. It was said that they made use of no other weapons than their bows and arrows. They also taught in shaking hands to give the left in token of friendship, as it denoted that they gave the heart along with the hand; but I believe that to have been an ancient custom among them, and I am rather of the opinion that the practice is a caution against enemies,

that is, if any violence should be offered they would have the right hand ready to seize their *tim-ma-keek-can*, or tomahawk, or their *paughk-sheek-can* or knife, to defend themselves, if necessary."

After young McCullough had been with the Indians some five or six years, a successful attempt was made by his father to rescue him. The boy was living at Mahoning, not a great distance from Fort Venango, at the time. The parent, hearing that a boy answering the description of his lost son was among the Delawares at Mahoning, dispatched a messenger for him. The messenger succeeded in purchasing the lad from the savages, and set out with him to the fort. We may imagine the joy experienced by the father of Johnnie at once more beholding "his son which was lost," and whom he had supposed dead. But the affection of the parent was not reciprocated. The mind of his son had almost entirely lost its recollection of his first five years in this world, and had been so impressed with the wild, weird life of the woods as to love the latter in preference to all else. In vain did the fond father endeavor to awaken the dormant feelings of filial regard in the heart of the boy. When told that he was to be taken home—away from the Indians and forest life—he wept bitterly, and refused to go. It finally became necessary to tie him on a horse, from which he had thrown himself several times. The company of rescuers, however, traveled homeward, and were congratulating themselves on the success of their undertaking, when their booty suddenly disappeared. They had camped for the night. Every one was wrapped in slumber but the lad. His eyes had not known sleep since being separated from his wild associates. At the hour of midnight he stealthily arose, cautiously glided from the camp, and was soon lost in the woods. Only a few minutes afterward one of the party awoke, discovered their treasure gone, and immediately gave the alarm. All hands were at once in pursuit. The dogs were set upon the trail, and succeeded in treeing the runaway. The

men came up to the root of the oak where the little fellow had concealed himself, consulted awhile, and directly departed, not thinking it worth while to hunt among the branches above. As soon as the company had gone, the boy climbed down, and hurried through the woods toward an Indian village not far distant. The next day he met with friendly savages, who took him back to his home from which his father had sought to separate him.

This circumstance shows the magnetic influence of Indian life upon the mind of youth, before the habits of a higher civilization have been matured. For two years longer did this willing captive remain with the red men. He loved their reckless, daring life, their bold adventures. He aspired to be a brave of the highest type. He longed to be skilled in the arts of woodcraft, the use of the bow and arrow, and capable of bringing down a foe in hand to hand conflict.

Again, however, was cruel Fate to cut short his ambitious hopes for the future. His father once more learning the whereabouts of his son, set out a second time to the rescue. Indian allies were secured, who delivered the thirteen-year old lad to his parent, who took proper precautions not to have the experiences of the previous trip repeated. John was securely bound and closely guarded until the McCullough homestead held him within its walls. For weeks, yea, months, did the parents keep a close watch upon him, until his mind and heart should be rid of their false affections. Gradually did the light of civilization supplant the darkness of barbarism, and the natural affection for his own blood relations take the place so long occupied by adopted kin.

The impressions of those eight years among the Delawares went with John McCullough all through life. He grew up to manhood, full of life and vigor, which fitted him for the border days in which he lived. When the Revolutionary war broke out, he entered the army with his brother, both of whom reached the rank of Major, and did noble service for their country.





INDIAN DANCE.

LIFE OF LEWIS WETZEL.

CHAPTER I.

CHARACTER DEVELOPED BY FRONTIER LIFE—CAUSE OF ETERNAL HATRED—LEWIS AND JACOB PRISONERS—THEIR ESCAPE—PREPARATION FOR DEALING VENGEANCE—RUNNING ENCOUNTER WITH BRAVES—COMPANY ORGANIZED FOR REVENGE—LARGE NUMBERS OF RED MEN—REMAINS ALONE—RETURNS VICTORIOUS.

In chronicling the lives of early frontiersmen, one frequently meets with characters not of the highest type, nor scarcely worthy the reputation their fellows have given them. The rude state of society and morals in the day of these men accounts for the cruelties and barbarities practiced and extolled. Men—good men in many respects—were guilty of savageries equal to the hated red man himself. It was considered perfectly proper to kill *Indians* at all times. This feeling led to the cultivation of a taste at once degrading and dangerous, for after awhile the blood of any human being would be considered lightly, were the practice of shedding it unrestricted.

But the righteousness of destroying the Indian possessed the souls of the frontiersmen, and none more than the four or five Wet-

zel boys, of Virginia. It was with them not only a duty owed to humanity, but sweet revenge. Ruthlessly had their old father been tomahawked, when unable to defend himself. Mercilessly had the red demons rushed upon the unprotected household, dashing out the brains of a loved mother and two younger brothers. Two of the older boys—Lewis and Jacob—had been compelled to witness the awful tragedy, but the story of it made an equally deep impression upon the hearts of Martin and John. They swore eternal enmity to the destroyers of their parents, and their lives do not show that this revengeful spirit was ever subdued.

Lewis was the oldest, being about twenty-three years of age when their home was so suddenly broken up. He became a perfect tiger among his bold associates. No danger was too great for him, if an Indian scalp could be obtained. No hardship too severe, did but victory over his foe await him.

The first wound ever received by Lewis was at the time of his father's death. The boy was standing in the doorway, watching the sport of his younger brothers, when suddenly a rifle ball whizzed by him, carrying with it a portion of the *sternum* or breast bone, and inflicting an ugly gash across the chest. This was the premonitory rattle of that terrible onslaught which resulted in the death of most of the household, and the taking of Lewis and Jacob as prisoners.

The two boys were hurried away from the scene of bloodshed into the deep and unknown forests of the red man. Their hearts throbbed with emotion at thus being ruthlessly severed from all that was dear to them, while the severities of the march added fuel to their sufferings. But as day after day sped on, their grief subsided into a settled hate for their captors, and a fixed determination to wreak fearful vengeance upon them, did the least opportunity arrive.

After guarding them carefully for several nights, until the

party had reached a safe distance from the fort, the Indians became a little careless, and permitted the boys to sleep without a guard. This did not escape the notice of Lewis, and he bided his time until a favorable opportunity might offer for escape. One night every savage drew his blanket about him and laid down to sleep. Jacob also closed his eyes, and was soon dreaming of home and friends, and the terrible future. But the older brother did not sleep. About midnight, when every one seemed to be in deepest slumber, he awoke his brother quietly, and suggested flight. Jacob at once arose, and the two glided noiselessly out of camp. But in their fear of detection they had come away without moccasins, and soon found it almost impossible to travel bare-footed. Lewis told his brother to wait for him, and he would return and get their moccasins. This was done, the brave boy risking his life when it seemed most precious to him. Nor was this the most courageous feat of that night. After returning to where he left his brother, Lewis bethought him of his father's gun which was then in possession of the Indians. A second time he visited the camp, and secured the coveted treasure. Then hastily quitting that vicinity, the two boys were soon making space between them and their bloodthirsty captors.

The Indians discovered their loss about two hours after Lewis and Jacob had fled. It created great excitement among them. The boys would have made fine warriors, thought they, and such captives must never be permitted to escape. In a moment every savage was upon his feet, and ready for the pursuit. They concluded the boys would endeavor to retrace their steps, and in that they were right. Accordingly, with hurrying tread, and stealthily, the pursuers wended their way through the forest. But the lads were expecting pursuit, and upon hearing the approach of footsteps, concealed themselves by the roadside. The Indians passed on. The boys then followed, but were soon obliged to repeat their trick of concealment, when their pursuers returned. The

Indians supposing, finally, that the captives had concealed themselves somewhere near the camp, and that daylight would discover their whereabouts, returned to the fire and waited for light. In the meantime Lewis and his brother were making fast tracks toward home. They crossed the Ohio River on a self-made raft, pushed on without rest or food, and soon found themselves once more among friends.

This attempt to enslave the brothers added to the hate already rankling in their bosoms. Especially was Lewis incited to a life of undying revenge. He began at once to deal death blows wherever possible, until he acquired a reputation for cruelty even among his white associates. It has been asserted that he spared not even women and children when on the warpath, taking a fiendish delight in trying to exterminate the savage race. De Hass, in a sketch of his life, denies the accusation, saying that his strong arm was never raised against the innocent and unprotected. However this may be, an everlasting feud existed between him and the painted warriors. He studied woodcraft, that he might be able to outwit his enemy. He lived a hunter and backwoodsman, that his acquired skill in handling the gun, the knife, and the tomahawk, might fit him to cope with the wily native American. Killing Indians with him was a life business, the same as slaughtering animals for market is the one pursuit of the butcher.

A remarkable exhibition of fortitude and skill is evinced in a running encounter that Lewis Wetzel had with four Indians. He had gone with a friend by the name of Thomas Mills to the Indian spring, about ten miles from Wheeling, W. Va., to secure a horse belonging to the latter. Mills had been compelled to abandon his steed upon the approach of a large body of Indians, and it was supposed to be in their possession somewhere near Wheeling. He and Lewis therefore took their way toward the spring, where, as Mills had predicted, the horse was discovered.

What seemed strange, however, was that he was tied to a tree—something very unusual for an Indian to do. Wetzel suspected treachery, and endeavored to persuade his friend against attempting to obtain it. Mills, nevertheless, cautiously approached the tree, untied the horse, and was congratulating himself upon a successful recovery, when “Crack! crack!” went two rifles, and the frontiersman dropped, mortally wounded.

Then came the race for life between Wetzel and the four bloodthirsty savages. The former started at once with all speed, thinking it possible to gain a sufficient advance to elude them. The wily pursuers, however, were at his heels, fresh and strong, expecting to capture him without difficulty. But they had miscalculated somewhat. They had not made themselves acquainted with their supposed victim. The latter had practiced extensively, while no danger was nigh, the plan of loading his rifle as he ran. This was an extraordinary accomplishment, even in those times. Few, indeed, were the hunters that could do it. As a rule, when the barrel was emptied of its load, no help could be expected from that source, unless a stop could be made.

Lewis, seeing the warriors coming at full speed, and gaining upon him, concluded to check them if possible. He therefore suddenly stopped, faced them, took aim, and fired. One of the four leaped high in the air, and fell headlong to the earth. With an angry yell of defiance, the remaining trio quickened their pace, resolved to speedily avenge their brother's death. Wetzel hastily put in his powder, wadding and ball, and when one of them had reached a distance almost near enough to hurl the tomahawk, he whirled and fired, and in another instant a second red man had fallen to the earth.

This dampened the ardor of the chase for a moment, the two remaining hardly relishing their position, when, with that death-dealing weapon, their opponent could shoot, load or no load.

However, they soon determined to run down the pale-face, cost what it might. It would be a terrible disgrace for one white man to outwit four young braves. So on they went again with renewed vigor. Wetzel by this time had reloaded, but was so nearly exhausted that he was very doubtful as to the outcome. The more muscular of the two savages rapidly gained upon the flying white, directly coming up within a few feet. The deadly tomahawk was raised on high—in another moment it would descend. But just then Wetzel turned, pointed his gun, and was in the act of pulling the trigger, when the savage grasped the barrel. It was a bold thing for the warrior to do, and roused all the lion in Wetzel. Exhausted as he was, the savage found an adversary in muscular strength equal to himself. The gun was wrenched, and twisted, and pulled, until finally the muzzle was brought directly against the Indian's throat. The hunter, quick as a flash, pulled the trigger, and another cry of anguish told the fatal result.

The remaining brave immediately came to a dead stop, but seeing the murderous white man again loading, he made tracks in the opposite direction, saying, "Dat man never die—his gun alway loaded."

The Indians had been committing ravages near Wheeling. People had disappeared, cabins been burned, women and children had been made victims to the bloody knife and tomahawk, until the whites resolved upon revenge. A purse was raised, amounting to about ninety dollars, to be given to the individual bringing into the fort the first scalp. A party of considerable size was organized with Major McMahon at its head. Lewis Wetzel made one of the party.

It was about the middle of the summer of 1786, when the Indian hunters crossed the river near Wheeling, and moved toward the Muskingum. Indian hunters they are called, yet they hardly deserve the appellation, as we shall see. Scouts being sent ahead,



TRADING WITH INDIANS.

reported numerous bands of red men encamped at no great distance. This news caused a halt. They sat down to consider the situation. Nearly every one of the twenty concluded their absence from that section a necessity, and their presence at home very much needed. The party unanimously—with one exception—said, "Let's go home." That one exception was Wetzel. He remained silent.

"Come, Wetzel," said Major McMahon, "come, we've no time to fool away. The devils will be after us before twenty-four hours."

"Go!" said Lewis, "I propose to stay. I came to get an Indian scalp, and I'm going to get it. More than one is within reach. If the rest of you want to go back home with your fingers in your mouth, you can, but I don't go with you."

In vain did his companions expostulate with him about the hazardous undertaking of which he was thinking. Finally, they all departed but the lonely hero of the forest. It requires courage—courage of the very highest degree, thus to face death in preference to accepting a humiliating safety. But Lewis Wetzel possessed that undaunted courage.

Leisurely he pursued his solitary way in an opposite direction from the retreating party, ever cautious, ever ready to pull the trigger, did danger appear. Two days were thus passed without the least sign of Indians. He had begun to think the story of the scouts a fabrication, when, just after sunset, a smoke was discovered. Waiting until the shades of night had settled over nature, the lonely hunter stealthily approached the camp. It was empty. The fire was slumbering low, while over it hung a kettle, and about were other marks of recent habitation. Lewis concluded the Indians were out on a hunt, and would soon return. Nor was he mistaken in this. Two of the dusky warriors came in directly, loaded with game, and set about getting their evening meal. The ranger lies motionless near by, awaiting the hour when they

shall finish their supper, cease their joking, and wrap themselves for slumber. That hour, however, was not to come. One of the red men, about ten o'clock, shouldered his gun and started out to attend to some game left in the woods. The other laid down by the fire, and was soon lost to consciousness. Wetzel could easily have slain the sleeping savage, but desired to dispatch both of them, therefore he waited for the returning footsteps. Hour after hour sped away, and still he waited; throughout that long, dismal night did this heroic child of the forest lie concealed, until he might have the privilege of securing two scalps instead of one.

It was almost daylight; faint streaks were beginning to herald the coming light in the east, when, despairing of the other's return, Wetzel silently approached the slumbering foe, drew his long knife, and in a moment had sent him to his long hunting ground.

The scalp was secured, the object of the expedition gained, and nothing remained but to trace his steps homeward. This was successfully accomplished in a few days, where, to the crestfallen associates, the victor displayed the much prized scalp, and received the reward.



CHAPTER II.

HIS RESOLVE—A COLD-BLOODED SLAUGHTER—PEACE TREATY—
BRAVES CALLED TO A CONFERENCE—SPORT AT THE RED
MAN'S EXPENSE—ATTEMPT TO PUNISH THE OFFENDERS—
SEIZURE — IMPRISONMENT — FLIGHT — REWARD FOR HIS
CAPTURE—RECAPTURE—TRIAL—RELEASE—HIS LAST DAYS.

One of the most cold-blooded slaughters of which Lewis Wetzel was guilty, occurred one fall while he was wandering through the Indian country alone. It seemed that this singular and intrepid man had vowed never to let a year pass without increasing his store of scalps. If there were no regular battles to be fought, if the country would not send him to the joyous task of exterminating the hostile red skins, then he would go alone.

This particular autumn he shouldered his trusty gun, bade a hasty farewell to his family and friends, and plunged into the woods, not to return until he could do so with more than one scalp dangling at his belt. The Muskingum River was his favorite resort, and to this region the daring hunter took his way. There were hunting and scalping parties all up and down this river. Accordingly, Wetzel had been upon its banks but a few hours, when smoke in the distance disclosed the resting place of enemies. Upon reaching the vicinity, four swarthy forms were seen wrapped in the mantle of sleep. Four muscular, athletic Indians against a single "pale-face" appears decidedly unequal, and

a man acquainted with fear would have kept a respectful distance from the sleeping warriors. But the Indian hater near them resolved upon immediate work, and that aggressive. He approached the camp, laid aside the faithful rifle, took a knife in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, and stepped boldly among them. As he raised on high the death-dealing instrument, he gave a terrific yell, and let it fall. The skull upon which it fell was crushed through and through. Before the noise had fairly awakened the remaining three, another blow settled a second. Then, as the third was rising, half unconscious, confused by the terrible din that Wetzel and the half-slaughtered savages were making, he, too, was struck down, never to rise again. The fourth having gained his feet, instead of attempting defence, darted away into the darkness, and was never more seen by the fell destroyer.

With savage delight Wetzel now contemplated the successful termination of his night's work. The three victims were relieved of their scalps, and left for the beasts to devour. The hunter was asked when reaching home, what success he had. "Not much," said he, "I treed four Indians, but one got away."

Gen. Harmar had been endeavoring for some time to get the various Indian tribes to sign a treaty of peace. He was not as well acquainted with the noble red man as were the settlers about the fort. The General imagined that an explicit peace treaty, duly agreed to and signed by the leading chiefs, would forever settle the difficulties constantly arising between the whites and natives. Perhaps it would, but the frontiersmen—those who had lived among these treacherous foes of civilization all their lives—had somehow grown skeptical on that point, and they were rather inclined to doubt the possession of that admirable quality, known as truthfulness, by our friend, the Indian. Consequently, when Gen. Harmar arranged for a conference, calling in large numbers of the dusky braves to Fort Harmar, two of the settlers—

Lewis Wetzel and Veach Dickerson—concluded to have a little sport at the noble red man's expense.

They secreted themselves between the Indian camp and the fort, intending to pluck off the first passers-by wearing a tuft of feathers. They had not long to wait. The sound of horses' hoofs was soon heard, and directly a savage came in view, riding at full speed. The men recognized the warrior as being a leader among his fellows, whom the whites for some reason had named George Washington. He was a peaceably disposed Indian, but it mattered not to these ruthless rangers. As he reached a favorable spot, two rifle shots rang out upon the air, the warrior clapped his hand upon his thigh, as though struck, but never moved from his seat. How both balls should have missed bringing him down was a mystery. The truth of it was that the balls had passed through the man's body, each having struck in the thigh and entered the abdomen, but with stoical fortitude, the brave held his seat upon the pony until out of reach of his enemy. That night he died.

Wetzel and Dickerson realized what a stir this circumstance would create. They knew that by neither the soldiers nor the Indians would mercy be granted. It did not take them long, therefore, to rid that immediate neighborhood of their presence. The Mingo settlement, where they lived, would receive them, and for this they made quick steps.

As the affair was considered a good joke among the Mingo Bottom settlers, they were not at all careful about disclosing the names of the perpetrators. Gen. Harmar finally heard that Lewis Wetzel was the murderer of "George Washington." As was perfectly proper, he determined to bring the perpetrator to justice. It would never do to let such breaches of trust go unpunished at that critical moment. A company of men, under Capt. Kingsbury, was sent down to take the offender.

Upon reaching their destination, it was learned that the settlers

were all out to a shooting match, some distance away, Wetzel being one of the number. Kingsbury, with his company of soldiers, set out immediately to capture him. The news reached the crowd of frontiersmen before the soldiers did. Great excitement ensued. The idea of one of their number, and the leader at that, who had saved more women and children from death than there were soldiers at Fort Harmar, being tried and hung, simply for killing a red dog of the forest! It was preposterous—it was an insult, and should be so treated. Every man crowded around Wetzel and swore eternal fidelity. An attack was resolved upon: Instead of waiting for Kingsbury and his force to surprise them, they would ambush by the roadside and shoot down the entire company.

Major McMahon very fortunately was present, and prevailed upon his border friends to wait an hour, until he should advise Capt. Kingsbury to withdraw. This was agreed to, and the hunters waited with great impatience. Upon being informed as to the true state of things, Kingsbury very wisely concluded to retrace his steps. It was a victory for Wetzel which he considered complete, but the sequel will show that the case was not yet altogether settled.

It was not a great while after the events recorded, that Lewis Wetzel started down the Ohio River to Kentucky. Remembering that a friend lived on an island not far from Fort Harmar, he concluded to pay him a visit. Accordingly he turned his canoe in that direction, and found Mr. Carr, his friend, at home, and very much pleased to see him. But Gen. Harmar heard that evening of Wetzel's whereabouts. The General was determined to recapture the daring frontiersman, if possible. A posse of soldiers was immediately dispatched upon this errand. They reached the island after dark, and waited until all should be asleep. About midnight the cabin was quietly entered, and Lewis Wetzel seized by six or eight men, before any one had awakened. When Lewis opened his eyes



A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

he was in the hands of an armed force which it would be useless to resist. They hurried him to the boat and then across to the fort.

Harmar was greatly rejoiced at this successful kidnapping, ordered Wetzel to be thrown into the guard house, heavily ironed, and dieted upon bread and water.

It was a sad blow to the roving, independent ranger. Death in battle would have been far more preferable to him than incarceration for any length of time in such a place, with the prospect of the gallows in the future. He sent for Gen. Harmar and begged to be given to the savages—anything rather than stay where he was. He said: "Let the Indians form a circle, fully armed, and place me within it, with a tomahawk and knife. I can then either go free or die fighting." But Harmar refused, saying it was not in his province to inflict any punishment of that nature—the scaffold was the one fixed by military law.

Day after day passed away, wearily enough to the prisoner within the walls of his narrow cell. Again he sent for the commander, and again Harmar condescended to answer the summons.

"General," said Wetzel, "this is a terrible life; I am dying every day. These heavy irons about my ankles and wrists, with no power to move about, is worse than hanging. Won't you give me an opportunity to breathe a little fresh air, and exercise my legs a bit? Put plenty of guards over me, but for Heaven's sake let me have a change."

"Well," said the General, "I guess you can go out on the bank of the river a little while. Be sure, however, to make no attempt to escape, for it will be useless, and you'll suffer for it."

Wetzel then had his feet unbound, but his handcuffs were left on, and he was permitted to leave the cell under a heavy guard.

He pretended to be overjoyed at his release from imprisonment. He talked freely with the guard, gained their confidence,

and then began to plan for escape. He asked permission to run up and down the bank, which was granted. Each time he did this, he would go a little further. Finally he reached a distance of two hundred feet from the guard, then summoning all his athletic powers, leaped forward a few strides, and disappeared in the woods. The guard fired, but not a shot took effect. Harmar was immediately apprised, and ordered soldiers in all directions. Nor did he limit the privilege of hunting Wetzel to soldiers. The savage was put upon his track, with instructions to bring him in, dead or alive. Wetzel in the meantime bounded through the well-known woods like a deer. A thicket some four miles away he thought would make an excellent hiding place. This he reached, and crawled into its meshes as deeply as possible, until he came to an old log. A small space under the log was vacant, into which Lewis wedged his body, and waited developments. They soon came. Two dusky forms were seen approaching, tomahawk in hand, peering with eager gaze into every nook and corner. They reach the thicket. They cut their way through the undergrowth to the log. Has he left tracks? Do they see him? It was a painful moment. But one of them climbs upon the log and strikes it a few blows to make sure it is not hollow!

Had Wetzel's hands been loosed, he might have jumped from his covert and taught his pursuers something of the danger they were in. But he was powerless. There he lay, expecting every moment one of them to look beneath the log and discover what it concealed. But they did not. With a sigh of relief Lewis saw them depart, fully convinced that their victim was in other quarters.

He lay in this place until night. What to do next was a question which perplexed his brain. He had no friends except on the opposite side of the Ohio. It would be utterly impossible to swim that with his hands tied, and it was equally impossible to make a

raft. Finally he wandered down to the river by a circuitous route, opposite the cabin of an old friend by the name of Wiseman. The man was out in his canoe, fishing by moonlight. Wetzel beckoned to him, being afraid to call, and in a few moments Wiseman had crossed to where the escaped prisoner stood. They both returned to the former's cabin, ate a hearty supper, and passed the remainder of the night in discussing their experiences. Wetzel realized that a "friend in need" was a "friend indeed," that night. In fact, for several days it was necessary to remain concealed, but after a while, supplied with a rifle, ammunition and a blanket, he started again on his journey down the Ohio.

Fate seemed to have determined against Wetzel, however, in his dealings with Gen. Harmar. The latter had been placed in command at Cincinnati. Hearing that Wetzel was somewhere in that region, he immediately offered a reward for his capture, yet it did not have the desired effect, as no one would betray an Indian killer in those days.

It is said that Wetzel met Lieut. Kingsbury, of Harmar's command, in the street at Point Pleasant soon after the reward was offered, but Kingsbury contented himself with the remark: "Get out of my sight, you Indian killer!" and passed on.

Lewis continued his journey down the Ohio, and finally stopped at Limestone, Ky., where he lived for a number of years. As has been intimated, he was destined to be put again into the hands of Harmar. McKnight seems to be the best authority on this part of his life, hence we quote from him:

"While engaged in hunting at Maysville, Lieut. Lawler, of the regular army, who was going down the Ohio to Fort Washington, in what was called a Kentucky boat, full of soldiers, landed at Maysville, and found Wetzel sitting in one of the taverns. Returning to the boat he ordered a file of soldiers, seized Wetzel and dragged him on board the boat, and without a moment's delay,

pushed off. That same night he delivered him to Gen. Harmar, at Cincinnati, by whom he was again thrown into irons, preparatory to his trial and subsequent condemnation for what Lewis disdained to deny or conceal, the killing of the Indian at Marietta.

"The story of Wetzel's captivity—captured and liable to punishment for shooting an Indian merely—spread through the settlement like wild fire, kindling the passions of the frontiersmen to a high pitch of fury. Petitions for his release came in to Gen. Harmar from all quarters and all classes of society. To these at first he paid little attention. At length the settlements along the Ohio, and even some of the back counties, began to organize to effect the release of the prisoner by force of arms. Representations were made to Judge Symmes, which induced him to issue a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case. John Clawson and other hunters of Columbia, who had gone down to attend his trial, went security for Wetzel's good behavior; and, being discharged, he was escorted with great triumph to Columbia, and treated at that place to a supper.

"Judge Foster, who gave these last particulars, described him at this period (August 26, 1789,) as about twenty-six years of age, about five feet, ten inches high. He was full-breasted, very broad across the shoulders; his arms were large; skin darker than the other brothers; his face heavily pitted with the small pox; his hair, of which he was very careful, reached, when combed out, to the calves of his legs; his eyes remarkably black, and piercing as the dagger's point, and when excited, sparkling with such vindictive glances as to indicate plainly it was hardly safe to provoke him to wrath. He was taciturn in mixed company, although the life of the party among his social friends and acquaintances. His morals and habits, compared with those of his general associates and the tone of society in the West at that day, were quite exemplary. He certainly had a rare scalp—one for which the savages would at any time have given a dozen of their best warriors."

Lewis Wetzel never again fell into the hands of Gen. Harmar. Soon after being released by the Columbia court, he assisted a friend in rescuing the latter's affianced from the merciless hands of half a dozen red men. This was a perilous adventure. He then concluded to visit the South. He therefore took passage on a flat boat for New Orleans, where he remained a considerable length of time.

It was while at New Orleans that he became, or was reported to have become, too intimate with a certain Spanish lady, the wife of a citizen of this place. The husband had him arrested, and for two years the wild hero of the plains languished within prison walls. His friends have endeavored to prove his entire innocence of this base charge, and have partially succeeded. However, it is not improbable that even as moral a man as Wetzel should have succumbed to the temptations prevalent in the country in that day.

After his incarceration at the Southern metropolis, Lewis visited his old haunts near Wheeling, Va. He did not remain long at home. The report of his imprisonment had reached his friends, and he found himself no longer regarded as the protector of the unprotected and defender of the innocent. A second visit to the South was therefore determined upon and executed. He vowed vengeance upon those who had ruined his reputation, and very likely meted out to them something, at least, for their accusation.

He continued to roam over the country from North to South—never stationary, always loving the wild life of the border. If parties desired relatives rescued from the savages, lands located, messages to dangerous localities delivered, Lewis Wetzel was the safest man to be secured. He was regarded as one of the most efficient scouts that ever braved the perils of frontier life.

It was this reputation that caused Gen. Clark to send for him, when the momentous trip across the Rocky Mountains was contemplated. This was to be the most hazardous undertaking ever

indulged in by Western ranger. It therefore required the cream of the border element—men not only brave, skillful and strong, but possessing indomitable perseverance. For a road was to be traveled never seen by white man. Terrors were to be encountered sufficient to make the stoutest heart quail and the strongest knee to bow.

Wetzel, after considerable reluctance, consented to accompany the expedition. Those who have read the history of this marvelous march—the first one ever made by civilization across the Rockies—need not here be made acquainted with the thrilling adventures experienced. Suffice it to say, that Lewis remained with Clark about four months, when, half sick and tired of so useless a sacrifice as they seemed to be making, he retraced his steps homeward.

Very much broken down by his numerous hardships, the hero of this sketch made his way to the home of a friend near Natchez, where for the remainder of his days, he lived a peaceful and uneventful life. In the year 1808 all that was mortal of Lewis Wetzel, the soldier, the scout, the trapper, the Indian hunter, the explorer, was laid away in the silent grave, while his spirit took its flight to its God.





SIMON KENTON.



KENTON SHOOTING INDIANS.

LIFE OF GEN. SIMON KENTON,

[*ALIAS BUTLER.*]

CHAPTER I.

BIRTHPLACE—CAUSE OF WILD LIFE—JOINS BAND OF ROVERS—
DOWN THE OHIO—SEEKS AN “ELDORADO”—RETURNS TO
SALT LICK — TRAPPING AND HUNTING — SURPRISED BY
INDIANS—KENTON AND YAGER REACH THE OHIO.

There is little known concerning the early career of the subject of this sketch. We have the place of his birth given as Fauquier Co., Va., the time May 15, 1755. One circumstance is handed down to us, which alone forms the key to his wild life in the far West. It is an altercation which took place between himself and one William Veach, a German.

Veach and Kenton happened to fancy the same rustic maiden. The fancy ripened into an affection with each of the young men, and, as a matter of course, created a jealousy that ere long engendered hatred, differences and insults.

It became apparent to all who understood the peculiar relations sustained by the two, that the one method of settling such little differences in those days must be resorted to, viz., a personal encounter. At length Kenton, who was a tall, lank, lean,

awkward youth of about eighteen years, challenged his adversary for a free fight. It was immediately accepted, and the two combatants withdrew for the affray.

Only a few were permitted to witness the tragic scene, but those who did, pronounced the result as being decidedly against Kenton. In fact, it is pretty well authenticated that Veach, who was much the older and heavier, gave his rival the severest drubbing known to pugilistic circles. The fight over, Kenton of course withdrew, not only from the scene of his disgrace, but also from the number of those who sought the fair coquette of the neighborhood. His defeat was indeed hard to bear; it was almost annihilating, as far as social intercourse with the young people was concerned. For one who could neither win in the contest for a fair lady, nor yet in battle, was surely in nowise a hero, and anything short of heroism in some particular, at that day, deprived the unfortunate one of "good society." The young man remained quietly at home for some time, never caring to mingle with the crowds on festive days, until an opportunity should offer for regaining his lost ground. He concluded to wait a year or so, until, by practicing and additional natural strength, he could again call his opponent into the ring, and turn the tide of battle in the other direction. Accordingly, about ten or twelve months from the first conflict, Simon stalked forth from his father's house, to meet the foe. No one should witness this scene in the drama. If defeat was again to crown his efforts, the world should be none the wiser; if an opportunity offered to completely crush the destroyer of his hopes and reputation, then, perhaps, it were also better that the populace knew little about it.

Walking boldly up to the cabin of Veach, Kenton called him out, and made known his business. The former, still conscious of his superior strength and skill, immediately consented to retire to a convenient spot, where the second duel should be fought. Without a physician, without seconds, the burly backwoodsmen proceeded

together to a place of concealment. Reaching the spot, each squared himself for the encounter. A little sparring was indulged in, when Kenton leaped upon his antagonist with the ferocity of a tiger. The two clinched, and wrestled, and struggled, and finally fell, with Veach uppermost. Still Kenton would not think of defeat. He struggled manfully for freedom, but the stalwart Dutchman held Kenton as in a vise, maltreating him the while at a fearful rate. Finally, by an almost superhuman effort, Kenton raised himself, and threw his opponent backward upon a briar bush near by. As quick as thought he caught the German's long, curly hair and entangled it among the briars. It was a fatal move for Veach; he could stir neither hand nor foot to any advantage. Finding he had his adversary "trapped," Kenton began to ply the strokes with fist and club, with terrible effect. His revengeful nature was all afire, and scarcely anything short of death would now satisfy him. The unfortunate German was soon knocked senseless, but even this did not stop the punishment. Not until it seemed that life was extinct, did the furious youth cease the flogging. Then, seeming to realize all at once the extremity to which he had gone, and that his rival was gasping for breath, and probably would die in a few minutes, he took to his heels and made fast tracks for other regions.

Kenton knew it would no longer be safe to remain in the neighborhood if Veach died, nor in fact in any place where law could reach him. He therefore turned his steps toward the Ohio. Thus was driven into exile a young man of rather remarkable faculties, mental and physical, who afterward was to appear as a brave defender of his people, and a godsend to many a helpless family.

Wandering on without a definite objective point, his only concern being to rid the country of his presence, Simon Kenton, after a few days, found himself in a strange land and among strange people. Stopping only to rest for the night and cook a morsel to eat, he slackened not his pace until the lofty peaks of the Alleghenies

came in sight. At a place called Warm Springs he met another exile from home, Johnson by name. The usual salutations were passed, some inquiries made, and the two became friends. Johnson was from New Jersey, and had been obliged to flee on account of some crime similar to that which occasioned Kenton's flight. Of course, after each was convinced that the other was not a detective, confidential terms were agreed upon, and the two traveled on, much pleased with having the loneliness thus broken. They crossed the mountains and nearly reached the Monongahela River, when Kenton concluded to join a band of rovers who were going down the Ohio. The two therefore separated, Johnson continuing on his way, and his companion soon embarking for southwestern climes.

As is always the case in a promiscuous crowd, three young men of the party, including Kenton, formed an intimate acquaintance at once, and determined to "paddle their own canoe" down the river. The young men who were to be the special consorts of Simon, were named Yager and Strader. They had no intention of separating from the main party at first; but as they swept down the unknown stream, surrounded with new scenery at all points, their ambition was fired—they desired to see all the far-famed country of the West.

Yager, it seemed, had once been a captive among the Indians of *Kan-tuck-ee*, and pictured out to his companions a country which he had heard described as an Eldorado—a land flowing with milk and honey; with abundance of game of every description, the most beautiful verdure, and remarkable mines of wealth, he said, to be found. So attractive did the young man make the picture appear that Strader and Kenton concluded to join him in a hunt for riches.

Yager was quite certain he would know the point in the river where the landing should be made, having heard it many times described by his Indian friends. Therefore they pushed boldly on

for more than a week, expecting every day to bring to their enraptured vision this ideal land. But alas! it proved a vain hope.

The present site of Manchester was reached before the explorers would give up their cherished plans. Upon arriving at this point Strader and Kenton refused to go further, avowing their disbelief in the reality of such a dream as had actuated them thus far. A return was agreed upon, and the three set bravely to work against the stream. It was neither such rapid nor pleasant traveling up the river as it had been down, so when the vicinity of the Salt Lick and Big Sandy was reached, a halt was made. Here the young men remained for more than two years, engaged in trapping, fishing, etc. Fort Pitt was their trading post, and many times during the twenty-five months of their stay, did the trappers march into the fort, loaded with furs and skins. Their business was a lucrative one. Trappers were scarce in those parts, and it required but little exertion and skill to amass a sufficiency.

When at the height of their success, in the spring of 1773, the three young adventurers were suddenly surprised by a band of hostile reds. The Indians had approached the cabin noiselessly, and without warning poured in a volley of lead. Poor Strader fell, but the other two succeeded in making good their escape. All furs, arms and ammunition were necessarily left as booty for the savages. Not a mouthful of provision even, had Yager and Kenton time to secure. They soon found themselves in an almost impenetrable wilderness, without a morsel of food, nothing with which to kill game, and hostile Indians on every side. Being acquainted with the lay of the land, the two concluded it would be best to strike for the Ohio, in the hope of meeting with white traders. Accordingly the long and hazardous journey was begun. It was more easily begun than completed. The greatest caution was necessary to avoid Indians, while the most rapid progress must be made to reach the river before their strength gave way under the gnawings of hunger.

At the close of the second day the weary travelers laid themselves down beside a small camp-fire, feeling severely the want of stimulants, as well as the fatigue of traveling. Upon the next day their hunger turned to sickness, which grew worse and worse as the hours dragged on. The fourth day found them almost ready to lie down and die, so little hope inspired them of ever being able to reach their destination. But wearily they plodded along, scarcely uttering a word to each other from sunrise to sunset. Awakening upon the morning of the fifth, Kenton and his companion, with almost superhuman effort, again began the wretched walk toward the Ohio. They knew the river was now not far off, and this stimulated them to put forth every energy of their being. Near the close of this day the ragged and emaciated young men fell, exhausted, upon the verdant banks of the stream.



CHAPTER II.

SOUTHWARD WITH TRADERS—SHORTEST ROUTE TO VIRGINIA—
ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS—ENTERS HIS COUNTRY'S SER-
VICE — SEARCH FOR THE "HUNTER'S PARADISE"—SUR-
PRISED BY FRIENDS—RETURN—INDIAN SIGNS—THE CAMP
ABANDONED.

It was not long before a party of traders came along, who, being hailed, immediately landed and provided them with the necessities for renewing their lost strength.

With this party Kenton and his companion journeyed down toward the mouth of the Kanawha. Here Dr. Briscoe, the celebrated explorer, made his appearance, having just returned from an expedition. Simon procured a rifle and some ammunition from him for a nominal price, and, inspired by the glowing accounts of the Doctor, determined to hunt awhile along the river alone. Accordingly, when the others moved up the Ohio in their canoe, toward home and civilization, our hero plunged boldly into the forest and was seen no more for several months. The leaves had begun to turn and the trees were taking upon themselves the rich hues of autumn, as a substitute for the verdure of warmer days, when, weary of his solitary life, and loaded with the results of a successful summer's work among the animals of that country, Simon Kenton retraced his steps toward the Ohio. Upon reaching this stream he met with a company of adventurers under command

of Dr. Wood. They were bound for regions farther south and west, almost unknown at that day. The novelty and prospective excitement of such a trip captured young Kenton. He offered his services, which were gladly accepted. The party was to travel in canoes, landing wherever practicable, and making such observations as opportunities might afford. Everything went smoothly until they reached the Three Islands. Upon landing here many signs of Indians were seen, and before they had been in the vicinity twelve hours, it was discovered that a large and hostile party of reds was approaching. The camp was at once thrown into the direst confusion, the entire company fleeing in every direction. Nearly all their equipments were abandoned, thereby rendering an extensive march through the unknown wilderness hazardous and painful.

Dr. Wood, after collecting his scattered followers, concluded to take the shortest route for Virginia. Kenton had no particular desire to see Virginia, never having found out whether his early rival had died or not. But with the rest he moved forward until the banks of the Monongahela were reached. Here he permitted the others to proceed, while he stopped and built a craft for navigation down the Ohio.

Alone in the wilderness, he hollowed out a suitable canoe, killed a little game, and launched once more upon the great tributary of the Mississippi. Reaching the Kanawna—his old stamping ground—Kenton hid his canoe and took up his abode in the woods. Here he remained until the fall of 1774. About this time, hearing of Dunmore's war, and having a keen relish for fighting, the trapper determined to abandon his favorite pursuit, and shoulder the musket against the enemies of his country. Meeting with the notorious Simon Girty, who afterward distinguished himself as a renegade and murderer, Kenton was persuaded to accompany him as a spy. The two soon formed a great attachment for each other, and men better adapted for the dangerous work in which they were

engaged, could not have been found in the land. They continued together throughout the war, when their services no longer being required, the two separated. The friendship that Kenton formed at this time with Girty was never broken, and afterward was the means of saving his life.

After the premonitory rattle of the revolution—Dunmore's war—had ended, Simon Kenton revisited the elysian fields of Kentucky. Two companions, like himself, filled with a desire to behold such scenes as had been described by Yager, accompanied him. It took many a weary day's march to bring them to the desired spot. Finally, however, reaching the banks of the Lower Blue Lick, the hunter's paradise burst upon their view. Elk, deer, and vast herds of buffalo could be seen in all directions. It was a magnificent sight. The three rangers stood spell-bound when first they emerged from the woods, and discovered this innumerable host. Yager had been doubted, ridiculed, and discountenanced, but now it was conceded that the half had not been told.

With such game to occupy their attention, the three hunters spent many months. It was decided to found a settlement, and, if possible, induce others to enjoy this Eldorado of the West. The lonely cabin, however, remained by itself for many years, although finally the present town of Washington was laid out upon this lovely spot.

One day, having gone out to bring in some skins and furs concealed several miles from their camp, Kenton and his companions suddenly came upon a couple of white men. The surprise was mutual. Little were either party expecting to meet anything but animals and savages in that far-off land. They greeted each other almost as cordially as would Robinson Crusoe a friendly face upon his lonely island. The strangers—whose names were Fitzpatrick and Hendricks—had come from Pennsylvania. While floating down the Ohio, a sudden squall capsized their canoe, precipitating

the occupants, with guns, ammunition, provisions, etc., into the angry river. Hendricks and Fitzpatrick had swam to the shore in safety, but were now almost famished and completely demoralized. They were immediately supplied with food and invited to share the hospitalities of the little cabin. Hendricks accepted the invitation, but his companion had seen quite enough of *Kan-tuck-ee*, and desired to retrace his steps homeward as quickly as possible. Finding that he was determined upon starting up the Ohio without further delay, Kenton and his companions kindly offered to conduct him to "the point" (now Maysville). Accordingly, the four set off, leaving Hendricks, who was weary of traversing the tangled wilderness, to take care of things at the camp. The trip to the Ohio was made safely, and Fitzpatrick bade a friendly farewell to the border men. Whether he ever reached home or not, we have been unable to ascertain. It is altogether probable, however, that the tedious journey was completed in safety, as no intelligence was ever received of his demise.

Different was the fate of his unfortunate comrade. The treacherous Indian, ever on the alert to get a scalp and wreak vengeance upon the invaders of his hunting-ground, found his way to the camp where the solitary sentinel kept watch over the slumbering fires. Stealthily was the approach made, until, when within a few feet of him, the foe pounced upon their victim, pinioning his arms behind him in a flash, and making him prisoner with scarcely a struggle. After tormenting the powerless captive for a considerable time, they helped themselves to whatever of use could be found, and hurried away, carrying Hendricks with them. They had not left the camp more than an hour or two, when Kenton and party returned. To their dismay, it was discovered that their friend had been captured or murdered, and that Indians were undoubtedly then in the near vicinity. With an unaccountable fear for their own safety, the rangers left the premises and made fast



KENTON SAVING BOONE.

tracks for less dangerous quarters. His rapid retreat upon this occasion, scarcely coincides with the heroic character of Kenton elsewhere, and it is really to be doubted whether the party intended merely to escape. The probabilities are that an immediate evacuation of the premises was made, not to secure their own safety merely, but that a search might be made at once for Hendricks. The party, at any rate, had not proceeded far from the deserted cabin, before smoke was perceived in the distance, betokening a camp-fire. This created dismay in the heart of each, for well they knew the meaning of such a fire in the daytime. There could only be one solution, viz., poor Hendricks was being prepared for the stake.

Considering that a small band of reds would never stop so near the captive's home to perform such a deed, for fear of being pursued, Kenton and his companions concluded there must be a large crowd of the bloodthirsty wretches, and all efforts to rescue the victim would be in vain while daylight lasted. Accordingly, the party concealed themselves in an undergrowth, at a safe distance from the Indians, and bided their time. By the heavy smoke that arose for hours during the middle of the day, the watchers were convinced that their companion was being roasted alive, and that ere night should come, his spirit would be released.

Finally, the dim twilight began to hover over nature, and a reconnoitering was talked of. After some debate, it was decided as useless to attempt a rescue at that late hour, and their only plan must be to wait until the savages had departed.

It was sundown of the next evening before the trio ventured forth to learn the fate of their friend. Upon reaching the now deserted camp, a skull and some human bones were found near a smoldering pile of fagots—the last remains of the unfortunate Hendricks.

CHAPTER III.

WELCOMED AT BOONESBOROUGH—ATTACK UPON INDIAN TOWNS—
AS SPY—NARROW ESCAPE—RECONNOITERING EXPEDITION—
INDIAN HORSES AS BOOTY—CAPTURED—DOOMED TO THE
STAKE—RUNS THE GAUNTLET.

Shortly after the experiences related in the former chapter, Simon Kenton and his two companions hearing of a settlement not far off, called Boonesborough, resolved to abandon their lonely cabin and seek the society of fellow mortals. Reaching the new metropolis of Kentucky, the party was cordially welcomed, and invited to enjoy the hospitalities of the block house.

At this time the unprincipled Governor of Canada was inciting the Indians against the Kentucky settlers by all means possible. Rewards were offered, not for prisoners of war, but for scalps. Thousands of savages put on the war paint and started forth, dealing death and destruction to men, women, children and homes. An able-bodied and courageous hunter like Kenton, was therefore as much valued by his associates as were the Roman citizens in the palmy days of that Empire. He was placed in charge of several expeditions against marauding bands of savages, and always distinguished himself by skill and courage.

Finally, in the year 1778, Daniel Boone desired his presence, with others, in an attack upon Indian towns along Paint Creek. Kenton gladly accepted a place by the side of this heroic leader.

"Kenton acted as a spy on this expedition," says McKnight, "and after crossing the Ohio, being somewhat in advance of the rest, he was suddenly startled by hearing a loud laugh from an adjoining thicket, which he was just about to enter. Instantly halting, he took his station behind a tree, and waited anxiously for a repetition of the noise. In a few minutes two Indians approached the spot where he lay, both mounted upon a pony, and chatting and laughing in high good humor. Having permitted them to approach him within good rifle distance, he raised his gun, and aiming at the breast of the foremost, pulled the trigger. Both Indians fell—one shot dead, the other severely wounded. Their frightened pony galloped back into the cane, giving the alarm to the rest of the party, who were some distance in the rear. Kenton instantly ran up to scalp the dead man and to tomahawk his companion, according to the usual rule of Western warfare; but when about to put an end to the struggles of the wounded Indian, who did not seem disposed to submit very quietly to the operation, his attention was arrested by a rustling of the cane on his right, and turning rapidly in that direction, he beheld two Indians within twenty steps of him, very deliberately taking aim at his person.

"A quick spring to one side on his part, was instantly followed by the flash and report of their rifles; the balls whistled close to his ears, causing him to involuntarily duck his head, but doing him no injury. Not liking so hot a neighborhood, and ignorant of the number which might be behind, he lost no time in regaining the shelter of the woods, leaving the dead Indian unscalped, and the wounded man to the care of his friends. Scarcely had he accomplished this, when a dozen Indians appeared upon the edge of the cane-brake, and seemed disposed to press on him with more vigor than was consistent with the safety of his present position. His fears, however, were instantly removed by the appearance of Boone and his party, who came running up as rapidly as due regard for

the shelter of their persons would permit, and opening a brisk fire upon the Indians, quickly compelled them to regain the shelter of the cane-brake, with the loss of several wounded, who, as usual, were carried off. The dead Indian, in the hurry of the retreat, was abandoned, and Kenton at last had the gratification of taking his scalp."

This trip with Boone was altogether barren of results. No Indians were killed save the one spoken of above, nor were discoveries of importance made.

Upon arriving at Fort Logan, however, Kenton was immediately ordered out on a reconnoitering expedition. He was given two heroic companions—Clark and Montgomery—with whom he was to visit the Little Miami River, learn the "lay of the land," plan for an attack upon the Indian village there, and return. Had he been content to do only what he was bidden, a very thrilling experience and an immense amount of suffering might have been avoided. But after reaching their destination in safety and making all necessary observations, a desire seized the trio to carry back with them some of the very fine horses owned by the enemy. Accordingly, with an unwholesome ambition and apparent recklessness, the covert for stock was visited, and the most valuable animals driven away.

But as the way of the transgressor is always hard, neither their happiness nor their safety was to be augmented by their unlawful possessions. It was necessary to travel very rapidly to avoid being captured. They therefore tied the horses together, while one of the men on a leader in front and the other two in the rear, with sharp goading, kept the cavalcade under a rapid pace.

All night long, over swamp, hill, streams, and through tangled brush, did the fearless adventurers push on their way. By daylight a good distance had been gained. Many miles separated them from the Indian town and danger. Stopping only for a few min-

utes to eat a lunch, the retreat was renewed and continued during the entire day. As the sun passed below the horizon of the west, a short stop was ordered. Fire was kindled, some game shot by the wayside, placed upon it, and the weary law-breakers, with their booty, enjoyed a sweet moment of rest. As soon as the horses had grazed sufficiently, the camp fire was destroyed, and the journey of another night begun.

In traveling thus through darkness, while their pursuers slept, Kenton and his companions manifested energy and prudence worthy of the true Indian scout. By daylight, as they rode up a slight elevation which overlooked quite an area of country, the swiftly flowing waters of the Ohio were seen. With great joy at the prospect of soon being out of danger, they rushed on toward the river.

Upon reaching the banks of the Ohio, it was discovered to be very rough and high. The wind, also, seemed to be rising. A raft was built in a few minutes, for the purpose of transporting the baggage, while Kenton took it upon himself to get the horses across. He would swim alongside of one, and the others would follow. Rather a dangerous undertaking, when "white caps" were to be seen from one shore to the other, and the current was swift enough to defy the most skillful swimmer. But the attempt was made, and failed. The horses becoming frightened, refused to follow their leader, and returned to the shore. Again and again did the heroic ranger endeavor to get them to stem the current, but in vain.

It was finally resolved to await the quelling of the tempest, which would undoubtedly be witnessed by sunset. The perplexed but fearless border men built a fire, secreted their horses, lit their pipes, and passed the day in the woods, with a zest which none but hunters are capable of feeling.

Noon came, but the wind was higher than in the morning.

The afternoon sped away, and still the fury of the waves bid defiance to all equestrians. After consultation, it was resolved to remain where they were for the night, believing that pursuit had been abandoned by the Indians, and that another morning's sun would bring a transformation o'er the bosom of the river.

As the sun peeped above the horizon in the east, Kenton and his companions hurriedly arose, stirred the smoldering embers, prepared a morsel to eat, and again wended their way to where their horses had been concealed. The animals were secured, haltered, and led to the now placid river. But experience, with them, had begotten fear; the waves of yesterday still dashed (in imagination) against the banks, and baffled their efforts to swim. The horses would not go. Goads were applied, coaxing indulged in, all to no purpose.

Finally, completely outwitted and discouraged, the scouts concluded to take the horses down the river to where Louisville now stands, where they could be ferried across. This is what should have been done the day previous, as transportation could easily have been made before discovered by their pursuers. Now it was too late. The Indians were upon them, and waiting only for a favorable opportunity to strike the fatal blow.

Quietly and cheerily, the party moved off down the stream. The birds sang gaily, the laughing waters swept on toward the Mississippi, warning the traveler to hasten his steps ere it was too late, while dreams of prosperity and happiness filled the breasts of the three hunters upon the bank.

Suddenly the stillness of the morning was broken by an Indian war-whoop. The sound came from a short distance in the rear. Kenton, who was taking the lead, thinking his companions might be in danger, hurriedly dismounted, and walked back whence the yell had come. It was a rash act—characteristic of the man, however. He had gone but a short distance, when three men—

two Indians and a white—were espied approaching him. He had not been discovered, and stepping behind a tree, he took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. His gun flashed in the pan! Fatal flash!

Immediately his presence was discovered. With demoniac yells the savages dashed toward Kenton, who at length seeing the utter helplessness of his condition, turned and fled. Shots were fired at him, but the trees offered shelter, and his retreat was successful. For an hour or more he wandered hither and thither through the woods, not hearing a sound from his companions or pursuers. Just as he was winding around the head of a swamp, a horseman dashed out of the woods immediately in front of him, and demanded his surrender. Kenton remembered the poor condition of his gun, and offered to capitulate, provided the savage would treat him respectably. This, of course, "the noble red man" consented to do. The latter dismounted, came forward with a friendly grin, and grasped the hunter by the hand, in token of friendship. This Kenton resented; he would make no friends with such as he. In token of his desire to have the Indian keep his distance, the ranger raised his rifle as though he would strike, but just as he did so, another savage approached from behind, caught the gun, and in a few minutes he was safely bound.

Great care was taken in securing the noted scout and Indian-killer. Thongs, the stoutest that could be found, were brought into requisition. The victim was stretched upon his back; a pole laid diagonally from arm to foot, separated his limbs, while a stout cord, wound about his neck, well-nigh cut off his respiration.

In the meanwhile, what had become of Clark and Montgomery? Being several hundred yards distant from their leader when his retreat into the woods was made, it was some time before his whereabouts was discovered. When they found that Kenton was in danger, Montgomery proposed to rescue him, but Clark

thought it prudent to take care of self. Accordingly, the latter made fast tracks for safer regions, while the brave Montgomery plunged alone into the woods in search of his friend. He discovered him just as the Indians were binding him. At the same moment, however, the savages noticed Montgomery getting ready to fire. Two of them immediately concealed themselves, took deliberate aim, and fired. The heroic champion of so many encounters fell, mortally wounded, while a yell of savage delight echoed through the forest. Kenton knew full well what fate had befallen his friend, and his heart sank within him as the bloody scalp was brandished before his face.

All night long did the hero of this sketch lie bound and bleeding upon the naked earth. Many thoughts of the old home back in Virginia, or of friends and associations of other days crowded into his troubled brain, until, tired with memories of brighter scenes, when the end of life seemed so near at hand, he slept. Painful indeed it was to lie thus, his limbs numb by reason of the pressure upon them, and the thong about his neck so tight as to almost prevent breathing, at times.

As soon as daylight began to dawn, the savages were up, and breakfast was soon over. The captors feeling secure, thought to have a little sport at the expense of Kenton, and indulged in taunts and blows.

"Ugh! You dog! You steal Indian hoss, hey? You a squaw, no man steal hoss. Steal again, hey?"

And with such expressions his tormentors plied their ramrods, slapped him in the face, pulled his hair, pinched his ears, scratched his face, and did everything possible to inflict punishment in a light way, as a kind of preparation for the final issue.

About eight o'clock, after a consultation among the savages, the captive was placed upon a wild, impetuous colt, tied securely, and the animal let loose. Such sport as was then

witnessed by the lookers on caused the most uproarious laughter. The colt being freed, dashed madly into the brush, the briars of which scratched the rider in a horrible manner. For a full half hour, Kenton, lashed to the animal's back, swept over vale and hill, being nearly perpendicular at times, when the charger stood upon its hind feet, or kicked wildly in a vain endeavor to rid itself of its burden.

Finally, being quite exhausted, as well as having exhausted his rider, the colt returned to the rest, and the march was taken up.

The sun rose and set three successive days ere the party neared the village where now stands the town of Chillicothe. Blackfish the chief, dwelling at this village, came out alone to meet them. Several questions were asked the captive, to which he replied in a bold and fearless manner, notwithstanding the blows that followed.

After the chief vented his rage upon Kenton, the party proceeded to the village, where men, women, and children, crowded around, taunting and striking the "hoss thief" in a most cruel manner.

The decree went forth that he be tied to the stake. Poor Kenton thought his fate was to be speedily settled, and ere another day should bring light to the world that was now enveloped in darkness, his charred body would be all that was left to tell the sad termination of this unfortunate escapade.

For many hours the mob danced, yelled, hooted about the stake, but about midnight, desiring still more fiendish delight from their victim, the sport ceased, and Kenton was allowed a respite.

"Early in the morning," says a writer describing this scene, "he beheld the scalp of Montgomery stretched upon a hoop, and drying in the air before the door of one of their principal houses. A row of boys, women, and men, extended to the distance of a quarter of a mile. At the starting place stood two grim looking

warriors with butcher knives in their hands, at the extremity of the line was an Indian beating a drum, and a few paces beyond the drum was the door of the council house. Clubs, switches, hoe-handles, and tomahawks, were brandished along the line, causing the sweat to involuntarily stream from its pores, at the idea of the discipline which his naked skin was to receive during the race. The moment for starting arrived—the drum at the door of the council house was struck—and Kenton sprang forward to the race. He avoided the row of his enemies, and turning to the east, drew the whole party in pursuit of him. He doubled several times with great activity, and at length observing an opening, he darted through it, and pressed forward to the council house with a rapidity which left his pursuers far behind. One or two of the Indians succeeded in throwing themselves between him and the goal, and from these alone he received a few blows, but was much less injured than he could at first have supposed possible.”



CHAPTER IV.

TAKEN TO WAPPATOMICA—RESOLVES TO ESCAPE—MARCH—
FLIGHT—RECAPTURE—HIS SUFFERINGS—GIRTY'S PLEA—
KENTON'S RELEASE—SUMMONED TO THE COUNCIL HOUSE—
TWICE DOOMED TO THE STAKE—HIS DELIVERANCE—
PRISONER AT DETROIT—ESCAPE—BRIGADIER-GENERAL—
DEATH.

After escaping with very little injury, to the council house, Kenton was permitted to rest until a final determination be made as to his fate. The council of warriors was called, and for many hours the discussion went on. Finally, a white renegade stepped up to the prisoner, and informed him that a majority had voted to carry him to the village of Wappatomica, where the stake awaited all such as he. Even this piece of news lifted a burden from Kenton's heart, as the prospect of a journey was much pleasanter than immediate death. Who could tell but that a few of his old comrades from Kentucky or the forts, would be wandering around in that section, and effect his delivery? What opportunities might not present themselves for escape? With a hopeful countenance the solitary prisoner took up the march, followed by a strong guard of burly warriors. He had formed the resolution never to enter the village of Wappatomica alive. The thought of gauntlet, of stake, of burning embers under his feet, of brutal inflictions such as only barbarians were capable of heaping upon a helpless

creature, gave inspiration to the thought of dying in an attempt to escape, rather than suffer the death prescribed.

It was a weary march to the already benumbed and suffering victim, but he endured it with stoical fortitude. No Indian should gloat over his cowardice. No one of those fiendish demons should get an idea of the intense suffering of mind and body. His only thought was for flight. At every halt he anxiously looked for a moment when his persecutors might be caught napping, but they considered their booty too valuable not to "watch without ceasing."

Finally, however, noticing a copse near by, and having been permitted to walk alone and unbound during the latter part of the journey, Kenton resolved to try his speed and skill in an endeavor to escape. At a moment when little attention seemed to be paid to him, the desperate captive gave a bound like a deer, and was into the patch of brush and timber in a twinkling. Incited by the thought of what awaited him if retaken, the heroic ranger fairly flew over mound, creek, and through tangled underbrush, until his pursuers were completely out of sight. His hopes arose as his vigor seemed to increase, and once more the bright chances of life filled his soul with delight.

Little did poor Kenton realize when he dashed madly on from those behind, that he was only to run into the midst of a band of savage wretches coming from the village!

It was utterly useless to attempt flight or escape from this latter company. They instantly seized him, and with a rope about his neck the now despairing border man was marched back to the spot whence he had fled. No time was lost in repaying the scout for his attempt to escape. Switches, ramrods, knives, etc., were applied to his naked person, accompanied with such ejaculations as:

"Hoss thief run away, hey? Steal some more? Get back to pale-face squaw?" and many other taunting expressions.

The party among whom Kenton had dashed in his effort to gain freedom, proved to be warriors from the village coming out to meet the guard and prisoner. They were now but a mile or so from Wappatomica and the trip to the village was soon accomplished. A stake was prepared, but before binding the wretched captive to this, he was again compelled to run the gauntlet. Not so easily as before did he elude those having knives, clubs, tomahawks, and the like. He sped like the wind by this warrior, stopped suddenly before that one, curved to the right, the left, and finally drew up at the council house bruised, bleeding, and well nigh maddened with intense pain.

Then followed the council of warriors to determine the time and manner of his death. The prisoner was permitted to listen to the proceedings, although only by gesture and glance could he divine their meaning.

The chiefs and others had been haranguing about an hour, when suddenly the crowd near the door began to separate, stillness settled over the assembly, and in walked Simon Girty, the notorious renegade white, who now occupied the position of chief, together with his brother, James Girty, John Ward, and eight white prisoners—one woman and seven children.

Girty's presence immediately changed the whole tenor of affairs. The council regarding Kenton was at once adjourned to attend to this white Indian's demands. Kenton was hustled out of the wigwam, and not until evening did they again order his return.

And now comes the narration of a little episode in the life of one of the worst men nature ever blessed with the power to do good or evil—an episode that redeems the outlaw Girty from the appellation of a fiend. Nearly all of his life was so cruel, so heartless, so bloodthirsty, as to almost drive one to the conclusion that not a spark of human kindness ever glowed upon the altar of his



KENTON'S DELIVERANCE.

heart. But the affectionate regard which he now manifested for his old chum and long-trying friend lifts him above the plane of total depravity.

Not recognizing Kenton at first as the spy who had waded swamps, slept out at night, and risked life with him in Dunmore's war, Girty treated him roughly. As was his custom, he plied the prisoner with many questions. Although a renegade from white society, he still loved to hear from his old friends.

"How many men are there in Kentucky?" said he.

"It is impossible for me to answer that question," replied Kenton, "but I can tell you the number of officers and their ranks; you can then judge how many soldiers there are." "Do you know William Stewart?" asked the renegade. "Perfectly well—he is an old and intimate friend." "What is *your* name?" "Simon Butler." "Simon Butler!" echoed Girty. "No! not my old comrade Butler! Stand up and let me see you."

Kenton (alias Butler) arose, reached out his hand, which Girty grasped with a cordiality that sent a thrill of joy through the doomed man's veins.

This proceeding completely dumbfounded the savages. Never before had they witnessed Girty, the white man's implacable foe, extend the hand of friendship and manifest such emotion over one of his race.

The desperado understood the Indian nature well enough to know that it would now take a superhuman effort to turn the tide which was about to sweep his friend into eternity. He therefore determined to move with greatest caution, but accomplish the release of Kenton if human power could do it.

Rising to his full height, his face betokening agitation, and his whole frame quivering under the emotions that were heaving to and fro in his breast, this peculiar man began his plea for mercy.

Kenton afterward said that never had he witnessed such an

appeal, nor listened to superior eloquence. Girty, no doubt, possessed intelligence of no mean character, and this native gift, added to his bold, fearless manner, which always commanded admiration from the American red man, gave him a power that Clay or Webster might have envied.

“Brothers of the Forest: You know full well my hatred toward my race. They have abused me and treated me like a dog. Their chiefs would like to see my scalp bleaching upon the walls of their wigwam. I hate them! I despise them! I have fought with you to destroy their homes, murder their infant children, and tomahawk their pale-faced squaws. Here are seven scalps taken by my brother and myself, in the face of death; here are eight prisoners we captured, and you can do with them what you please. Do I shrink from duty? Am I afraid of blood? Have I shown myself to have the heart of a squaw? No! None of your warriors can endure more hardship, fight fiercer battles, take more scalps, or send up louder war-whoops when my brothers charge the enemy. Never have I asked mercy for a single captive. I love to see them die. But here is one who has been to me as a brother. His unerring rifle has furnished food for my table; his words of wisdom have guided to many a victory; his head has lain beside mine, while the same blanket shielded us from the storms of winter. I owe my life to him. His is the only hand that I could grasp, and feel that I was touching the hand of one who wished me well. Shall I consent to his death? Is it a warrior who forgets his friends? Would one of your natural chiefs stand by and see his dearest friend burned at the stake; witness the smoke from his body ascend to the Great Spirit, and never intercede in his behalf? Have I not a heart, as well as your chiefs? Oh! my brothers, if you knew how his suffering would go to my heart, like the keen point of a knife, you would release him from these bonds, bind up his wounds, and adopt him as a brother. Take

these other whites, and do with them as you please. Burn them, scalp them, tear their vitals out, and throw their carcasses to the buzzard, but do not pain and disgrace me, by killing the only white friend I have on earth."

This speech produced a profound impression. Old men grunted approval, warriors softened in their expression of hatred, and for a little while it seemed that the battle was won—Kenton would be saved. But after a slight reflection, the intense desire for revenge again took possession of some, and a warm debate ensued. When it appeared that the opposition were about to carry their point, Girty once more arose, stood gazing intently for a time, then burst forth in another storm of eloquence, which carried the day. A vote was immediately taken, when only one-fourth of all present struck their clubs upon the floor, in token of death.

Right joyfully did the renegade white untie the fetters that bound his friend, and together they walked out of the council chamber to Girty's wigwam.

This deliverance, so unexpected, increased the attachment felt by the two rough border men for each other, and never afterward was it lessened.

For several weeks Kenton remained at the village of Wappatomica, resting from his fatigue, enjoying the friendship of everybody, and caring not to renew his journey homeward. But it was literally "dangerous to be safe" among such treacherous companions. The least mistake on the part of a white might arouse suspicion. However, with the strong influence of his friend with him, there was little cause for alarm, he thought.

One day, while the two were out walking, an Indian was seen approaching from the council house, uttering the cry of distress. Girty immediately stopped, inquired the meaning, and was informed that he was wanted at the assembly. Kenton at

once suspected all was not right, but his friend assured him that he would not be harmed. The two therefore repaired to the council chamber, only to find hostility manifested on every side toward Kenton. The poor fellow, after offering his hand in friendship to a half dozen warriors only to be indignantly rejected by each one, took a seat by himself, brooding over the meaning of such a transformation.

Girty demanded to know the cause—what the answer was we are not informed, but after a spirited discussion, participated in by nearly all present, the captive stranger was a second time doomed to the stake.

The order was that he should be taken to another village for execution. Girty was probably at the bottom of this scheme, as he hoped by delay to procure Kenton's liberty. The next day the party, with their prisoner, set off on their journey. After several days' travel, they drew up at the village where lived the famous Mingo chief, Logan. This noble specimen of savage humanity immediately came forward, and greeted the captive in the most cordial manner.

"Well, young man," said the humane chief, "these warriors seem very mad at you?"

"Yes, they certainly are," replied Kenton.

"Well, don't be discouraged, I am a great chief; you are to go to Sandusky. They speak of burning you there, but I will send two runners to-morrow to speak good for you."

This little conversation greatly raised the drooping spirits of the doomed man. Well he knew that what Logan said he would do would be done, and if any chief could secure his liberty, certainly the great Mingo could.

Before departing for Sandusky, however, the two runners whom Logan had sent ahead to plead for mercy, returned, and by the expression of disappointment on the chief's brow, Kenton

concluded that his intercession had been unavailing. Just how true this conclusion was has never been discovered, but it is altogether likely that it was through Logan's intercession that the captive was finally released.

The journey to Sandusky was not a long one, yet one of great sadness to our hero. It seemed that surely now every ray of hope had vanished. The gauntlet and the stake awaited their victim. Life was fleeting, and with it all the many beautiful fancies that the human mind loves to entertain. Visions of success, of victory, of heroism, of renown, had swept across the hunter's mind in other days, but these now must be obliterated forever.

As he neared the fatal spot, where were assembled those who held the balance of his life in their hands, an old Indian, seated by the wayside, suddenly grasped his tomahawk, rushed at the helpless prisoner, and with a fiendishness scarcely equaled by the demons of perdition, sent the murderous weapon crashing through Kenton's shoulder. So powerful was the blow that flesh and bone gave way, the entire arm almost being severed from the body. A less vigorous frame than Kenton's could scarcely have withstood such a wound, coupled as it was with sufferings beyond description. But without the least attention for twenty-four hours, and very poor care after that, this vigorous organism held its own, and kept above ground.

With his shoulder paining him until he was well-nigh beside himself, Kenton was once more compelled to run the gauntlet. Several times he was struck; as often he rallied his fast-diminishing energy, and finally reached the goal of comparative safety.

Here he was told that the stake was ready—his last hour on earth had come. He sank dejected upon the soil, and sent up a prayer to Heaven, that he might speedily be taken beyond the reach of such fiends as surrounded him, and be at rest in a land not acquainted with grief or suffering. He was then driven from the

council house toward the whooping, yelling mob awaiting the application of the torch.

But suddenly the crowd is startled by seeing a horseman coming toward them at full gallop. He spurs his steed on to greater exertions as he views the preparations going on for the final act in the terrible drama. He now draws rein at the council house, and, throwing the bridle over a pole, hurries to the great chief of the chamber. The new-comer is a white, clad in British uniform, and carries papers praying for the release of the prisoner. The chiefs assemble around him, the festivities are checked, and an angry discussion ensues. Drewer, for that proved to be the officer's name, had come direct from Detroit, with orders to bring Kenton back with him if possible, that information of an important character might be gleaned respecting Kentucky and Western outposts in general.

The Indians were at first immovable; their appetites had been whetted up to the highest pitch, and to see their game suddenly snatched from roasting, could scarcely be endured. But Drewer was persistent. He represented mighty results following Kenton's disclosures, great victories for the British as well as for the red man; many scalps as falling into their hands, and all the Western border once more under Indian sway.

Finally, with many a grunt of disapproval, the officer was permitted to take the captive, with the express understanding that he was to be returned as soon as the desired information was given.

What joy filled the heart of the poor ranger when he saw his white deliverer coming toward him with a smiling countenance, bidding him mount a pony and go with him.

We are not informed just who was instrumental in bringing about this release, but certainly either Kenton or Logan, or perhaps both, can be credited with it. In either case, it was a godsend to the unfortunate scout, who for three weeks had under-

gone tortures, run the gauntlet, and twice been on the point of burning.

Kenton and his new found friend proceeded to Detroit, where, with much kindness, he was kept as a prisoner of war from September, '78, to June, '79.

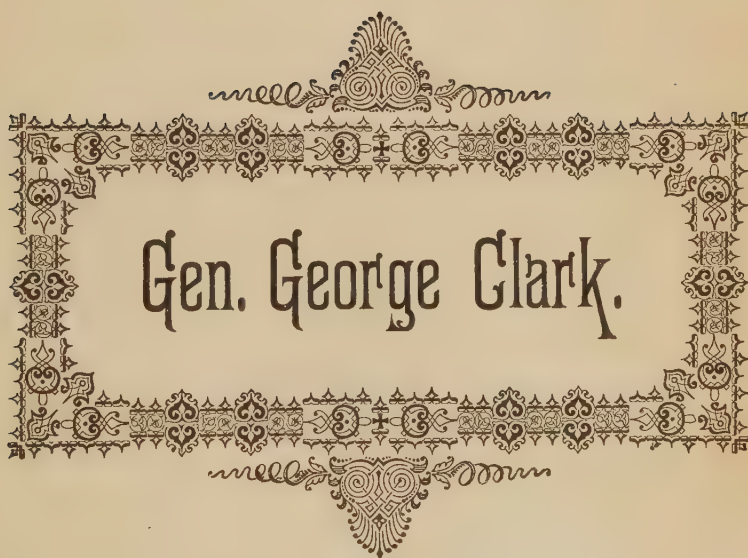
About the latter date, in company with two other Kentuckians, he made his escape, and finally, after a march of thirty days, rested among friends at Louisville.

The subsequent career of this noted border man and scout, is filled with thrilling experiences, but space will not permit their mention in detail. He was immediately taken into the American service, where, principally under Boone, he did valiant service as spy, scout, and soldier. After the Revolution, having moved to Ohio, he was made a brigadier-general in the Ohio militia. He had occasion to serve in the field a few times after his appointment, always manifesting a love for his country and a heroism in the defence of freedom, that will cause a fragrant odor ever to hover about his name.

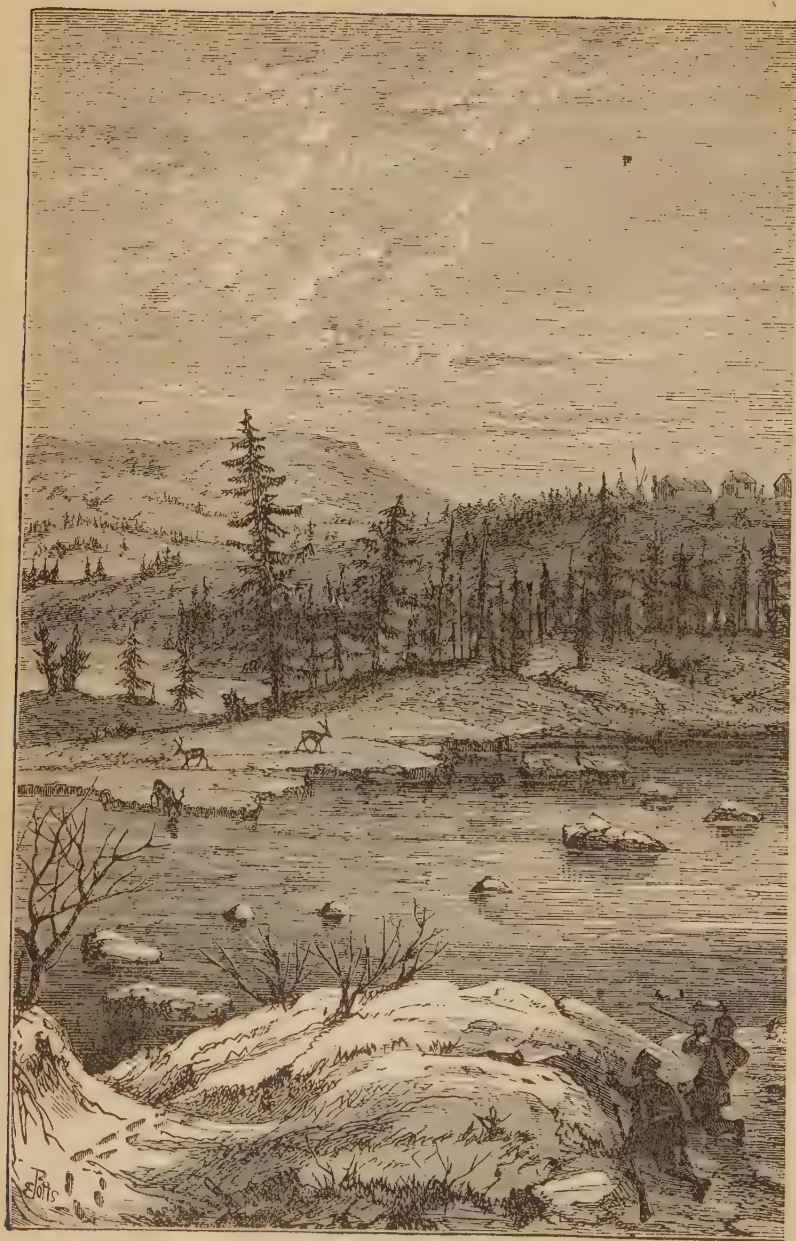
For many years before his death, he lived not only a patriotic but a well-ordered Christian life, being a zealous member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and laying up treasures in the other world, as well as leaving a fragrant memory to posterity.

At the advanced age of eighty-one, in the year 1836, Gen. Simon Kenton breathed his last, surrounded by many mourning friends, revered by all who owed their lives and prosperity to such pioneer characters as he, and beloved by every one who knew him.





Gen. George Clark.



DEER HUNTING IN THE NORTHWEST.

LIFE OF GEN. GEORGE R. CLARK.

CHAPTER I.

LITERARY TASTES—STUDIES SURVEYING—SEEKS FAME—ALLURED TO KENTUCKY—FOUNDER OF GOVERNMENT—CO-OPERATION OF VIRGINIA—EMINENCE AS A LEADER—PEER OF WASHINGTON—CAPTURE OF BRITISH STRONGHOLD AT KASKASKIA—CATHOLIC DEVOTIONS.

George Roger Clark was born in Albemarle county, Va., in the year 1752. Of his parentage we know but little. Indeed, it is not necessary in this country to be in possession of a complete history of one's ancestry, in order to appreciate their talents. America asks not the question, "Who was your father?" but "Who are you?" The man or woman of meanest parentage may rise to fill the highest niches in the wall of our empire. So, in considering the subject of this sketch, we take his life for what it is worth, and leave others more interested in that portion of his biography, to hunt up the previous Clarks.

George was a precocious youth. Instead of devoting his entire time to hunting and trapping, as did most of the young men in his day, he aspired to something higher. Every book that could be secured was read. Every month of school held in his district

was taken advantage of. He learned rapidly, and applied himself assiduously.

After reaching the age of twenty, he concluded to leave his quiet home in the woods, and, like Washington, Jefferson, and several others, slightly his seniors, of whom he had heard, study the science of surveying.

This branch of learning he pursued with considerable delight, completed the course, and labored for awhile in the field.

But his disposition was such that he could not live without excitement. He longed for fame—for some opportunity to make a name. He therefore concluded to visit the frontier—Kentucky. Many wild stories were afloat as to the dangers, the wealth, the rewards of that far-off land. It would be the place for a leader to go. A State would soon be formed, and men like himself would form it.

He spent some time in Dunmore's war and, just previous to the breaking out of the revolution, he set sail for Kentucky. An interesting account of his appearance in this new land of many wonders, is pleasantly described by Gen. Ray:

"I had come to where I now live," says Ray (about four miles from Harrodsburg), "to turn some horses into the range. I had killed a small blue-wing duck, that was feeding in our spring, and had roasted it nicely on the brow of the hill near the house. After having taken it off to cool, I was much surprised on being suddenly accosted by a fine, soldierly-looking man, who exclaimed: 'How do you do, my little fellow? What's your name? Ain't you afraid of being in the woods by yourself?' On satisfying his inquiries, I invited the traveler to partake of my duck, which he did, without leaving me a bone to pick, his appetite was so keen. 'And now, my friend, what may be your name, and what has brought you to these parts?' said I. 'My name is Clark,' he answered, 'and I have come out to see what you brave fellows are doing in Kentucky, and to lend you a helping hand, if necessary,' "

He soon found opportunity to lend the "helping hand." Kentucky was in need of just such a man as Clark. She had plenty of brave hearts and ready hands to defend her citizens against the red man, when acting alone, but the hour was approaching when English skill and strategy were to be added to that of the savage, for reducing her borders. The Revolution, that had now broken upon the States of the East, was also to be felt in the far West. There were forts to be built, and others to be captured. An army of the West must be raised, to co-operate with Washington and the other Generals along the Atlantic. Nearly everything depended upon the alliance of the Indians. If the Americans could secure the assistance of the most powerful tribes, or at least prevent their joining forces with the British, almost half the battle was won.

Gen. Clark fully understood this fact, and believing himself capable of so great a task, when impelled by the double incentive of ambition and patriotism, he set himself toward bringing about these desired results.

The first thing necessary was to have Kentucky recognized, either as a State, or part of one, and then to receive commissions of warfare from the general government.

Gen. Clark therefore sent word throughout the Territory that there would be held, upon a certain date, in Harrodsburg, a mass convention of all citizens, for the purpose of organization and united co-operation. As far as can be ascertained, he was the first and almost sole mover of this project. This being true, the great State of Kentucky must to-day look upon George Roger Clark as *the* founder of her government. Not an unenviable position, indeed.

The convention was held. Flaming speeches were made by Clark, Jones, and others, and temporary organization effected. The two gentlemen just named were commissioned to visit the capital of Virginia, and pray for recognition as annexed territory.

Of course, such recognition would entitle Kentucky to all assistance in the way of ammunition, men, provisions, and so forth, which the other portion of the State enjoyed.

The delegates immediately set out on horseback, for their long journey. Upon reaching the seat of government, it was ascertained that the legislature was not in session. Gov. Henry was at the State mansion, however, and to him the weary Westerners turned their steps.

Gov. Henry immediately called the council together, to consider the case. They concluded that, as the Legislature had never recognized Kentucky as a part of her territory, or her citizens as subjects of the Virginia commonwealth, it would be impossible to give ammunition to her delegates, but if they chose to accept it as a *loan*, well and good. The two delegates were to be held personally responsible for it.

To this Clark would by no means accede. Said he:

"Gentlemen, a country which is not worth *defending*, is not worth *claiming*. The British agents are striving with all their power to incite the reds against the Kentucky border. Already depredations have been committed. *We must have defense*. If you refuse to supply us with some of the necessary provisions of warfare, it will become our duty to raise an army of our own, fight our own battles, and enjoy the rewards of our labors."

The council perceived the loss they would sustain by permitting this rich Western country to be separated from their own State, and reconsidered their action. It was then decided to grant the wishes of the delegates. Ammunition was at once ordered to be shipped to Pittsburgh, where Clark could take possession of it, and distribute it as he saw fit.

Accordingly, the two Kentuckians secured a boat and seven boatmen, and started with their powder and lead to Limestone, Ky. It was a dangerous trip at that time, especially as the Indians

seemed to have information concerning their cargo. Many a time did they have to fight gallantly, as they floated down the Ohio. But their destination was finally reached, and the ammunition stowed away in the earth, where it was procured from time to time, as needed.

In the Western warfare with the Indians, men left their homes and families, assembled at some specified point, elected a "leader," and began their work against the savage. No badge or written commission was necessary, in order to distinguish the commander of these parties from the private. His bravery, his skill, his ingenuity, his muscular power, and his ability to command, were sufficient evidence of office. And among such men as could emigrate to the wilds of this region, he who thus manifested such superior characteristics as to mark him chief, must indeed be well worthy of his place.

The subject of this sketch at once became the uppermost Indian-fighter of Kentucky. Not that others did not engage with him who were equally brave, but none who combined so well the highest mental as well as physical powers. His insight into affairs was keen and piercing. His horizon stretched much beyond the ordinary vision. Not one spot, not a single neighborhood, not even a single Territory did he seek to save, but his mind was constantly employed in completing schemes by which the entire West might be won from British rule and savage barbarity, to the dominion of his own loved country and her peaceful inhabitants.

He donned the rough garb of the ranger, and fought many a desperate hand-to-hand battle, until he won an eminent place in the hearts of all Kentuckians. But, with the aforementioned ideas in his head, he conceived a plan for crushing English tyranny, by capturing their three great strongholds in the West, viz., Detroit, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes.

It was a bold thought, worthy of Napoleon himself. In fact,

as we study the life of this marvelous young man—for at this time, 1778, he was only about twenty-five years of age—qualities are visible scarcely second to many of the world's greatest heroes. It would hardly be improper to characterize him as the Hannibal of the West. In the government of men, he was nearly equal to Napoleon; he could endure hardships, and inspire his followers as could Julius Cæsar; he conceived campaigns almost as extensive as Alexander, and would fight with the tenacity of Grant.

Our nation has not fully appreciated the eminent services of Geo. Roger Clark. His name should be placed alongside of those who have been immortalized as Washington's staff. Yes, for in point of ability, he was almost the peer of that great chief himself. His wonderful marches against the forts of Vincennes, of Kaskaskia, of Cahokia and elsewhere, are feats worthy to be embodied in the songs of our poets, and of eloquent recital by the nation's greatest statesmen.

But we will proceed to relate the steps taken for the reduction of Kaskaskia and Vincennes.

Clark knew that the British at these points were inspiring the Indian in his warfare against the Americans; that if these strongholds could be possessed by the Americans, perhaps the face of affairs would be entirely reversed. He therefore sent a scouting party to these forts, to find out their strength, and the possibilities of capture. The party returned with the report that the English were resting in unmolested security; that much negligence was manifested in guarding the forts, but that the Indians were almost universally laboring under instructions from the English, and ready to fight at a moment's warning.

Gen. Clark at once set out for Virginia after soldiers, ammunition, and money. He appeared before the Legislature, stated his plans for reducing the forts, and solicited the necessary aid. To a man of less ability the grave assembly would have turned a deaf

ear, but to him they granted what was asked. About \$5,000, boats, arms, ammunition, and four companies of soldiers were placed at his disposal.

In a short time the brave commander and his meager force were safely landed at the present site of Louisville, where they made full preparations for the hazardous undertaking.

Finally, everything being ready, the party dropped down the Ohio, to a place where stood old Fort Massac. Here they concealed their boats, and started on their dangerous and wearisome march. They had learned from individuals recently from Kaskaskia, the condition of affairs there, and that the utmost caution must be practiced, to avoid being discovered by spies. Perhaps their reason for getting so near the western edge of Illinois (they having left their boats about fifty miles from the mouth of the Ohio) was to avoid any scouting parties from Vincennes. Clark determined to make sure work of this trip, though it cost many a weary march and severe hardship.

Through swamp, and thicket, and muddy stream, this noble band of freedom's sons took their way. In summer time, Southern Illinois is never healthy, and especially was this true at the season when Clark marched to Kaskaskia. Their sacrifices were beyond description. Bad water, fever, ague, no game, scanty provisions, all combined to render the experiences almost unendurable. With a less inspiring leader, the four hundred men would undoubtedly have grown mutinous. But on they went, successfully contending with straggling bands of savages, from time to time.

Three weeks were they thus plodding over morass and through the thick and almost impenetrable woods, and at last the journey was completed. Not waiting for even a rest, Clark decided upon an attack that night.

He learned from his scouts that there were about five hundred French inhabitants in the town, and that the fort itself was guarded

by only a few Englishmen, the commander of whom was Rocheblave.

It was determined to secretly enter the place from two directions, demand neutrality from the inhabitants, and capture the garrison. Accordingly, at the dead hour of night, from each end of the principal street, came the sound of hurrying footsteps, and before the alarm was fairly given, the town was filled with the much talked of "Long Knives" from Virginia. A panic would have ensued, had not the officers demanded that every inhabitant keep his house while the fort was being subjugated.

Clark marched straight up to the oddly shaped building containing the British, broke through the doors, and took prisoners of war all who could be found, including Rocheblave himself.

Not a drop of blood had been shed, and yet the principal stronghold of the English in the West had been secured. That night and the next day, the careworn but brave-hearted Americans had a respite from their labors, and feasted upon some of the luxuries supplied by His Majesty, King George.

And now comes the manifestation of a governing power, possessed by none other in a higher degree than by George Roger Clark.

The French inhabitants had been told wondrous stories concerning the "Long Knives" of the States. How one could chase a dozen ordinary men; of their thirst for human gore, and their unequalled dexterity with the far-famed scalping knife. Of course, their fright knew no bounds, when they found themselves in the power of such characters.

Clark determined not to lose his power over them, but to convince the Frenchmen of his superiority, as a man, to their English commander.

He therefore resorted, first to severity. Several of the leading citizens were caught and locked in the guard house without cause.



EXPLORING A WESTERN RIVER.

Clark himself forcibly took possession of the wealthiest citizen's house, making it his headquarters. Vigorous orders were given for the apprehension of different individuals for the most trivial causes. Five days did these trembling creatures suffer under the severe treatment of the Americans.

Finally, M. Gibault, their priest, secured a conference with Clark, and requested that, as the inhabitants would perhaps soon be hurled into eternity, or carried away captive, that they might have the privilege of meeting once more in the old church edifice for worship.

Of course Clark granted the request, desiring as soon as possible to convince them of his regard for sacred things as well as his ability to punish the innocent.

The assembling of this little band of primitive Catholics, and what took place, is so beautifully described by Charles McKnight, in a work of which he is the author, that we will let him tell it here :

"The whole population now assembled in their church, mournfully chanted their prayers, and tearfully bade each other farewell. The priest and deputation then returned to Clark's lodgings and thanked him for the favor granted. They were willing to submit to the loss of their property as the fate of war, but begged they might not be separated from their families, and that enough clothes and provisions might be allowed, sufficient at least, for their necessities.

"Clark, seeing that their fears had been raised to the pitch required, thus abruptly addressed them :

"'Who do you take me to be? Do you think we are savages, and that we intend to massacre you all? Do you think Americans will strip women and children, and take the very bread out of their mouths? My countrymen never make war upon the innocent. It was to protect our own wives and children that we

penetrated into this wilderness, to subdue these British posts, whence the savages are supplied with arms and ammunition to murder us. We do not war against Frenchmen. The King of France, your former master, is now our ally. His ships and soldiers are now fighting for the Americans. The French are our firm friends. Go and enjoy your religion, and worship when and where you please. Retain your property, and please inform all your citizens for me, that they must dismiss all alarm, and conduct themselves as usual. We are your friends instead of enemies, and came to deliver you from the British.'

"The complete reaction of feeling occasioned by this timely and politic speech may be imagined. The deputation could scarce believe their own ears. The joyful news soon spread; the bells rang a merry peal; the streets were decorated with flowers and banners; the people again assembled in the church and sang a *Te Deum*, and the most uproarious joy prevailed throughout the whole night. All now cheerfully acknowledged Col. Clark as commandant of the country, and several Kaskaskia gentlemen even accompanied Major Bowman's detachment—who were all mounted on French ponies—to surprise the post of Cahokia (opposite the city of St. Louis). The plan was entirely successful, and the post was secured without a wound, or a drop of blood."



CHAPTER II.

VINCENNES SURRENDERS—ESCAPES KIDNAPPING—GRAND COUNCIL CALLED—FAMOUS SPEECH—INDIANS OFFER TWO OF THEIR TRIBE AS AN ATONEMENT—SUBMIT THEMSELVES A WILLING SACRIFICE—MADE CHIEFS—RECONCILIATION—PIPE OF PEACE.

It was in the latter part of July, '78, that Clark and his little band of noble volunteers took the British post of Kaskaskia. Although, at this season of the year, in the uncivilized condition of Illinois at that time, marches were attended with sickness and many hardships, yet Gen. Clark had been sent out to reduce all the English strongholds, if possible, and this he determined to lose no time in doing. Parties were sent in different directions, wherever he could hear of a trading post or miniature fort. In every instance, these squads of heroic Americans were successful. It was not long before every minor post in Illinois had fallen from British grasp. But Vincennes still was in possession of the foe. This garrison, Clark had been informed, was strongly fortified, and would require strategy as well as bravery to reduce it. Ever fertile in expedients, however, after making fast friends of the Kaskaskia priest, M. Gibault, and other influential Frenchmen, Clark persuaded them to visit Vincennes and induce the French inhabitants to become adherents to the stars and stripes. The priest and his friends, therefore, hurried off to the Southern fort, and accomplished

their mission without the least trouble. They found the commander absent, suspecting no danger, and having called a meeting of all the people, a statement of the case was made. The Vincennes Frenchmen were informed of the friendly relations existing between their native country and America; of the interest Lafayette and others had displayed in behalf of liberty, and that both countries undoubtedly would soon be fighting their common enemy.

This had the desired effect. Their love for English rule was by no means intense, so they marched over to the block house, or fort, demanded entrance, turned out the limited guard, and took possession in the name of the colonies of America.

These were remarkable victories. Here was almost the entire West suddenly brought into the power of the American government without a shot being fired, or a man killed.

Among the various trading points that fell into the hands of the new-comers was Cahokia. Here Clark took up his headquarters for a season, and invited the various Indian tribes around to come in for a conference. Most of his soldiers in the meantime had abandoned the service, money having become a scarce article, and Clark took upon himself the responsibility of commissioning Frenchmen to guard the forts and help subdue the Indians. Letters and verbal messages were sent by him to every chief of whom he could hear, telling them the change that had swept over affairs, and that the "Big Knives" desired peace. It was in his dealings with the treacherous red men of the forest that the intrepid commander showed his illustrious ability, as well as at the head of a regiment.

He had no simpering manners nor faltering utterances for them. Did any tribe or wandering party commit a depredation, he punished them to the full extent of his power. He told them that the Americans were anxious to fight—eager to get their scalps; that they could remain with the British if they chose, but they

must expect to fight, and fight like men. Comparisons were made between the English and Americans; one-sided stories, greatly exaggerated no doubt, were told regarding the cause of the war, until the wily savage, ever admiring bravery, and yet ready to be found upon the stronger side, began to relinquish his adherence to England, and sue for peace. Warriors and chiefs from all parts of the great West came flocking into Cahokia. Clark had hardly expected so many, and was ill prepared to defend himself, should there be an attack. But not an intimation escaped him that any forebodings were in his heart. Ottawas, Chippewas, Sacs, Foxes, and many other tribes were represented, until the town and adjoining country were perfectly alive with dusky faces.

They all wanted to see the Great Long Knife. Clark treated them with disdain for the most part, always ready, however, to manifest friendliness where it would subserve his purpose.

One night, when the camp-fires were low, and everything quiet, a company "of the red devils," as he terms them, forced their way up to his lodgings and endeavored to carry him off. Just what they wanted to do with him is not known. They afterward affirmed that no harm was intended. The guard, however, with Clark's assistance, made every one of the kidnappers prisoners, and they were thrown into irons. Nor did he stop here. The Meadow chiefs, to whose tribe the kidnapping party belonged, were arrested and confined.

Such boldness startled the savages; even the French inhabitants feared lest it might bring sudden destruction upon all the whites. But the daring leader was unwavering. Every one supposed to be connected in any way with the plot, was quickly secured and subjected to the severest military discipline. This in the face of perhaps a thousand bloodthirsty scalp-hunters, was an act without parallel.

The chiefs pleaded for their incarcerated fellows. Reasons were

given, presents offered, and fair promises made for their freedom, but all in vain. He called them all villains, and unworthy any warrior's confidence. He ordered the French inhabitants to arms, which greatly frightened the savages. He even went so far as to remove his lodgings to a distance from the block house, and lived apparently without any guard. He however, kept fifty men concealed about him.

Having convinced all parties that he feared nothing and dared to do anything, Clark called a grand council. Representatives from every tribe were invited, and of course gladly attended. The prisoners were released in order that they might be present at the council.

"After the pompous ceremonies were over," says a recent writer on this subject, "Clark promptly produced a bloody or war belt of wampum, and made them a plain, strong, and uncommonly bold and effective speech, in which he told them that he knew they were on the British side; that he did not blame them for it, but wished them to fight like brave men; that he scorned to take any mean advantage of the British by asking any of their allies to desert them; that there were none but Americans who would not have put them to death for their recent behavior; but that he did not care for them, and they were at perfect liberty to do what they pleased, and go where they pleased, but they must behave like *men*; that he would have them escorted out of the village, and that they should not do any mischief for three days; after that he would fight them. If they did not wish all of their women and children to be massacred, they must immediately leave off killing those of the whites; that there was the war belt to take or leave, as they pleased, and it would soon be seen which party would make it the most bloody."

The effect of this speech can scarcely be realized. Where hostility toward Clark and the Americans had been paramount,

respect and veneration were substituted. The old chiefs looked at each other and grunted significantly, as the brave commander went on. Then, when he had finished, several chieftains arose and offered their allegiance to the American flag. They pleaded for mercy. They begged that their squaws and papposes might not be sacrificed. They desired to take Clark by the hand and call him brother. Clark then said:

"I am instructed by the great men among the 'Long Knives' not to *ask* peace from any people, but to offer them peace or war; since the British can no longer fight the 'Big Knives,' their young warriors will grow into squaws unless they can find some one else to fight.

"Here are two belts; the red one means war, the white one peace; choose which you will. I will not treat with those chiefs who tried to carry me off. I will have nothing to do with them. They are cowards. Neither will I smoke the pipe with them."

Clark says, in his journal, that after this fiery speech, he was pleased to see them all sit, trembling, as persons frightened at the apprehension of the worst fate. "When they had tried their eloquence again, to no purpose," says he, "they chose two young men to be put to death, as an atonement for the rest, hoping that would pacify me. It would have amazed you to have seen how submissively those two young men presented themselves for death, advancing into the middle of the floor, sitting down by each other and covering their heads with their blankets, to receive the tomahawk. Peace was what I wanted with them, if I could get it on my own terms, but this stroke prejudiced me in their favor, and for a few moments I was so agitated that I don't doubt that I should, without reflection, have killed the first man who would have offered to hurt them."

Silently awaiting the fatal moment when the tomahawk should descend, the young warriors sat with covered heads. No one in

the large crowd moved a limb. Every heart was hushed, every eye was steadfastly fixed upon the American commander, to see what course he would now pursue. It was a trying moment—a scene never to be forgotten. There stood the impervious Clark, his eye flashing fire, his whole frame agitated under the excitement of the hour, bidding defiance to a thousand human beings.

“I am glad to find,” said he, hotly, “that there are men among all nations. With you,” turning to the two, “with you, who alone are fit to be chiefs of your tribe, I am willing to treat. Through *you* I am willing to grant peace to your brothers; I take you by the hand as chiefs, worthy of being such.”

He then smoked the pipe of peace with all the chiefs present, excepting those of the Meadow Indians, the two braves who had offered their lives as a reconciliation representing their tribe.

No such incident as this, we believe, can be found in all the annals of Indian warfare. The fame of it went abroad throughout the West, Northwest, and other portions of the country, awing into fear and reverence the savage foe, and immortalizing the name of Clark among the whites.



CHAPTER III.

THE BRITISH GOVERNOR, HAMILTON, BEFORE VINCENNES—VAN-
QUISHED—CLARK FEARS CAPTURE—MARCHES MEN TO CON-
QUER THE ENEMY—TERRIBLE HARDSHIPS—UNPARALLELED
HEROISM—THE FOE IN VIEW—SUCCESSFUL STRATEGY—
VINCENNES SURRENDERS—BRIGADIER GENERAL.

Word had reached the Kentucky hero, in his quarters at Kaskaskia, that Gen. McIntosh was marching against Detroit with a large force. This was welcome news to the isolated commander. He feared, unless Detroit was reduced, that means would again be employed to reinstate the British, not only in the forts, but in the hearts of the great tribes of Indians. So, when it was understood that McIntosh would soon be in possession of the only and strongest English post of this region, no alarm was felt for the future.

Resting thus "on his oars," waiting for developments and orders, Clark was little prepared to receive the news that McIntosh had entirely and ignominiously abandoned the project. Nor was that all. His scouts brought in the tidings that Gov. Henry Hamilton, of Detroit, with a large force—at least six hundred men—was marching toward Kaskaskia. This threw consternation into camp. Several small detachments of Americans and Frenchmen were away, Bowman having the principal squad at Cahokia. These were immediately ordered to Kaskaskia, and

fortifications were at once begun. No time or labor was spared to make the diminutive fort as formidable as possible. Finally, arrangements for receiving His Excellency, the Governor, were complete, but he did not come. Instead, a Spanish merchant came up from Vincennes, and reported Hamilton as in possession of that post. Startling, indeed, was this. The merchant said that the English were inciting the savages to bloodshed, and parties were going out in all directions. McKnight says: "Henry Hamilton, the British Governor of Detroit, assembled a large force, and appeared before Vincennes, Dec. 15, 1778. The French people made no effort to defend the place. The gallant Capt. Helm and a Mr. Henry were the only Americans in the fort. The latter had a cannon, well charged, placed in the open gateway, while the commandant, Helm, stood by it with a lighted match. When the British Governor, Hamilton, approached with his troops within hailing distance, Helm cried out, with a stentorian voice, 'Halt!' This show of resistance caused the doughty English officer to stop, and demand a surrender of the garrison. Helm exclaimed: 'No man shall enter here until I know the terms.' Hamilton responded, 'You shall have all the honors of war.' And so the fort was duly given up, its *one officer and one private* receiving the customary marks of respect for their brave defense."

It was Jan. 31, 1779, when the news reached Clark. Most men would have beat a retreat, or at least given up all hope. Indians, by the thousand, were all about him. These might, and probably would, be his enemies within six months, unless something was done. Six hundred well-disciplined English troops were less than two hundred miles off, ready, as he supposed, to march against his little garrison. All these perils stared him in the face, and urged him to immediate action. He imagined Hamilton before Kaskaskia; saw his superior force, and hundreds of savage fol-

lowers. He beheld all his labor, all he had so bravely won, all his loved possessions in this important region, suddenly swept away, nevermore to be wrenched from the tyrant's hand. The vision nerved his heart, and he said, "It shall not be. Instead of Hamilton capturing me, I'll capture Hamilton." And he did; but the story of that fearful march, of that marvelous triumph, is sufficient to fill a volume of itself.

Vincennes is about one hundred and seventy miles from Kaskaskia. Even at the present day the journey would be a difficult one, on account of the streams, swamps, and marshy soil. At the time when Gen. George Roger Clark determined to fight the British lion at Vincennes, the route was all but impassable. Great floods had swept over the country. Rivers were overflowing their banks; small streams had become large ones; creeks were formed, never before in existence, and malaria spread direful effects throughout the entire region, yet Clark said, "We'll go."

One hundred and thirty brave hearts were found, ready to do and die with their Napoleonic leader. Forty-six were sent over to the Mississippi, to there take a row-boat belonging to Clark, and go by water. They took with them two four pound cannon, and some smaller guns.

These men were to float down the Mississippi, thence up the Ohio until they reached the mouth of the Wabash. Up this stream they were to push their way to a specified point, where they were to anchor, and prevent all communication with the fort from that quarter.

Upon the 7th of February, when the cold, biting winds of winter still lingered, Clark and his heroic band left Kaskaskia on their perilous march. They all seemed to be inspired by the same confidence that possessed their chief. He, apparently, dreamed not of defeat. His past successes gave him hope to believe anything possible to a heroic soul battling for the right. His ambition ran

high—his courage higher. The thought of humiliating so great a personage, and taking prisoner such a force, caused him to fling the idea of suffering or failure to the winds, and think only of its realization. But one thing troubled him—he feared that his men would not be willing to endure what he himself could.

Six days' marching through mud, rain, sleet, and ice, brought the Spartan band to the junction of the Little and Big Wabash Rivers. It is impossible to give a detailed account of those six days. The suffering was scarcely second to that upon the historic march from Moscow. The forces of the East had never experienced such a week. It is to be doubted whether American warfare has furnished any parallel. But the worst awaited them upon reaching the rivers previously mentioned. Ordinarily these rivers, at this point, were three or four miles apart. Now the land between them was submerged, and for about six miles nothing scarcely could be seen but water. Driftwood was floating in all directions. Quite probably in many places the streams could not be waded. Quicksands were known to exist all along, as many a story was told of horse and rider having sunk suddenly, never to rise again. What to do, and how to do it, required a genius to decide. Without stopping to harangue his men; without waiting for their fears to grow, and their courage to fail, the intrepid Kentuckian plunged boldly into the stream and cried, "Follow me!"

The effect was electric. A shout of admiration arose from every lip, and bravely the entire company followed in the wake of their leader. For four days were they traversing the unseen, and often unfelt, bottoms of these streams. The cold, piercing winds froze their garments upon them; the floating ice, logs, and other drift, bruised their stiffening limbs, but still they pressed on. Ever and anon, when it seemed that enthusiasm was about extinct, and courage gone, Clark would strike up some old war

song, others would immediately join, and ere they were aware of it, their spirits were cheered, their determination strengthened, and "Victory or Death," became the motto of every one. What made this remarkable march more difficult, was the circuitous route they were obliged to pursue in order to find shallow water, and also keep themselves unseen from the Fort. But land was reached at last. Once more the noble band stood upon *terra firma*, about ten miles from Vincennes.

One account of the remainder of this trip makes these ten miles covered entirely with water—the overflow, principally, of the Embarrass River. Another says little about the condition of the ground over which they passed. It is certain that the floods of the Embarrass stretched a portion of the way, how far cannot be accurately determined. But it is sufficient to know that after fighting through the five or six miles just described, the sight of more water must have been sufficient to crush their energies. At last, however, they were within one day's march of the fort. The suffering, the triumphs, the heroism of that day, no one can describe as vividly as Clark himself. Says he:

"This last day's march (February 21) through the water, was far superior to anything of which the Frenchman had any idea. A canoe was sent off, and returned without finding that we could pass. I went in her myself, sounded the water, and found that it was up to my neck. I returned slowly to the troops, giving myself time to think. Every eye was fixed on me. I unfortunately spoke in a serious manner to one of my officers; the whole were alarmed without knowing what I said. I viewed their confusion for about a minute—whispered to those near me, to do what I did—immediately put some water in my hand, poured on some powder, blackened my face, gave the war whoop, and marched into the water without saying a word. The party gazed, fell in one after another without saying a word, like a flock

of sheep. I ordered those near me to strike up a favorite song. It soon passed through the line, and the whole went on cheerily."

One of the men discovered an elevated path leading to the sugar-camp, which assisted them greatly in reaching a small patch of dry land. They remained upon the island until morning.

"This," says he, "was the coldest night we had. The ice near the shores was three-fourths of an inch thick.

"A little after sunrise I lectured my men. What I said I forget, but concluded by informing them that passing the plain, there in full view, and reaching the opposite woods, would put an end to their fatigue.

"I immediately stepped into the water without waiting for their reply. A huzza took place. As we generally marched through the water in a line, before the third entered, I halted, and calling to Major Bowman, ordered him to fall in the rear with twenty-five men, and *put to death* any man who refused to march, as we wished no such among us. The whole gave a cry of approbation, and in we went.

"This was the most trying time of all. I generally kept fifteen or twenty of the strongest men nearest myself, and judged from my own feelings what must be those of others. Getting about the middle of the plain, the water about mid-deep, I found myself sensibly failing. As there were no trees or bushes for the men to support themselves by, I feared that many of the weak would be drowned. I ordered the canoes to make the land, discharge their loading, and ply backward and forward to pick up the men. To encourage the party, I sent some of the strongest men forward, with orders when they got to a certain distance, to pass the word back that the water was getting shallow, and when getting near the woods to cry out—*Land! Land!*"

Clark says the water never grew shallower, but kept deepening. However, his stratagem proved entirely successful, as it

nerved the men to greater exertions until they should reach the woods. He says :

“All the low and weakly men hung to the trees or floated on logs, until they were taken up by the canoes. The strong and tall got on shore and built fires. Many would reach shore and fall with their bodies half in the water, not being able to support themselves.”

What a marvelous march. The soldiers almost frozen and benumbed to unconsciousness, so that many of them could only be revived by being shaken vigorously, and rubbed with great roughness. Nor was this all. They were nearly famished for something to eat. Fortunately, a canoe, containing some Indian squaws and considerable provisions, was passing up the river. This was captured, and the hungry men partially satisfied their craving appetites.

“Crossing now a narrow, deep lake in the canoes,” says Clark in his journal, “we came to a copse of timber called Warrior’s Island. We were now in full view of town and fort—not a shrub between us, at two miles’ distance. Every man feasted his eyes, and forgot he had suffered. It was now we had to display our abilities. The plain between us and the town was not a perfect level. The sunken grounds were covered with water, full of ducks. We observed several persons on horseback shooting them, and sent out some of our active young Frenchmen to decoy and take one prisoner, which they did. Learned that the British had that evening completed the wall of the fort, and that there were many Indians in town. Our situation was now truly critical; no possibility of retreat in case of defeat, and in full view of a town with upward of six hundred men in it—troops, Indians, and inhabitants.”

The American leader was acquainted with one of the great chiefs, Tobacco’s son, and could depend upon his friendship. He



SQUAWS ASCENDING THE RIVER WITH PROVISIONS.

also thought that the French inhabitants rather preferred the Big Knives to rule over them than the tyrannical British. So he sent the following placard by a messenger to the town :

"To the Inhabitants of Post Vincennes."

"GENTLEMEN,—Being now within two miles of your village with my army, determined to take your fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this opportunity to request you, who are true citizens, to remain still in your houses. Those, if any there be, who are friends to the King, will instantly repair to the fort, join the 'hair-buyer' general, and fight like men. If any such do not go, and are found afterward, they may depend upon severe punishment. On the contrary, those who are true friends to liberty, may be sure of being well treated, and I once more request them to keep out of the streets. Every one I find in arms on my arrival, I shall treat as an enemy."

It was about sunset when the little band took up their march against the town. One hundred and thirty men, without a heavy piece of artillery, determined upon reducing a large fort, with nearly five times their own number. But what they were lacking in numbers, they made up in courage and skill. The men fully understood the dreadful consequences of failure—not imprisonment, but torture and death. They had now placed themselves in a position where there was no such thing as retreat. It was conquer or die.

The commander made one of his short, decisive speeches, thrilled them by his own intrepidity and confidence, and moved on. Several hunters were captured and relieved of their ponies, which served well for the officers, with which to make a false display. The leader understood that if he could convince Hamilton that a large force was marching into his town, there would be little trouble afterward. He accordingly had put upon

high poles, so as to reach above the mounds intervening, all the flags brought along for that purpose.

He ordered some to move straight on, and others to march and counter-march behind an elevation which obscured the men from view, but not the flags. The strategy was completely successful. British glasses saw, in the approaching twilight, banner after banner, until it was reported that the forces reached away up into the hundreds.

As soon as the shades of night were sufficiently over the town, Clark hastened his footsteps, silently circled round to the rear of the town, and, before the garrison was aware that an immediate attack was intended, had captured the outposts, and his men were filling the streets of Vincennes. Many Indians took fright and escaped, while others joined the standard of Clark.

The cannon, which were all upon the second floor, began their booming, but as Clark knew the position of these guns, he ordered his men close around the building, where they could not even be seen.

The Kentuckians, in the meantime, were not idle. As soon as a porthole was opened, half a hundred rifle-balls quickly sped through it into the terrified garrison.

"An irregular fire," says Clark, "was kept up from different directions for a few minutes, and then only a continually scattering fire at the ports, as usual. A great noise and laughter immediately commenced, in different parts of the town, by the reserved parties, as if they had only fired on the fort for a few minutes for amusement, and as if those continually firing were being regularly relieved. Conduct similar to this kept the garrison constantly alarmed."

Hamilton began to think that half the American army must be around him. His men were falling rapidly, and it was impossible to injure the enemy in the darkness. About this time, Clark

ordered him to surrender. Hamilton wanted time. Clark said they might talk it over in the church. To the church, therefore, both commanders, with their staffs, repaired, but could agree upon no terms. Clark made a fiery talk, in which he intimated that both Hamilton and Mayor Hay were leagued with the Indians. Although the intimation was indignantly resented by Hay, it proved true, as a band of the bloodthirsty wretches returned with prisoners and scalps within an hour.

On the 24th of February the haughty British Governor capitulated, turning over into the hands of the victorious Americans \$50,000 worth of war material, and about eighty prisoners. The remainder were permitted to leave the country.

The remaining history of this wonderful man will occupy little space here. His fame reached every home in the Union. He continued to fight while the war lasted, and, indeed, after the Revolution had closed. Had the forces been at his disposal, Detroit would have fallen next after Vincennes. He longed to take this stronghold, but it was impossible to get men.

He was made a Brigadier General, placed in charge of several dangerous expeditions, in nearly every instance betokening rare ability, endearing him to the hearts of a grateful people.

His last undertaking, however, was a failure, which so wrought upon him as to shatter his ambition. Although yet but a young man, still, with his plans and hopes crushed, his life went out, and in 1817, at his residence near Louisville, his spirit left this world, to be at rest.





Capt. Samuel Brady.



A WOUNDED TRAPPER.

LIFE OF CAPT. SAMUEL BRADY.

CHAPTER I.

IRISH-AMERICAN ORIGIN—BORN AMID PERILS—SURROUNDED BY
HARDSHIPS—FATHER AND BROTHER KILLED BY “LO”—RE-
VENGE—A SOLDIER IN THE REVOLUTION—PINNED TO A
FENCE BY A BRITISH BAYONET—INCIDENTS IN THE INDIAN
COUNTRY.

Alongside such characters as Boone, Crockett, and others of frontier fame, stands the name of Samuel Brady. Born with Irish blood tingling in his veins, though a native of America, he possessed a restlessness under quiet, and a desire for adventure which was to give him great prominence among the brave hearts of his day. His father was John Brady, a heroic character of some military fame, who held the commission of Captain during the early part of the Revolution. His mother, Mary Quigley-Brady, was a woman of strong nerve and common sense, yet of a tender nature.

Samuel was reared amid perils, and inured to hardships. His entire life was a discipline in that direction. Born in 1756, when Indians were as plentiful around the settlements as the trees of the forest; when to handle a rifle, a tomahawk, and a knife was the foundation of an education, without which it were useless to attempt

an existence, he proved an apt pupil, and a fair exponent of those stirring times.

The implacable hatred for the red man which characterized his later years, was inspired by the barbarous death of his father and brother. It was in 1778 when the sad news reached Samuel that the Indians had mercilessly slaughtered his much-loved brother, and the year following, before the former grief was assuaged, came, with crushing weight, the statement of his father's death in the same manner. All of the Irish within him was aroused, and the watchword then and there adopted, and ever after so faithfully obeyed, was *Revenge!*

He at once sought opportunities to pay his respects to the murderers of his father and brother. But the war with England arising when he was about twenty years of age, he enlisted as a volunteer, to fight the British. It was not long before it was discovered that Brady possessed remarkable coolness and bravery, winning the approbation of his officers and comrades. He assisted in driving the British from Boston; was present at the battle of Princeton; came near losing his life at the horrible massacre of Paoli, and took an active part during the eight years of the war.

It is said that, at the battle of Princeton, his commander, Col. Hand and himself dashed into the camp of the enemy before they were aware of it. Seeing they had been too bold, and knowing that in a few moments they would be surrounded, Brady seized a horse hitched near by, helped Hand upon the animal, and leaping up behind him, put spurs to the horse and dashed away.

On another occasion, while asleep, he was surprised by the British. At the first intimation of danger, he jumped to his feet, and escaped from the very midst of a half-dozen enemies, who were striking and slashing at him in all directions. The bayonet of one pinned his blanket to a fence, over which he was jumping, but Brady tore it loose and fled.

But it was as an Indian scout, in the service of his country and humanity, that Samuel Brady was to win his chief laurels, was to acquire a reputation along the Allegheny and other parts of Pennsylvania, for daring and intrepidity, second to none. His name was to become the joy of the whites, and the terror of the reds. His presence was to insure safety to the one, and death to the other.

In 1780 Washington found it necessary to punish the Indians in the southern and western part of the State. He therefore asked Col. Broadhead to furnish the most trustworthy scout he could find for a reconnoitering expedition. Broadhead at once selected Capt. Brady, and assured Gen. Washington that "no better spy or Indian trailer had ever been within the walls of Fort Pitt."

A few scraps of information regarding the country, and an imperfect map of the same, furnished by Washington, constituted Brady's outfit for the perilous undertaking. A few Chickasaw Indians were secured as guides, and these, together with a handful of soldiers, made up the expedition.

They started from Fort Pitt, crossed the Allegheny, and marched boldly into the haunts of the merciless savage. Indeed, it would have been quite difficult to have distinguished the entire party from savages, as they purposely arrayed themselves in the garb of the red man to avoid detection. Nor could their superiors for craftiness, strategy or marksmanship have been easily found, even among the natives of the forest. Brady himself was a thorough craftsman of the woods. Never did he leave a trail behind him that could be detected by the sharpest-sighted savage.

His Chickasaw guides were of course a valuable part of the expedition, but after leading the party far into the Indian country, they suddenly disappeared, and were never more heard of. It was very properly supposed that they had joined the enemy, and would bring trouble to the little camp, unless a speedy departure was made. Instead, however, of retracing his steps homeward, Brady and the

little squad of soldiers pushed on, determined to accomplish their purpose.

After many a weary day of tramping through the woods, the party came suddenly upon a large Indian village, which, from descriptions previously given, was recognized as the one sought, it being the principal town of the nation.

Great caution was now necessary, lest a straggling warrior or squaw should catch a glimpse of the spies. Accordingly, Brady found a thicket near by the village, into which the men crawled, and there, during the remaining hours of daylight, they waited.

Much sport was being indulged in by the large crowd of savages, many of them evidently just having returned from some victorious expedition. Horse racing, dancing, shooting and many other wild scenes were witnessed by the invisible spectators.

Finally, darkness began to settle over the scene of hilarity, and the weary watchers were permitted to leave their place of concealment in safety. A great deal had been learned. Brady could understand, both from word and act, what their intentions were for the immediate future. He was also able to estimate quite accurately their numbers. Taking careful observations of the surrounding country, and choosing the most favorable place for an attack, the leader and his staff took up their long and perilous march on the return to Fort Pitt.

Many privations were experienced by the little band. Their ammunition gave out as well as their provisions. It seemed for a few days as if they were to be starved to death after all, but with berries, roots and what game could be secured without a gun they partially satisfied the gnawings of hunger, until the walls of the old fort were once more in view, and friendly hearts received them again to peace and plenty.

A very striking circumstance occurred on this homeward trip, which so beautifully manifests the tenderness and courage

combined under the rough exterior of a brave frontiersman, that it must here be related.

Having but a single load of ammunition, and that in his gun, Capt. Brady had left his fellows to shoot a deer. While cautiously winding his way alongside a road in the forest, he heard the sound of horses' hoofs. Concealing himself from view, he waited. Presently he saw through the trees a tall Indian on horseback, with a white woman and her child tied securely behind him. The scout's first impulse was to fire. But a keener sight revealed a number of Indians some distance in the rear, and he concluded to wait until the horse and riders should come directly opposite, when the result would be certain. He did not have to wait long. Just as the plumed head came within ten feet of the deadly rifle, the trigger was pulled, and all three tumbled from the horse together. As quick as flash, Brady was beside them. His knife soon severed the cords that bound the three, and seizing the child, with command to the mother to follow, the brave man fled with his booty.

Brady's comrades had been called to the rescue, but knowing they had no ammunition they concluded that other quarters would be more suitable to their tastes, and fled. As soon as a place of comparative safety was reached, the deliverer took a look at his new proteges. Judge of his surprise when he discovered the woman to be an old friend, by the name of Stoop—Jennie Stoop—whom he had met many times at her home, and who also was joyfully surprised to find herself protected by the famous Capt. Brady.

After a short pause until the Indians should be out of the neighborhood, the Captain with his charge started for the fort, which they gained without harm. Such deeds of valor could not fail to elevate the doer of them to a pinnacle of fame among the men and women of that day. The recital of it to Washington caused that noble-hearted patriot to take special interest ever afterward in the intrepid scout.

An incident in the life of Capt. Samuel Brady occurred soon after the one just recorded, which on some accounts is almost without a parallel in the records of adventure.

He had been out trapping on Beaver River, near Fort McIntosh. Perfectly well acquainted with the country, he considered himself safe whenever in this region, but this time his situation was very precarious.

He was seated near the bank of the stream, half dozing, watching his traps, when suddenly he was seized about the neck, and his arms pinioned in a twinkling. Looking up, to his dismay, he found himself in the power of half a dozen bloodthirsty savages, who knew only too well the character of their captive.

Instead of killing him then, it afforded them *greater* pleasure to torture their prisoner awhile, and give the other warriors an opportunity of witnessing his execution. So he was marched to their village, and bound, so that it was utterly impossible to loose the bands. After inflicting several indignities upon him, cutting him here and there with their knives, throwing coals of fire upon his feet, and so forth, they concluded to burn him at the stake. A huge fire was built, and the captive placed within a circle near it. Men, women, and children surrounded the victim, dancing and yelling, and tantalizing him in every possible manner. The case seemed desperate for Brady. Never before had he been quite so completely at the mercy of a number of beings whose make-up seemed totally void of that attribute. He began to think his fate was to be that of his father and brother. But, ever on the alert to outwit them, he finally struck upon a plan. The bands around his hands and arms had been removed, so that he had the free use of them. Noticing an old squaw, with a *pappoose* on her back, dancing near him, he suddenly seized them and hurled them both into the flames. Of course, there was utter consternation for a moment; then every one rushed to the rescue. This was just what Brady

had calculated upon. Taking advantage of this state of affairs, he rushed out of camp, over the declivity near by, and, before any one could get started in pursuit, he was lost to sight in the thicket of the ravine. Yell after yell rent the air. Every warrior dashed after him, and the woods were scoured through and through. But their wily foe had been too much for even Indian cunning, and Capt. Brady was not found. It was several days before he reached the fort, but finally he came in, weary and hungry, though, after a few hours' rest, ready for another escapade with the savages.



CHAPTER II.

WEARY OF REST—ADVENTURES FOR PLEASURE—BRADY AND A DUTCHMAN CAPTURE AN INDIAN CAMP—"THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS"—HOSTILITY TO THE HOSTILES—BRADY'S PART IN THE EXCURSION—NARROW ESCAPE—THREE BIRDS WITH ONE STONE—SURPRISING AN INDIAN CAMP.

Shortly after the experiences recorded in the preceding chapter, Brady, becoming restless under the unusual quiet which seemed to have settled over the fort, requested the commanding officer to give him permission to run up the river a distance on a scouting expedition. All the company he desired was a stalwart Dutchman, by the name of Phouts, whom Brady knew to be courageous as a lion, and yet cunning as a fox. The request was granted. Phouts was made acquainted with the project, which delighted him greatly.

"By tunder und blitzen, Gaptun," cried the Dutchman, "das ish goot. I vood as sooner go mit you to kill dem redskins, as to go at de finest veddin' in de coountry."

By the next morning's sun the hunters and spies were out of camp. A pouch of parched corn, a few pieces of dried venison, and some scraps of dry bread constituted their provisions. What cared they for the luxuries of life, when the prospect of adventure and Indian scalps loomed up before them? So they plodded along, not noisily, it is true, but enjoying the sport of taking down a deer

or a turkey now and then, until the borders of danger were reached.

A collection of crows was noticed a short distance off, hovering over a certain space. This was evidence sufficient to the practiced scout that a camp was near at hand, either occupied by savages or recently vacated. The discovery being made early in the day, the men concluded to rest awhile, and approach the supposed camp after nightfall. Finally, about midnight, they started in the direction where they expected to see the light of a fire. Nor were they disappointed, for soon the glimmering was seen, piercing the otherwise impenetrable darkness, and proving that life still existed at the camp.

Noiselessly as cats, Brady and Phouts approached the fire. Everything was as silent as the tomb. At first, the fire seemed to be the only evidence of life, but upon getting closer, an old Indian and his dog were seen sitting near a tree, half dozing, but not asleep. The Dutchman reached for his gun, and was just about to shoot, when Brady caught his arm, and demanded utter silence. The report of a gun might bring a hundred howling savages upon them, whereas the silent midnight watcher could be captured without any noise.

But Phouts was greatly disappointed. He hadn't seen so fine an opportunity since they had left the fort, and it took some strong language from Brady to keep the old rifle's mouth still. Brady finally whispered to Phouts that he might hold his gun in readiness to put an end to the dog, provided it attempted to defend its master while Brady was capturing the old Indian. Getting within a few feet of the lonely sentinel, Brady leaped upon him, and held him as in a vise, while the Dutchman came forward and bound him.

He was put into a canoe, and the trio started to return to the fort. It was ascertained that the main body of hostile warriors had the day before departed for a raid on a white settlement up

the river, intending to massacre the entire settlement, and carry off all the plunder that could be secured. Brady and Phouts made all possible haste to get assistance from the fort, and proceed to the rescue.

On the way, their very docile and obedient captive took advantage of Phouts' generous sympathies, and came very near being master of the party. The Indian had continually complained of the thongs around his hands hurting him severely. When Brady had gone away from the camp for a few moments, Phouts was prevailed upon to unloose his bands, and give the "noble red man of the forest" a rest. Scarcely had this magnanimous act been performed, than the Indian seized a gun standing near, and in a moment more would have sent a leaden messenger of death into the brain of his guardian. But the Dutchman was too quick for him. Quick as a flash, his tomahawk was out, and in an instant more the treacherous savage lay dead at his feet, his skull having been crushed by the murderous weapon.

"Now," says Phouts, "you dirty villain! You vood kill your frient, vood you? Vell I tinks you vont now. I tinks you learn some sense dis time. You vas de meanest skunk dat ever vas. But I reckon you vont slip up on old Phouts agin."

When Brady returned he was very much surprised to discover the Dutchman sitting upon the dead body of the savage, soliloquizing on the tragedy. After an explanation, the two whites again started for the fort, which was finally reached without further adventure. They were gladly welcomed back by the commander, who was fearful lest they had fallen victims to the bloodthirsty red men. The account they gave greatly agitated the general, as he felt the necessity of sending men immediately to the rescue, yet couldn't spare them from his limited force. Word had previously been sent to headquarters for more soldiers, but they had not yet arrived on the scene.



CAPTIVES ESCAPING FROM INDIANS.

With the British on one side and the Indians on the other, ceaseless vigilance was of the most importance. The times for rest were far between, and when they did come they were thought of as only a "calm before the storm," and at such intervals it was necessary for the watchers to be aggressive. The exigencies of such times demand special exhibitions of cunning, coolness, and courage, and these faculties were found to be abundant in Brady, so that his advancement was rapid, and his fame spread far and wide. During the closing months of the Revolution, and while every available person was needed to fight the British in that heroic struggle for liberty, the Indians carried on their depredations with a high hand. Solitary homes were visited; women and children were unmercifully sacrificed. Border settlements and small towns, with few left at home for protection, except boys, old men, and women, were visited by the bloodthirsty wretches, and every vestige of life and property was swept out of existence. Their incursions grew more frequent. Bolder and more daring became the hostile tribes, incited by the English, until it became an absolute necessity to leave the British for the time, and rout the savages. Consequently several expeditions were set on foot for their extermination. The war must be carried into the very heart of their country.

One of the principal excursions for this purpose was under the command of Col. Broadhead. This commander placed the chief division of his troops under Capt. Samuel Brady.

The position was a responsible one, the duties requiring great cunning, daring, and not a little generalship. But Brady was in every way qualified. This had been proven in many a fierce conflict before. The wisdom of Broadhead in selecting such a man was soon to be proven by a fine piece of strategy.

The troops marched up the Allegheny River until they reached a point now known as Brady's Bend, on Redbank Creek. Here Brady suddenly espied a company of painted warriors coming

leisurely along, little suspecting their imminent danger. The main body of the whites under Broadhead was a considerable distance up the road, toward which the Indians were traveling. Brady ordered his men into ambush until the savages should pass, intending to let them meet Broadhead before any firing was done. As soon as his troops could withdraw from their ambush without discovery, Brady hastened down the road in the direction whence the Indians had come, to a narrow pass between two overhanging cliffs, where, once secreted, he could riddle them with bullets before they could retreat. The scheme was entirely successful. The Indians went on, suddenly coming upon Col. Broadhead with his large force, who fired upon them, killing many, and causing the remainder to beat a hasty retreat. Upon reaching the narrow pass, Brady, with his rangers, opened a deadly fire upon them, annihilating almost the entire body. A few saved themselves by swimming the creek, among whom was the famous young chief Cornplanter, afterward so well known as the leading spirit of the Senecas.

The rout was so complete that the report of it, and of the vast forces accomplishing it, caused a universal stampede among surrounding tribes, and Broadhead finally returned, bringing peace to all that region.

Near Beaver, Pennsylvania, is a small elevation called Brady's Hill. How it came by this cognomen we will now proceed to relate.

Brady had been selected to take charge of another scouting expedition. He was given a small squad of men with whom he was to scour the country, cut off straggling bands of savages around Fort McIntosh, and then pay a visit to the Sandusky tribe.

Everything went smoothly for a season, but just as the party thought they had accomplished their most perilous undertaking, a band of hostile reds ambushed by the roadside, suddenly poured a volley into their midst, following up the fire with tomahawk and

knife, until all but one of the brave whites were weltering in their blood. That one who escaped was the leader, Capt. Brady. Ever agile and desperate in an encounter; he had fought his way through and out of the reach of the hatchet. But by no means was he out of danger. The Indians desired his scalp more than any other, so of course a hot pursuit was made. Mile after mile did the hero of so many conflicts flee. Hour after hour, with wonderful endurance did he speed over hill, through valley, into dense forest, and across open prairie. Finally, almost ready to drop with exhaustion, he came upon a huge tree lately felled to the earth, with rich foliage still clinging to the branches. Here he paused a moment; what was to be done in order to evade the bloodthirsty pursuers was the question. He had not had time to hide his tracks. They would soon be upon him, and the chances were that their numbers would overwhelm him. But with true genius he struck upon a novel scheme—he would conceal himself in the foliage of the tree.

But the tracks! These must be changed or obliterated. He therefore walked out from the tree three or four hundred yards, as though continuing the journey, and then with his back to the tree, retraced his steps. He argued that the Indians would see his tracks, rush on until they suddenly came to the stopping place, and very likely return to the old tree for council. If they did this they would all take a seat upon the tree in fair range for his rifle. After the tracks were fixed he carefully ensconced himself in the thick foliage, gathering about him the branches and leaves so that it was impossible to be seen, and waited. Many a heart would have betrayed its possessor under such circumstances, but Brady's, never! Soon, puffing and blowing, came along three savages. They were powerful men of large, muscular frame, and gripped tightly the dreaded tomahawk, as they hurried over the ground. They alone had been able to keep up the chase, the remainder having either become completely exhausted, or considered the pursuit futile.

The three leaped over the old tree, and on they sped. But lo ! they suddenly reach the terminus of the trail. What does it mean? Has he sunk into the ground? Has he taken wings, and escaped into the heavens? They were ready to believe almost anything of Brady. He had eluded them so often, that a kind of superstitious idea prevailed concerning his ability to suddenly disappear. They stopped, and returned to the tree. A council must be held, and gladly they accepted a seat upon the old trunk. Ah ! had they but seen the muzzle of that fatal rifle, they had looked for other quarters for deliberation. Suddenly, from the leafy branches came a flash, a report, and the three bloodthirsty pursuers tumbled to the ground. Brady, with a terrible yell of victory, rushed upon the prostrate forms, and although only one was dead, the scout's tomahawk left neither of the others to tell the story of their failure. It was seen that the bullet had passed through the heart of one, and grazed the faces of the other two. Being slightly stunned and frightened, they had fallen from the log.

The Sewickley settlement had been attacked. Fort Pitt was called on for assistance. Contrary to the custom of the commander he placed some other than Brady in charge of a posse of soldiers to run down the marauders. But Brady could ill rest while others were fighting Indians. His education had not fitted him for rest under such circumstances. He asked the commander for some men to assist in the search. After considerable importuning he was given five soldiers and one Indian. With this meager force he started up the Allegheny in search of perhaps a hundred hostile red men.

The other band of soldiers had gone in an entirely different direction. Brady, however, concluded the warriors had gone down the Allegheny in canoes, and after the massacre, had returned by the same route.

Several days' march brought him suddenly upon their camp.

It was almost night when the discovery was made, so Brady and his men waited that they might cross the river under cover of darkness, to a point nearer the savages.

After much difficulty in fording the turbid waters, the well-drenched party marched along the shore, not far from the camp. Here they rested, dried their clothes, and began to reconnoiter. Silently they approached the slumbering savages. The stillness of midnight had settled o'er the scene, as the heroic frontiersman crept nearer and nearer. One savage, aroused by the breaking of a limb, the tread of a foot, or the whisper of those approaching, leaped to his feet, looked wildly in all directions, walked out a distance from the camp until he came within a very few feet of where Brady lay concealed, then, apparently satisfied, returned to his comrades and was soon in the land of dreams.

The whites were to lie as still as death until daylight, when it was arranged to fire at a given signal. Weary indeed were the hours thus spent in watching. Many, less weary, would have fallen asleep, or accidentally given warning of impending danger, but these men knew that their lives, and quite probably many other lives, depended upon the success of their undertaking, and perhaps even the successful termination of this night's work.

Finally, the gray dawn began to make its appearance. The impenetrable darkness that precedes approaching light, was scattered by beams from the slowly rising sun, and the savages, with many a yawn, rose from their beds of earth. Rose, as they supposed, for a day of joyous hunting spent in the forests of their fathers, but really to spend but a few short moments ere they should journey to the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit.

At the appointed time, every white fired, and five Indians fell, to rise no more. Again was a volley of death's messengers sent into the terrified camp, and others succumbed to the inevitable. A rush was then made upon the balance, when many more were

stricken down, a few only of the entire company escaping. The victory was complete, and Brady was chief victor again.

When he returned to the fort, and related his story, it was again conceded that his judgment, strategy, and courage, fitted him to command the most perilous expeditions.



CHAPTER III.

END OF THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE—CONTINUATION OF THE
THREE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR AGAINST THE INDIANS—
BRADY RESCUES A FAMILY—MARRIES MISS SWEARINGEN—
DIES A NATURAL DEATH.

The Revolution was over. The flag of American Independence floated out over Liberty Hall, in Philadelphia, while weary hands and sad hearts received new life as the joyful news was heralded over the country. The last battle for freedom and human rights had been fought, peace had fallen upon the tempestuous sea of American life.

Peace to the nation, but not to many of the people of that nation. The treacherous red man, with his appetite whetted for gore, was still within their borders, and full many a harrowing tale was to be related of his cruelties, even after the pipe of peace had been passed around.

It was on a beautiful day in June, when Capt. Samuel Brady, with only two companions, started to make a journey from Fort McIntosh to Fort Pitt. The birds were singing cheerily; the sunshine found its way down through the green foliage of the forest, making fantastic images, while the sparkling brook leaped and danced, singing sweet melodies as it hurried on to the larger stream.

The hunters were in good spirits, although they well knew

the lurking savage might, at any moment, appear before them. Nothing was seen, however, of the dreaded foe, until they came to a lone cabin, standing on the present site of Sewickley, owned by one Albert Grey. Hearing a noise before reaching this place, the scouts cautiously approached until they perceived that the house was enveloped in flames, and past reclaiming.

Not knowing but that the perpetrators were concealed near by, they moved around the building without permitting themselves to be seen. Presently the sound of a horse's step was heard approaching by the road. Brady took a position near where he must pass, determined to know something of the traveler.

Soon the horseman appeared in sight, and the watcher recognized in him the owner of the cabin. Brady knew that as he himself was arrayed in the garb of an Indian, should the traveler catch sight of him, his rifle would be brought into immediate requisition. So, in order to prevent Grey from riding into the jaws of death, which surely awaited him at the cabin, he concluded to unhorse him without injury. Accordingly, when the horse was about opposite Brady's ambush, the latter jumped at the rider, and pulled him from his steed, with the words:

"Grey, for heaven's sake, don't fight. I'm Brady. The Indians are at your house."

Grey at first struggled violently, but found himself in the grasp of a vise, until the words just related told him what was the matter.

It was a daring deed. It was a manœuvre that a less courageous man would never have adopted. But it proved successful, and the two then moved toward the burning house.

Of course Grey's only thought was for his wife and children. Not stopping, therefore, to ascertain the number of savage fiends that might be lurking near, he rushed madly toward the building.

No signs of human beings could be seen. Not even the

charred forms of loved ones among the ruins, and after careful search, the party concluded that the inmates had been carried off. It was a great relief to the stricken father and husband to find that even this was true, although their fate might be worse than death.

Capt. Brady at once concluded that the savages had made for the Big Beaver ford. One of the others suggested that aid had better be secured from one of the forts, as the number of Indians evidently four times exceeded their own. But the intrepid leader replied, "No! They must be stopped before getting beyond the Big Beaver River, or they can never be stopped. *We* must do the work."

The four then took up the trail, and pursued it with all possible haste. Being acquainted with every nook and corner of this region, Brady could frequently make short cuts, thereby gaining greatly in time and space upon the retreating reds.

At last they came to the ford, and, sure enough, the trail was fresh and distinct—they had but recently crossed. It led toward a sequestered ravine near by, with which the ranger was thoroughly familiar, where undoubtedly they had stopped for the night. Grey was anxious to push on and know the worst. Brady restrained his impetuosity, concluding that a midnight attack would be the surest. The ravine was approached in the most stealthy manner, and the camp fire was soon seen. Every Indian was slumbering, while off at a distance, by themselves, sat Grey's wife and children, beside another white woman they had secured. Of course the heart of the husband beat loudly, as he beheld his loved ones again, and with great difficulty he kept calm enough to await the signal of attack. It was an anxious hour. If a twig snapped, or some animal of the woods rustled the leaves unusually, the sleeping braves would start, sometimes sit up and gaze about, but in every instance considered the awakening cause insufficient for investigation.

And now as the fire burns low, and perfect quiet seems to have settled upon all, the little band of rescuers crawl toward their unconscious enemies. Silently do they each reach the side of a sleeping brave. The tomahawk is raised on high. The four, with steady nerves and determined face, await the signal to slay. Brady makes a slight noise with his mouth, and four hatchets are buried deeply in as many skulls.

Four are dead, but at least six more leap to their feet, ready to kill or be killed. The whites, however, give them little time for reflection—little opportunity to use their bloody weapons. Like hail from the storm-cloud the blows fall upon them thick and fast, until every warrior lies bleeding on the earth.

It was a joyful yet a frightful moment to the captives, but when the last foe was down and the work of rescuing innocent lives complete, the reader can imagine the meeting of captives and deliverers. It was reward enough for a lifetime to such men, and they asked nothing more.

It is impossible to give the exact time and place of all the encounters of these frontiersmen. They kept no record themselves, and cared not to be immortalized in history, relating the circumstances of their lives to friends merely for pastime. These stories have been handed down through reliable channels, and nothing unreliable has found a place in this volume. Several adventures published regarding Brady, but considered doubtful, have been rejected in the preparation of this sketch.

Brady cared little for social life. He loved the woods; to be with nature, when not fighting, where he could revel in the "pleasures of loneliness."

However, after living a single life till nearly forty years of age, he married the daughter of Capt. Van Swearingen, of Gen. Morgan's rifle corps. The young lady, whose name was Drusilla, was a genuine beauty of the olden times, being surrounded constantly

by many suitors. But the brave face, noble bearing, and kind heart of Capt. Samuel Brady shone high above all others in the eyes of Miss Swearingen. Her father opposed the match on the ground of Brady's reckless life. He knew his daughter would be subjected to many privations and perils. The young lady's love, however, was strong enough to make her willing to submit to the ordeal, and they were married. This event took place about the year 1785. Their domestic life was ever joyful, but their separations were so frequent and continued as to greatly mar the happiness of the devoted wife. Two sons were born to them, both of whom are long since dead.

The time of Brady's death cannot now be determined. The place was West Liberty, West Virginia. Here he had lived for a number of years previous to his demise, a peaceful, happy life, the hero of more hairbreadth escapes and renowned adventures than any one in West Virginia.





DAVY CROCKETT.





DAVY CROCKETT

LIFE OF DAVY CROCKETT.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE—SCHOOL EXPERIENCES—FLEES THE PATERNAL
ROD—VISITS GERARDSTOWN—WANDERS TO BALTIMORE—
LEARNS THE HATTER'S TRADE—THE TRUANT RETURNS—
COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

David Crockett, the subject of this chapter, was one of those singularly combined characters which defy all criticism by ordinary laws. Similar in many respects to the associates of his day, yet in point of originality, humor and judgment, he was the peer of many who have shone as heroes of a higher civilization. It is impossible to classify such a man. Endowed with natural ability in an eminent degree, yet wholly untutored, and devoid of culture; appearing to the masses as a great original genius; looked upon as the hero of many a physical and mental conflict by thousands, who, in their admiration of such characteristics, entirely lose sight of defects; he yet constantly placed himself in attitudes, by word and act, that were calculated to bring upon himself ridicule and condemnation from the more refined classes.

Nevertheless, all will admit his bravery, his patriotism, his wit and his originality. He rose from the humblest walks of life, by

indomitable pluck, perseverance, and industry, to a seat in the national assembly at Washington, and by his eccentric manner, humorous utterances, and undisputed ability, created for himself such a reputation that thousands flocked to see him wherever he went. He was born Aug. 17, 1786, on the banks of the Nolachucky River, in what is now the State of Tennessee. His father, John Crockett, was a native of Ireland, and a man of great courage. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary struggle, gaining for himself a reputation for heroism which in less stirring times would have given him a place high up in the record of events. He moved to Tennessee after the war was over, where he married Rebecca Hawkins, a woman of rustic manners, but fine sentiments. The love that her son and other children ever bore her is evidence of her maternal worth.

David's father and mother lived in humble style in different parts of this wild region, tilling the soil most of the time, until the subject of this sketch was seven or eight years of age. They then moved near Greenville, where Joseph Crockett kept a tavern on the road between Greenville and Knoxville.

It was here that Davy learned many of the tricks, listened to the recital of thrilling anecdotes, and had his brain filled with the strange, weird stories which afterward supplied the immense fund of humor running through his veins.

He was what is generally termed "a wild boy." Travelers stopping at the Crockett tavern were struck with his fearless manner and shrewd utterances. Nor were his surroundings such as to develop any great degree of piety or refinement. He says in the preface to his autobiography: "I don't know of anything in my book to be criticised on by honorable men. Is it my spelling? That's not my trade. Is it on grammar? I hadn't time to learn it, and make no pretensions to it. Is it on the order and arrangement of my book? I never wrote one before, and never read very many."

At this tavern the future Congressman lived, or existed, until he was twelve years of age, before he started to school. A man by the name of Benjamin Kitchen had opened a private school in the neighborhood, and to this Davy and his brothers repaired, to be instructed in the alphabet and rudimentary elements of an education. As has been said, our young hero had acquired some reputation as a story-teller, a pugilist, and leader in mischief. So, when his benign countenance first shone upon the collected youth at the schoolroom, said youth were greatly delighted over their new acquisition. But the ocean of learning upon which he had just launched his frail craft, was soon to grow tempestuous, and hurl him upon the rocks. He was not sufficiently meek and gentle for some of his comrades. About the fourth day under Master Kitchen witnessed a disruption. One of the older boys attempted to tyrannize over the youth of twelve summers, which was resented. Fearing the terrible rod of the master, however, the boys did not come together at school. Just before the pupils were dismissed in the evening, Davy slipped out of the house, ran down the road a distance, and concealed himself in the bushes. After awhile, along came the offending associate, with a number of his comrades. Just as they drew opposite the place where Davy lay concealed, the latter leaped out from the bushes, and "went for" his antagonist in a way that completely demoralized the whole crowd. He gave him a terrible scratching and pounding, after which he quietly withdrew from the scene of blood and carnage to a more peaceful atmosphere.

This circumstance was to mark the end of his educational career. It was the straw which was to break the back of Davy's literary camel. He returned home, and went about his work that evening as usual. The next morning he arose with some doubts in his mind as to the probable course he ought to pursue. Of course, the report of the fight would reach Master Kitchen almost as soon

as he himself would. The inevitable consequences would be a most tremendous flogging. So our hero weighed carefully the premises, and said premises brought him naturally to the conclusion that his presence was not altogether necessary at the school-room. He had a tender back. He had seen the master's rods. There had been a collision between tender backs and flexible raw-hides, during his short sojourn at this educational center. So the idea grew upon him, that the healthiest atmosphere for a young man of his age, was almost anywhere away from that schoolroom. That day he lay out in the woods. In the evening, when his brothers came along from school, Davy joined them, secured their promise of secrecy, and returned home in a most happy mood. This scheme was repeated several days, but Benjamin Kitchen finally sent a note to Mr. Crockett, at the tavern, inquiring about his son's absence. Ah! that was a cruel thing for Master Kitchen to do. Davy was arraigned. He plead guilty, and received a stern command to start to school next morning, or suffer a severe chastisement at home. Next morning came, and Davy hesitated about going. His father, seeing the inclination of his wayward boy to disobey the command, grew wrathful, as full many a parent has done since, gathered a young hickory, and started to enforce the law. But the victim of the law fled—fled with all the speed he could acquire, followed closely by his irate parent. On, on they went, until a mile had been passed over, and still the race between liberty and law continued. Finally, the son saw a clump of bushes ahead, just beneath a hill which hid him from view. Into this thicket he plunged, and waited patiently until his father had passed by, puffing and blowing, when the youth left his concealment, and started out into the world as a wanderer.

This was the end of his early education. He hired to a neighbor who was about to start with a drove of cattle for Vir-

ginia. The distance they expected to travel was five or six hundred miles, and the hardships were sufficient to have frightened a modern youth of twelve summers, but David was hardy and inured to exposure, so he bravely took his place among the rest, and started for the East. The company did not sell their cattle until they reached a town called Port Royal, Va., where a sale was effected, and our youth started homeward. His journey for home was begun in company with some one of the party, and it was arranged that they should each take turns at riding, there being one horse between them. But concerning this incident, he says:

"I traveled on with my new comrade about three days' journey, but, much to his discredit, as I then thought, and still think, he took care all the time to ride, but never tie. At last I told him to go ahead, and I would come when I got ready. He gave me four dollars, to bear my expenses upward of four hundred miles, and then cut out and left me."

But young Crockett never "got ready" to finish that journey. He soon fell in with a "waggoner" going in the opposite direction.

"Where are you going?" asked Davy.

"To Gerardstown, near Winchester," said the man.

"Do you ever expect to come back to Tennessee?" inquired the boy.

"Yes; I'll come back as soon as I get rid of my load. I travel this road a good deal, making a trip every month or so. Do you want to jump in and go up with me?" said the stranger.

This set Davy to thinking again. He thought a great deal of his father, mother, brothers, and sisters. He had been considerably homesick for several days. His tender heart was pained at the thought of so long a separation from the folks at home. There was Benjamin Kitchen at home, there the threatening father. He knew, or thought he knew, what the result of his returning home would be, so he said "Yes" to the man's invitation.

"All aboard for Gerardstown!" cried the new found friend, whose name proved to be Adam Myers, and Davy was aboard. Farther and farther from home traveled the stripling, until the distance could be measured by hundred mile chains. Ever and anon the tear would start, or the utterance grow choked when, upon the wings of imagination, the young man again sat by the family fireside or wandered with his brothers and sisters over the hills and through the woods about his home. But he possessed a determination of extraordinary strength and will, power that was inflexible at times, so he braved the hardships and tried to enjoy life.

Having reached Gerardstown he hired out to a farmer and worked for several months. He then wandered down to Baltimore to see the wonders of that great city. Among the first things that attracted his attention were the ships that lay at anchor near the wharves. He immediately went aboard one, and the captain, being struck by his precocious manner, asked him if he would not like to go across the ocean. Davy thought that would be one of the greatest experiences possible to humanity. He at once accepted the offer and hurried away to get his clothing and what money was due him from his old employer. But his becoming a sailor was to be knocked in the head by the latter gentleman. He ridiculed the idea, warned Davy, and finally refused to give him his clothes and money. Indeed, he kept watch over the would-be mariner so closely that it was impossible for Davy to get back again to the ship. The man said he was going to take him back to Tennessee, and so they started to return. After traveling quite a distance, however, Davy managed to slip away from him, and made tracks, with all haste, to Baltimore. He met with a wagoner and proceeded with him toward Pennsylvania. Getting extremely homesick, however, he concluded to again wend his way homeward. But he hadn't a cent of money in the world, for his previous employer had kept all that he had earned. His friend, though, with whom he was



A DEATH STRUGGLE.

traveling, made up a purse of three dollars for him and set him afloat once more. This money lasted until he reached Montgomery Court House, in Virginia, where he was obliged to hire out to one James Caldwell, for a shilling a day. After working one month for Caldwell, the future Congressman bound himself to a hatter, to learn the trade. He served in this capacity for eighteen months, at the expiration of which time his employer broke up, and David was once again left to shift for himself. Of course he had no means, and very poor clothes. So he was compelled to hire out to whomsoever he could until the coffers might be sufficiently replenished for another homeward effort. At last the almighty dollar is won, and our hero turns his face to the hills of Tennessee. Mile after mile is trod by the footworn traveler, hour after hour speeds away, and the fires of home once more send up their smoke within sight of the truant boy. O what thoughts were coursing through the young man's brain ! Three years had he been away—three years of yearning to catch a glimpse of some familiar face—yet in three years not one word had been received from his father's family.

He reaches the old tavern. Time has changed the boy of twelve summers into a full-grown lad of fifteen. He enters the house, and there sit the dear ones whom he has often longed to see. They do not recognize him. He pretends to be traveling, and secures a room for the night. But as they seat themselves around the old family board, where there had been one vacant seat for these three years, the full light of the candle falls upon his face, and something in his familiar manner tells the secret. In a moment his eldest sister finds her tongue, and cries :

“That is my long lost brother ! Oh, my dear brother,” and crying aloud for joy they all take the prodigal to their embrace, where such happiness as only comes at great intervals in a lifetime fills his heart, and those about him. Home ! magic word ! How it thrills the soul of a wandering child ! How it nerves the strong,

inspires the weak, and rests with a sacred benediction upon the head of every one, young and old, who has ever been blessed by its hallowed associations! Davy thought surely there was "no place like home"—and there wasn't.

Joseph Crockett was slightly in debt. His tavern didn't keep him "above board" quite, so he proposed to his son that if he would work for a neighbor long enough to pay off a thirty-six dollar note held against Mr. Crockett, he, Davy, should be given his liberty, and be his own man. The proposition was accepted, and the note paid. But the boy did a nobler act; he understood his father was indebted to an old Quaker to the amount of forty dollars. This he determined to wipe out also. Accordingly he labored hard for six months, at the expiration of which time the note was pocketed by the boy, and handed over to his delighted parent.

But it was while at the Quaker's that Cupid first sought the youth. A biography without a love scene would indeed be ill appreciated. For such scenes these pages need not go begging, since the subject of them met with

"Many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

If there was any weak point in the organization of young Crockett, it was his tendency to fall in love. The Quaker had a niece come to visit him from North Carolina. Davy soon became greatly enamored of her. The fire burned, and would not be quenched. But bashfulness prevented the youth from making known his feelings until they had reached such a pitch that as he says, "The boilers were about to burst." He then opened the 'scape pipe and let out the steam. In other words, he proposed. The young lady listened to his stammering through his proposal, something after the manner of Bud Means in the *Hoosier School-master*, and then quietly told him she was engaged! Ah! cruel fate!—and more cruel Kate!

Davy says he didn't know what to do:

"This news was worse than war, pestilence, or famine," says he. "But still I knowed I could not help myself. I saw quick enough my cake was dough, and I tried to cool off as fast as possible; but I had hardly safety pipes enough, as my love was so hot as mighty nigh to bust the boilers."

But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. David concluded he was meeting with such misfortune on account of his ignorance. Here he was sixteen years of age and didn't know a letter of the alphabet! He went to school, worked two days out of six to pay for his board and schooling, for six months. "This," says he, "was all the schooling I ever had in my life." Not a very broad foundation for a future Statesman, you will say. No, it was not; but broader with him than six years is with a great many. He made good use of the time, and improved what little he gained in after years.

At the expiration of his college course in the backwoods, the hero of this sketch once more concluded to try his luck upon the uncertain seas of femininity. He visited a neighboring family, and to one of the lovely misses whose name he declines to give, he puts the momentous question, fair and square. She receives him kindly, encourages his attentions, and finally accepts his proposal to marry. This girl was a coquette. She led her enamored suitor on to within three or four days of the wedding hour, when, without the least warning, she gave Davy "the slip," and married another fellow. It was a terrible blow to the already wounded heart. His spirit was completely crushed—forty degrees below freezing point. He became a hermit, and did not show himself in society for several months.

But it is a long lane that has no turning, and Davy's lane was not to last forever. A Dutch girl put him on the track of more happiness (or misery, he did not know which), and the young man won the prize. The flower that he plucked was of Irish descent,

very pretty, and Davy thought the sweetest of any he had met. They were married at the log cabin of her parents, immediately mounted horses, and repaired to his father's tavern, where they were met by a large crowd of neighbors and friends, and all joined in the general frolic customary in those days.

Thus the days of wooing and pining were over. The mellow radiance of the honeymoon rested upon our hero's head. The culmination of boyish hopes had arrived. The hours were upon him when the birds sing sweetest, the flowers appear most beautiful, when the sun sets in a flood of golden glory, and Davy enjoyed it. A fair young wife, a strong, muscular frame, and—his mother-in-law in a good humor. What more could he wish? So, with two cows and a calf donated by the girl's parents, and fifteen dollars in cash very kindly presented by the old Quaker, the young folks rented some land and set to work. The bride could spin and weave; the bridegroom could plow and sow; the wife could help the husband, while the husband was ever ready to assist the wife; so things went on as merrily as a marriage bell.

But the young couple, after several years, found that high rent and poor crops were not making them rich very fast. They concluded to move. Consequently, together with Davy's father-in-law, they packed all their earthly possessions upon the back of two colts and one horse, and removed to the Duck and Elk River country. Here, in Lincoln and Franklin counties, they passed many pleasant years, indeed, spending almost their entire married life within the counties mentioned.



CHAPTER II.

DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF IN WAR—FAMINE AND MUTINY IN THE
ARMY—TERMINATION OF WAR—THE HERO ENJOYS RUSTIC
LIFE—MARRIES AGAIN—MOVES TO ANOTHER COUNTRY—
POLITICAL CAREER BEGUN—JUSTICE OF PEACE—COLONEL—
REPRESENTATIVE.

Soon after removing to Franklin county, Tenn., the Creek Indians began their depredations. The hostilities called forth immediate action on the part of the government and citizens all over the country, and there was precipitated upon the nation what is known in history as the War of 1812. David Crockett heard of the terrible butchery at Fort Mimms, and his blood was fired at once. Volunteers were called for. The inhabitants flocked into Winchester (ten miles from Crockett's home) from far and near. Their families were liable to be murdered in cold blood, their homes destroyed, and the country ravaged by merciless savages. Davy shouldered his rifle, marched to Winchester, and placed himself in a special company under Capt. Jones, afterward Congressman from Tennessee.

Crockett continued under his leadership for a while, and was then sent in command of a squad of men to reconnoiter. He went into the heart of the enemy's country, and distinguished himself repeatedly by his daring and cunning. He had become the best shot with a rifle in the region where he lived, and possessed

natural shrewdness in strategy surpassed only by the red adversary of the woods. He made forced marches, waded through swamps, climbed mountains, visited friendly Indians, and reported to the main army, under Gen. Jackson and Col. Coffey, when danger menaced either.

To illustrate the honesty and kindness of heart which ever characterized this brave, rough soldier of the backwoods, we quote a little from his own journal of this date:

"I turned aside to hunt, and had not gone far, when I found a deer that had just been killed and skinned, and his flesh was still warm and smoking. From this I was sure that the Indian who had killed it had been gone only a very few minutes; and though I was never much in favor of one hunter stealing from another, yet meat was so scarce in camp that I thought I must go in for it. So I just took up the deer on my horse before me, and carried it on till night. I could have sold it for almost any price I would have asked, but this was not my rule, neither in peace nor war; whenever I had anything and saw a fellow being suffering, I was more anxious to relieve him than to benefit myself. And this is one of the true secrets of my being a poor man to this day. But it is my way; and while it has often left me with an empty purse, which is as near the devil as anything else I have seen, yet it has never left my heart empty of consolation which money couldn't buy—the consolation of having sometimes fed the hungry, and covered the naked."

A very amusing circumstance took place in one of the battles with the redskins about this time, which is well worth relating. Quite a large force had been concentrated under Col. Coffey, which was to attack an Indian village near by. The plan was to divide the forces equally, and have them meet at an appointed hour on each side of the Indian encampment. Everything worked as predetermined, and before they were aware of it, the savages were

completely hemmed in. They ran first one way and then another, totally demoralized. Finally, the squaws, seeing escape impossible, ran up to the soldiers and pleaded for mercy. Many of them would rush up to one of the whites and cling to his coat tail, entreating him not to kill them. Seeing seven of them around a single soldier, Crockett, raising his voice above the din of battle and wail of victims, cried:

"The Scriptures are being fulfilled! The Scriptures are being fulfilled! There are seven women holding on to one man's coat tail! But," adds this comic specimen of the *genus homo*, "I believe the man had on a hunting shirt instead of a coat."

In this same attack, forty-six of the warriors ran into a house, and refusing to come out at the whites' command, were burned to death. After the fighting was over, some one discovered that the cellar under the house where the Indians had been burned, contained a quantity of potatoes. The soldiers being ravenously hungry, dug into it and secured the provisions. But the oil from the stewed carcasses above had run down upon them and "they looked like they had been cooked with fat meat!" The potatoes were eaten, and relished, nevertheless.

Under Old Hickory Face, as Gen. Jackson was called, the army marched to Fort Talladega, where they surrounded and completely routed eleven hundred Indians. Davy again manifested great courage and skill, winning the unstinted admiration of officers and men.

After the famous battle of Talladega, fought Dec. 7, 1813, Gen. Jackson's forces remained on the field and waited for provisions. But day after day sped away, and no provisions came. The soldiers were well nigh starving, and proposed to the commander to let them return home and replenish their exchequer. Jackson, ever self-willed and positive, said "No," and he meant it. The sixty-day men resolved to go, anyhow. Jackson placed artillery and

musketry in their path, so they couldn't leave. But their minds were set on going, and go they did. Old Hickory Face said they were the queerest volunteers he ever saw. "They would volunteer to go out and fight, and then when they got ready would volunteer to go home again, in spite of the devil."

After replenishing his ammunition, wardrobe, and provisions, David Crockett returned to the scenes of conflict. He attached himself again to Major Russell, and passed through many hardships and fierce fights under his leadership. Their company now marched on with all haste to Pensacola, where Jackson was to meet the British fleet. Major Russell arrived a little too late to assist in this victory, but was warmly welcomed by Jackson, nevertheless.

After stopping a short time at Pensacola, Crockett was off again in search of hostile Indians, and something to eat. Not very much fighting was done, but suffering of the keenest character was experienced. Day after day did they tramp over hill and vale, cross rivers, wade swamps, and suffer the pangs of hunger. Provisions became so scarce finally that the soldiers wandered about almost as they pleased, seeking to find a morsel to appease the terrible gnawing at their stomachs. Horses died and were left by the wayside. Small game was met with occasionally, but only in sufficient quantities to excite the appetite for more. It seemed that an entire regiment of men would have to lie down and die of starvation at times. Finally, they reached the land of milk and honey; provisions were brought them, and the famished wretches once more became men and soldiers.

It was not long before peace was concluded with the Indians by Gen. Jackson, and the weary patriots returned to their homes. In all the war Davy Crockett had been among the most active and the most beloved of all. He was the best shot, the most skillful hunter, the wittiest in camp, and the bravest when it came

to a hand-to-hand encounter with the savages. With such qualities he could not but be immensely popular with his compatriots, valued highly by his superiors, thus fitting himself unconsciously for future greatness.

Like Washington, when the country was once more at peace, and had no further need of his services, David Crockett returned to his modest home in Franklin Co., Tenn., where, surrounded by his little family, he once more rested in the sweet experiences of rustic life. The noble-hearted wife went about her household duties now, singing gaily the songs of her girlhood, supremely happy in the consciousness of her husband's presence after so long a separation. The day's work ended, all would gather around the old-fashioned fireplace, where, with a boy upon each knee, the bronzed soldier would relate some blood-curdling adventure, or amuse them with the tricks and puns of camp life.

But the pleasant fireside did not remain undisturbed. Death knocked at the door of that cabin one night, and demanded the wife and mother. It was a sad stroke. The helpless children clung to the dead mother's remains, while the father and husband, crushed with sorrow, could give them no consolation. But they looked to Him for strength and succor in the dark hours of affliction, until the flood began to lessen, and sunshine once more found a crevice through which to flash its gladdening rays.

Three children were left for Davy to care for. Of course he could not do this and attend to the active labors of frontier life, so he persuaded his younger brother and wife to keep house for him. This they did for awhile, but the need of a mother was still much felt. There happening to be a widow near by, with two children and a small farm, Davy thought it would be the wisest course to unite their forces; consequently the proposal was made, the day set, and the widow and widower became such no longer—they were married.

In the fall succeeding this alliance, Mr. Crockett, in company with three others—Frazier, Robinson, and Rich, by name—determined to go on an exploring expedition. They were looking for a better country—a country of immortal youth perhaps, like De Leon of earlier days. But Crockett was not destined to find such a sphere of existence in this world at least, as, soon after starting out, he was taken violently sick with a fever. His comrades left him at a farmhouse down near where Tuscaloosa now stands, and continued their journey. For weeks he lay lingering between life and death. But gradually he regained health.

To this family, whose name was Jones, he always owed a deep debt of gratitude for their kindness and great hospitality. No medicine was given him except some Bateman drops, which seemed to have the desired effect. In regard to this circumstance the inimitable Davy says:

“I have been particular in giving a history of this sickness, not because I believe it will interest anybody now, but if I should be forced to take the ‘White House,’ then it will be a good history, and every one will look on it as important. And I can’t, for my life, help laughing now, to think that when all my folks get around me, wanting good fat offices, how so many of them will say, ‘What a good thing it was that that kind woman had a bottle of drops that saved PRESIDENT CROCKETT’s life—the second greatest and best!’ ‘Good,’ says I, ‘my noble fellow! You take the postoffice, or the navy, or the war office, or, maybe, the treasury.’ But if I give him the treasury, there’s no devil, if I don’t make him agree first, to fetch back them deposits. And if it’s even the postoffice, I’ll make him promise to keep his money ’count without any figuring, as that throws the whole concern head over heels in debt, in little or no time.”

Sickness over, our wanderer returns to his home, where he finds his wife mourning him as dead. His wife receives him to

her bosom, and the overjoyed family rejoice in the fact that "the dead is alive, and the lost found."

But Mr. Crockett and wife concluded to take a change of climate, and find a new home. Consequently, the household goods are stowed away in one of those old-fashioned traveling ambulances, the children put in a close "carry-all," and the neighborhood that has known him so long, will know him no more forever.

They traveled about eighty miles, over to Shoals Creek, in the new Indian purchase, where there was neither law nor order, and here Davy drove his stake for future greatness. The neighbors met, organized themselves into a corporation, and asked no assistance from Congress, President Jackson, or any one else. Crockett was chosen magistrate. The first round in the ladder! He was planted upon the first step of the political stairway, and, no doubt, like Archimedes of old, felt like crying, "Give me a fulcrum, and I'll move the world."

His description of his own ability and manner of procedure while in this office, gives us a fair insight into the condition of society and civilization during the early settling of our country. He could barely write his own name, nor could he read writing much better than he could wield the pen. For quite awhile there was not much need of such superfluities, as his warrants were all issued in "verbal writing;" but in the course of time, the Legislature reorganized the community according to law, and then it became necessary for the magistrate to fill out reports, issue regular warrants, etc.,—a task that came well nigh proving the straw with which to break the camel's back. The constable, however, assisted the justice; indeed, many times making out his own warrants, and having Crockett sign them after the culprit was brought to trial. He says, in this connection:

"My judgments were never appealed from, and if they had been, they would have stuck like wax, as I gave my decisions on

the principles of common justice and honesty between man and man, and relied on natural-born sense, and not on law-learning, to guide me, for I had never read a page in a law-book in all my life!"

Shortly after being regularly installed as magistrate of his community, David Crockett was called upon by a certain Capt. Mathews, and entreated to become a candidate for the position of Major in a regiment that was being formed. Ever desirous of peace rather than war, and retirement rather than publicity, he declined. However, the Captain was urgent, and Crockett finally submitted. |

Mathews himself was a candidate for the rank of colonel, so he gave a great dinner, invited everybody for miles around, in order to pull his wires and consummate the scheme. 'Squire Crockett was, of course, present in full force, as jovial and witty as ever. After reaching the house, it was discovered that the son of Mathews was to be an opponent of Crockett's. This aroused the latter's ire considerably, so he drew Capt. Mathews aside, and demanded an explanation. The Captain said his son was his own man, had been placed in the field, and was going to run, but greatly feared he would be beaten, if Crockett remained a candidate. Davy resolved at once upon his course of action. He told Mathews he proposed to enter the arena against him, the father, for the Colonelcy. Mathews was delighted. He thought it a capital joke, took Davy back into the house, mounted a chair, and introduced his new political adversary to the crowd. Davy then jumped upon the temporary platform, made a full explanation of the circumstances in the case, and requested their votes. His fine humor, honest countenance, and recital of his previous war record, captured the multitude completely, and when the vote was taken, there was a new Colonel, and his name was Davy Crockett.

This was his first popular victory, but it was complete and

overwhelming. It gave him confidence in his powers over people. His name went abroad all over that region of country, and in a very short time there was no one whom the people delighted to talk about more than the eccentric Crockett of Shoal's Creek.

Of course this gave him an excellent impetus toward something higher. He was soon solicited to become a candidate for the Legislature. Although scarcely realizing what the office meant, he consented, and in February, 1821, his name was announced, and soon after the canvass began.

To a modern politician the story of a candidate for the Legislature who had never read a page of law nor a newspaper in his life, seems almost incredulous; but such was literally true of Col. Davy Crockett. He did not push himself before the people—he was well aware of his ignorance—but the people indorsed him with all his illiteracy, and he did the best that was possible. Honesty took the place of learning; common sense of vague theorizing, and native talent was admired where bombast would have been ignored.

The campaign was upon him, and what to do, where to go, when to talk, and when to keep still, were questions which could not be easily answered by this champion of the people's rights. He concluded to run around awhile among his constituents, which he proceeded to do, on foot and horseback, as was customary in those days, visiting various sections of his district, and generally producing a favorable impression. At one gathering he met his opponent, a man of considerable learning and a good talker, who insisted on Col. Crockett's making a speech. It was in vain to plead other business; the cry for "Speech! speech!" was raised, mostly by his opponents, who wanted to see him fail, to which he reluctantly responded. This was his maiden effort. Never had he thought about making a political talk to an assembly when he accepted the nomination, else the prospect would perhaps have induced a decided

refusal. What did he know about the government? What about the duties of representative?

However, he mounted the temporary rostrum, and began. Who can picture his misgivings? If ignorance had only been bliss, 'twould have been folly to be wise; but it was not thus in his case. He knew his weakness, and quaked visibly before the stare of those upturned faces.

He possessed a full stock of stories, which is an indispensable commodity for a stump speaker, so he related an anecdote with which to break the ice. But the ice being broken, he found himself sinking deeper and deeper into the waters of confusion, until, as he says, "My mouth seemed to be jammed and crammed full of dry mush." Oh, the misery of such an hour! But Crockett was equal to the emergency; he told another story! "There was a fellow beating on the head of an empty barrel," said he, "when a traveler coming along asked him what he was doing that for. The fellow replied that there was some cider in that barrel a few days before, and he was trying to see if there was any then, but if there was he couldn't get it out. I'm like that fellow. There was a little bit of a speech in me a while ago, but I believe I can't get it out." This amused the crowd; he told another story, and invited them over to the stand to get something to drink.

Once after this he was in pretty close quarters. The candidates for Governor and Congress met with him at Vernon one day, where speech-making was the order of exercises. Crockett was to be heard last, so during the other speeches he learned more about governmental affairs than he had ever known before. When the time arrived for him to entertain the crowd the hour was late, so he related a humorous anecdote, and dismissed the crowd.

Thus the campaign went on, and Col. Crockett was selected to represent the people in the State Legislature of Tennessee.

He made good use of his opportunities. When the first ses-

sion of the Legislature was over, he knew more concerning politics than many another who had read the papers all his life. He did nothing to distinguish himself at this session, except to retain his reputation for honesty, perseverance, and good humor.



CHAPTER III.

MAKES A NEW HOME—PERSISTENCE AND BRAVERY—A SECOND TIME CANDIDATE FOR THE LEGISLATURE IN OPPOSITION TO JACKSON—IS HIMSELF DEFEATED—TWO YEARS IN SPECULATION—BEAR HUNTING—TAKES HIS SEAT IN CONGRESS—TOUR THROUGH THE NORTH.

While at the capitol all of his earthly possessions were suddenly swept away. A large freshet played havoc with his mill and distillery, which he had built, and when he returned home it was found that all of his other goods must be sold to pay his creditors. This was promptly done, greatly to the credit of this honorable backwoods representative, and Col. Crockett was once more adrift in the world without a dollar.

He now took his young son, and in company with a young man of the neighborhood, emigrated again to a new country. This was on the Albion River, just at what point is not stated. Here he built a cabin, cleared a piece of ground, put in a crop of corn, and started back home for his family. They all repaired to the new home in the fall of 1822, where, with much suffering and want, another start was made, another foothold secured, and the hero of so many conflicts rested peaceably in the embrace of his family.

One circumstance occurred the winter of their residence on the Albion River, which forcibly demonstrates the fierce determination

of David Crockett to accomplish whatever he undertook, and which, for bravery, ingenuity, and a disposition to obey the call of duty, is almost without parallel in the history of our country.

About Christmas time he ran out of powder. The meat grew scarce, and it became absolutely necessary that he make a trip to his brother-in-law's, six miles distant, to secure ammunition. The river had overflowed its banks until it stretched all over the bottoms between the two houses. But Crockett resolved to wade it, no matter how cold the water, nor how difficult the passage. Consequently, the day before Christmas, he started out with his gun and a few dry clothes, to make the perilous trip. He waded, swam, and crossed on trees, for about two miles, and finally reached his brother-in-law's house almost frozen to death. The next day was fearfully cold, and he was prevailed upon to delay his return. Another day came and the weather was keener than ever, but the father and husband resolved to return or die in the attempt. When he reached the flooded portion, everything was a sea of ice as far as the eye could reach. He stepped out boldly and walked a short distance before the ice broke and let him through. He then took his tomahawk, cut the ice before him, and waded slowly along. Of course the gun and keg of powder he was carrying must be kept above the water all the time, which was extremely difficult to do, as he would frequently go down up to his neck. But for two miles this brave man plodded along. For two miles he cut ice, struggled through it, felled saplings, and nearly froze himself stiff in order to get back home, where he feared a loved family was famishing for want of food.

But the herculean task was finally accomplished,—dry land was at length sounded, and the cheerful fireside once more welcomed back the courageous hunter and hardy frontiersman.

The next morning, although the snow was several inches deep, and the sleet rattled incessantly upon its surface. Col.

Crockett, his son and the young man stopping with him, started out for a hunt. None of them had any particular relish for bears, alive, except Davy; so he took a path by himself in search of Old Bruin, while the others occupied themselves with "smaller fry."

He was not destined to travel many miles before the hounds scented a bear, and finally came up to it. When the hunter saw it at a distance of eighty yards it looked like a huge black bull. Never had he beheld a bear of such enormous size. But he made for it without delay, until it ran up a large oak tree. It seemed a resting place which afforded a fair shot, and Davy's unerring rifle sent a bullet crashing through its breast. Instead of tumbling, it only lifted its paw, and then came leisurely down the tree. Another shot before it reached the bottom caused it to roll the remainder of the way, but upon touching the ground it seized one of the hounds and crushed him to death. Davy first pulled out his tomahawk and knife and advanced to within a few feet of it, but discovered the monstrous beast was by no means unable to engage in a fierce conflict for life; so he retreated, loaded his gun, took another good aim, and ended the life of the huge monster.

Col. Crockett thinks this bear must have weighed six hundred pounds, at least, and if so there have been few larger ones seen in this country.

One of the peculiarities of early American life was the rapidity with which men rose from obscurity to great prominence, from the canebrake to a seat in the national assemblies. Nor can there be found a better demonstration of this feature of our politics than in the eventful life under consideration. The scenes in this drama were as checkered as could be found upon any variety stage of modern times—one day a backwoods hunter, the next a member of the legislature; one day a flat boatman, the next sitting in the highest seat of the nation; one day killing bears with knife and gun, clad in moccasins, coonskin and leggins, the next fighting as

energetically to defeat Gen. Jackson, or startling a world by some brilliant stroke of genius in the capitol at Washington City. No wonder foreigners stand off and look with wonder and amazement upon such a country. No wonder royalists speak disdainfully, and aristocracy deprecates such a constitution as will permit all grades of society to be represented, and "the greatest good to the greatest number" ever to be the principle which triumphs. But thus it has been, and thus it is, and thus may it ever be.

Col. Crockett, in the spring of 1823, visited Jackson, his nearest trading point, for the purpose of trading. Here he met with some old war comrades, and also three candidates for the legislature. Some one suggested to him that he ought to come out as a candidate; to which he replied that his intention was to make a living for his family by honest labor and killing bears. Nothing more was thought of it until a week or two afterward a friend called upon him, and informed the retired statesman that his (Crockett's) name was already before the people, and run he must. Davy considered it at first a good joke, but seeing a paper announcing him as a candidate, he resolved to make it more than a joke; he would run. A little arranging of matters at home, and "the people's man" began the campaign.

The other candidates concluded they would consolidate their forces; so two of them withdrew, and left Dr. Butler, a very able man and shrewd politician, in the field against Crockett. However, two other independent candidates came out, and the race was then divided among the four. Col. Crockett's name soon became known all over the representative district. Wherever he went, his cordial manners and witty sayings captured the masses, as was evinced at the polls, when the count gave the hunter-statesman two hundred and forty-seven votes over his competitors.

He was returned to the Legislature from a new region of country, where he had lived less than a year, without missing a session.

He points with pride to the fact that, soon after being returned to the Legislature, he voted against his old commander, Gen. Jackson, for United States Senator, because he considered the opponent of Jackson, Col. Williams, the more worthy of the two. Jackson was elected, but Crockett never regretted for a moment his opposition to the great chief. In fact, while he admired the ability of Jackson, and recognized him as one of the greatest men of modern times, he nevertheless took occasion frequently to oppose him, whenever Jackson seemed in error.

In 1824 the people insisted upon Davy's becoming a candidate for Congress, against Col. Alexander, who had made himself quite unpopular by his vote upon the tariff question. Crockett wouldn't listen to the request at all for awhile, saying he knew nothing about national affairs scarcely, and could not fill the place. However, he finally consented to run, and was beaten. The reason for this defeat, he thinks, was the rise in the price of cotton to twenty-five dollars a hundred, which fact was taken advantage of by Col. Alexander, until the people supposed it was because of the tariff act. At any rate, Davy was beaten two votes in this election, and retired from politics for two years.

During the period which elapsed between Col. Crockett's defeat in the campaign against Col. Alexander, and the time when he once more appeared in political battle-line, he was engaged in hunting, trapping, flat-boating, and almost anything at which he could turn an honest penny. He was an indefatigable worker; his hands were never idle.

Before the season for bear-hunting had fully arrived, Davy concluded he would speculate a little, and built two large flat-boats, which he loaded with furs, meat, and other products, and started for New Orleans. As seemed ever to be the case when he ventured into any business speculation, the trip proved anything but successful; it left him financially a bankrupt again; for, after

getting into the Mississippi River, neither he nor his pilots could manage the crafts at all, and the first night out upon this deep, rolling stream, they ran into an island surrounded by heavy drift. Of course, there was a powerful suction at such a place, and in little less than no time, the two flat-boats were beneath the treacherous drift, and all on board barely escaped with their lives. At this time Crockett was pulled through a small hole in the cabin, so small that it literally skinned him of his clothing, but saved his life. The boats were never recovered, and the wo-begone mariners returned to their backwoods home, wiser, and it may be, better men for their experience.

Then came on the bear-hunting season, in which Davy so much delighted. And to read his modest recitals of what would generally be considered the most thrilling adventures, gives one an idea of this man's wonderful courage and strength. Seventeen bears were killed by him in one week, and one hundred and five in about two months' shooting. Such results are almost without a parallel in the history of adventure. Yet he relates it all in a nonchalant manner, as though it were nothing more to slay one of these huge monsters of the forest than to shoot prairie-chickens where they are plenty.

Finally, the time rolled around for another Congressional election. Col. Alexander was again in the field, but cotton had fallen to eight dollars per hundred. Crockett resolved to give him another chase. But where was the money to come from? He was a total bankrupt, but a friend appeared with all the cash necessary to assist in the campaign. Gen. William Arnold was also in the field, and the race for a seat at Washington was taken in much earnest. Neither of the other candidates suspected for a moment that Crockett would get anything more than a handful of votes. They ignored him on public occasions; spoke jestingly of him whenever his name was mentioned, and devoted all their time



CROCKETT SHOOTING GRIZZLY BEARS.

against each other. When the election came, and the count was taken, Col. Davy Crockett had outstripped his competitors by twenty-seven hundred majority.

A little circumstance during this campaign will serve to illustrate the feelings with which Crockett was held by his two opponents. They all happened to meet at the same place, and were billed for a speech. Davy spoke first in his usual strain, after which the other two replied. Gen. Arnold spoke last, and concerning this speech Davy relates as follows:

“The General took much pains to reply to Alexander, but didn’t so much as let on that there was any such candidate as myself at all. He had been speaking for a considerable time, when a large flock of Guinea-fowls came very near to where he was, and set up the most unmerciful chattering that ever was heard. They so confused the General, that he made a stop, and requested that they might be driven away. I let him finish his speech, and then walking up to him, said aloud, ‘Well, Colonel, you are the first man I ever saw that understood the language of fowls.’ I told him that he had not had the politeness to mention me in his speech, and that when my little friends, the Guinea-fowls, had come up and begun to holler, ‘Crockett ! Crockett ! Crockett !’ he had been ungenerous enough to stop and drive them all away. This raised a universal shout among the people for me, and the General seemed mighty badly plagued. But he got more plagued than this at the polls in August.”

In Congress Col. Crockett made himself heard and felt. He favored the administration during all of his first two years’ experience, but finally, when it seemed that Jackson had determined to *compel* adherence and even obedience to his words, this honest, independent, and courageous hunter of the West dared to oppose him. He opposed the President’s Indian policy. He did not believe it right, and voted against it. Jackson’s wrath was at once

incurred, and although the Colonel was re-elected to Congress in 1829 by a large majority, yet the storm grew fiercer, the furnace of persecution waxed hotter, Jackson and his adherents resorted to the most hostile measures, until, when he appeared before his people for a third election, the atmosphere was pregnant with defeat.

He went boldly to work, however, and in the face of foul venom, false reports, wealth and influence, he was again re-elected by a small majority.

Col. Davy Crockett's name had been heralded from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. His antic deeds, stalwart opposition to Jackson, and notoriously original speeches on the floor of Congress, had combined to give this modest backwoods' representative a reputation that was national. Had some of our modern Lecture Bureaus been in existence at that time, Davy Crockett would have been besieged with offers too extravagant for belief. But in the absence of such opportunities for fame, and by advice of his physician, he determined to take a short respite from the labors of Congress in visiting the northern section of the country. Never having read scarcely any himself of the current topics found in the newspapers, he little imagined that his name was known outside the capital and his congressional district of Tennessee. Judge of his surprise, when, having taken a steamer at Baltimore, upon reaching the wharf at Philadelphia, he found a vast throng of people anxiously gazing in the direction of his vessel. Inquiring innocently of the captain what it all meant, the information was speedily imparted that they were waiting to catch a glimpse of the renowned Davy Crockett. The reception was of the most magnificent character. Thousands of people followed the carriage in which he was driven to the hotel, where, standing upon the veranda he made a few remarks expressive of his great surprise, and promising them a speech of more length the next day.

At the hotel he was called upon by all the distinguished citizens

of Philadelphia, including many of national reputation. Two days were spent in the Quaker City. The Water Works, Navy Yard, Mint and other places of interest were visited, to the intense delight of our novice in the world's great workshops. At the mint, seeing the workmen handling so much money, he asked if they never stole the coin. The answer was, "No; they get used to it." "Well," says Crockett, "I thought that was what my parson would call heterodox doctrine; that the longer a man was in temptation the more he would not sin."

Being invited by the captain of a steamer to take a run up to New York, the Colonel set off, highly delighted with his stay in Philadelphia, and wondering how in the world the people ever knew he was coming. But his bewilderment was to be augmented when they should reach the docks on Manhattan Island. There the same sea of upturned faces as greeted him at Philadelphia, gazed eagerly to catch a glimpse of the renowned visitor. Here a committee was sent on board to formally receive him, and he was hurried off to the American Hotel, where a large company had assembled to pay their respects to him. He said it would have been more comfortable had he been out bear hunting, or in his old log cabin surrounded by his wife and children.

While in New York the Colonel visited the principal newspaper offices, theatres, and places of interest, finally getting to Wall Street, where was assembled a large crowd, clamorous for a speech. Crockett gave them what they wanted, and returned to his hotel. A large crowd had assembled to partake of a bountiful repast which had been arranged by the Whigs of the city in honor of their champion. Davy joined in the levee with a hearty good will, although, as he says: "Thinks I, they had better keep some of these things to eat for somebody else, for I'm sure I'm as full as a young cub."

While in the city the Colonel was introduced to Major Jack

Downing, with whom he seemed particularly delighted; Judge Clayton, of Georgia; Col. Draper, Col. S. D. Jackson, Gen. Morton, Hon. Albert Gallatin, Col. Webb, and others.

Passing down Broadway on the 1st day of May, the Colonel said it seemed to him that the city was all up and flying before some terrible calamity. "Why," said he to his companion, "Colonel, what under heaven is the matter? Everybody seems to be pitching out their furniture, and packing it off." It was only "moving day" in the great city.

A trip to Jersey City was made, where he took part in a shooting match, in which he distinguished himself, and carried off the prize.

Returning to the city, the evening was spent with friends at the hotel, and upon the morrow the honored though untutored guest sailed for Boston. A very enjoyable time was experienced upon this short voyage. At different ports crowds were assembled, invitations to stop were numerous, and every attention was tendered aboard ship.



CHAPTER IV.

FETED AT BOSTON AND LOWELL—RETURNS TO THE NATIONAL HALLS—RECEIVES COSTLY RIFLE FROM WHIGS AT PHILADELPHIA—IS WELCOMED HOME—AMUSING INCIDENTS IN POLITICAL LIFE—OPPOSES ANDREW JACKSON.

Arriving at Boston, the Athens of America, the cultured city of the new Republic, Col. Crockett was conveyed to the handsomest "tavern," as he termed all hotels, that it was his pleasure to visit—Tremont House.

Of course, having always heard of the severe formality of New England manners, and being himself without any knowledge of books or etiquette, our Tennessee bear hunter expected a very cool reception. In this he was to be pleasantly disappointed. In no other part of the country, he maintained, was he received with such unfeigned friendship and open generosity as in Boston and vicinity. Invitations to dine and sup with the most aristocratic of the Commonwealth flowed in upon him, until it was impossible to accept more than a small fraction of them. "It was impossible to accept all of them, unless I had had the digestion of a cassowary."

Mr. Harding, the artist, painted his portrait and hung it in a conspicuous place. Gen. Davis took him to Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of American liberty," the great market house was examined, Roxbury's India rubber establishment was seen, where Davy was much diverted at seeing feminine hands putting together

garments without stitching. He was taken to Col. Perkins' carpet factory, from thence to the navy yard at Charlestown, and finally to Bunker Hill. He was toasted at dinner parties, visited by distinguished committees, banqueted by the young Whigs, and fairly carried about upon the shoulders of the enthusiastic Bostonians.

In mentioning his visit to Col. Perkins' blind asylum—a magnificent gift from this noble-hearted man—Davy Crockett manifests that kindliness of heart and indwelling human sympathy which gave him such a power with the people. He says: “God never made such men to be envied, or I could begrudge him a few of the many assurances of gratitude which he receives from the poor and destitute.”

An invitation to Harvard University was declined—it was too much. He feared they would get him out there and force an LL. D. on him, which he thought entirely too heavy for his shoulders.

Several times during his travels had the Colonel attended theatres, and at none of them does he seem to have enjoyed the acting, except at the Bowery in New York, where he saw Miss Kemble play. At Boston he visited the Tremont Theatre, but was disappointed as usual. He complained of the star actress' being a married woman, when she was acting in the *role* of a maiden. And the singing,—“Why,” says our unappreciative auditor, “it was not half up to a Mississippi boat-horn.”

Paying a visit to Lowell, the Colonel was very much interested in the large manufactories, where five thousand women were employed, and expressed his satisfaction that destitute women were thus provided with a means of subsistence.

But the hour of departure for Washington had come. The Appropriation Bill had been passed, Davy's health was renewed, and the voice of duty called him back to the national halls. He therefore took his farewell of Massachusetts, sailed to New York, stopped

over night, and boarded the morning train for Washington, via Baltimore.

His arrival at the capitol was as novel as his description of it. The House was in session, and just as he stepped into the room, they were calling for the ayes and noes on a resolution offered by Mr. Boone.

"Crockett of Tennessee!" called the clerk. "Aye!" answered a voice, and every one turned about to see, sure enough, the veritable Crockett, ready for business.

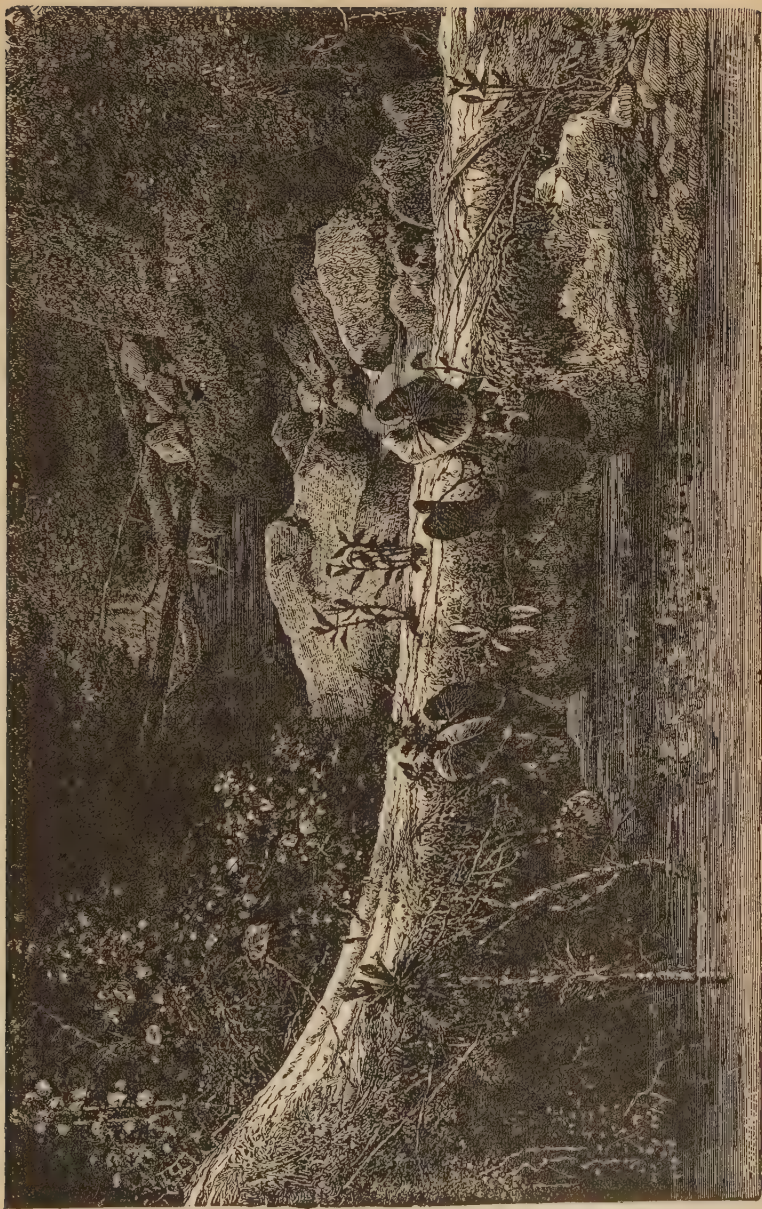
After a hearty greeting by his associates, the business of the House was rigidly adhered to until adjournment.

Little, indeed, did the renowned representative from Tennessee dream that this breaking up of Congress was to be the last ever witnessed by himself, but so it was to prove. The die was cast, the edict from "the government," Andrew Jackson, had gone forth, never to be revoked until all opposers to the administration were buried in their political graves.

Col. Crockett passed through Philadelphia, where he received several presents from admirers, the most appreciated of which was a beautiful and costly rifle, presented by the young Whigs of the city. This he retained to his dying hour.

Arriving at Pittsburgh, old Capt. Stone, with whom Crockett was well acquainted, hurried him on board his boat, which he had kept waiting one day in expectation of his distinguished friend. A pleasant trip it proved to be down to Louisville, for whenever the people along the river knew of his presence on the boat, numerous demonstrations of admiration and curiosity were indulged in.

It was not long before the hills of his own humble home began to loom up in the distance, and with quickened steps and joyful heart the bear hunter of the far West hurried to the bosom of his family. Joyful, indeed, was the meeting. The father and husband had returned loaded with honors, bearing many manifesta-



A FALLEN MONARCH.

tions of the deep regard of his countrymen; returned to cheer the fireside in the woods by his genial smiles, funny anecdotes, varied experience, and numerous presents. But the joy upon his countenance was soon to turn to grief—the buoyant spirits were soon to be crushed, nevermore to assume their wonted elasticity.

The time had arrived for another canvass of his district. Several times had the people approved of his course and wisdom in the halls of national legislation. So he started upon this canvass, with Adam Hunt's man in the field as opponent, full of hope for the future, which increased as the election drew near. The two often spoke at the same meeting, and as often did Crockett feel assured of his success over his competitor.

A circumstance illustrating the condition of society in those parts, and the manœuvres of opposing candidates in the "good old days of our fathers," will here prove interesting.

Crockett and his opponent met at a place called the Cross Roads, where each was billed for a speech. His opponent had been talking some time when he arrived, and had secured the attention of the crowd completely, when some one cried out, "There comes Crockett." The rest then raised the cry, "Crockett! Crockett! A speech from Crockett!" Accordingly, Davy climbed upon a stump and began. He had not proceeded far before the patriotic auditors became thirsty, and asked for something to drink. So the orator descended from his dignified position, and repaired to the stand where "Fresh Wines and Liquors" were to be had. Now it so happened that Davy had brought no money with him, and the bar keeper refused to let any liquor go without the cash. This was a crusher. His constituents began to leave him, until there was not a man left to console him in his predicament. Davy almost concluded it was a lost case, but with his ever fertile ability for getting out of scrapes, he shouldered his rifle and started for the woods. Ere long the crowd was attracted by the crack of a gun,

and presently in came Davy with a fresh coonskin dangling over his shoulder. He marched straight up to the bar, and threw down the trophy with the expression:

"There! Now you'll give me something to drink, won't you?"

Of course the bar tender gladly accepted the coonskin, for it was as good as cash in those parts, and handed out a quart of his best. The aforementioned patriotic Americans, seeing the change in Crockett's financial condition, immediately collected around him again, where, with stories and gin, the nail was clinched for Congress.

But the worst part of the incident was to follow. After drinking, the speech was renewed, but soon the cry arose again for something to wash down the dry motions about government. Crockett was again compelled to climb down and repair to the stand. But where was the money to come from? There was the rub. Stepping up to the temporary bar, without the bar tender's seeing him, Davy caught hold of the coonskin's tail, which was protruding through a crack, and pulling out the wherewithal to get rum and votes, he boldly slapped it down on the counter, and demanded another quart. The unsuspecting proprietor graciously accepted the skin, and again the mob was ready for the speech.

But again, and again, and again, until, Crockett vows on his word, *ten times* did he pull that identical coonskin out by the tail, place it upon the counter, and get a quart of whisky each time.

This trick greatly amused the witnesses of it, and made Col. Crockett doubly popular where it was known.

But time passed (a peculiar characteristic of time), and the election came—came like a thunderbolt to the heart and home of Davy Crockett. He was beaten. His fair hopes for fame and glory had perished. The brightness of noonday was suddenly

turned into the blackness of midnight. It was a crash out of a clear sky, yet it completely overwhelmed him. Ah! Fame, thou art a miserable paymaster! Many have been the ambitious creatures of existence gleaning honey from thy blossoms, only at last to be poisoned by their sweetness!

Andrew Jackson was not to be bitterly opposed, and not resent. He had furnished money, according to Crockett, and influence, and offered rank and every means in his power, to defeat the champion of the Constitution in Tennessee, and this time his efforts proved successful.



CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE FOR TEXAS—STRANGE ADVENTURES—SHOWS TRUE
COURAGE AND NOBILITY—RESISTS SANTA ANNA—FIGHTING
AGAINST GREAT ODDS—HAND TO HAND CONFLICT—DIES IN
THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY AT ALAMO.

It was in 1835 that Col. David Crockett took leave of his family, and started for the far West. With a sad heart he bade them each farewell. His bright hopes for the future seemed all to have perished, and he determined to abandon the country of his disgrace forever. Disgrace? No, not that. No stain was upon his character; no charge of dishonesty had been sustained against him; no crime, with its hideous visage, dogged his footsteps. But he had failed—failed in the very hour when the sun of his glory seemed to be in the meridian; failed, after having struggled from the bottom round up to the very summit of fame; failed, when expectant eyes were watching with tender interest, and loving hearts beat quickly at thoughts of a still more brilliant career. It was a hard blow, but a little spark gleamed in the distance. He might visit the scene of conflict between Texas and Mexico, and there either win back lost laurels, or bravely die in defence of freedom.

It would be useless to follow him minutely as he wanders to the far West. Especially so, since the only account of this trip purporting to come from his own pen, is so obviously a fabrication,

that it would be difficult to arrive at the true facts in the case. Suffice it to say that he made his way to the great Mississippi, crossed the "Father of Waters," and soon found himself in Little Rock, Ark. Here he meets with those who have heard of him, is given a banquet, and remains several days, enjoying the hospitality of friends. While at Little Rock he engages in a shooting-match, in which he comes off victor, by a little trick that may be related. The first shot he made was a center. It astonished the natives. But desiring to appear still greater in their eyes, he said: "Pshaw! I can do that five times out of six." They insisted that he should do it. This was perplexing, but he would do his best. So, coolly raising "Betsey" to his shoulder, he fired the second time. Search was made for the bullet, but it could be found nowhere—he had missed the entire target. Silly slipping a bullet out of his pocket, Davy slipped it into the hole where the other had gone, and then suddenly announced that the second shot had followed the first. This he had them prove by digging out the two bullets, which was evidence indisputable and overwhelming.

In company with friends, the Colonel started on horseback to Greenville, a considerable distance toward Red River, where he expected to take a boat. After reaching the town mentioned, his friends left him to pursue his journey alone, and they returned home. He journeyed on to Washington, a small place on the banks of the Red River, where, according to his statement, the following conversation took place between him and the tavern-keeper:

"Good morning, mister; I don't 'zactly recollect your name now," said the landlord.

"It makes no difference," replied Davy.

"I think I've seen you somewhere."

"Quite likely; I've been there."

"I knew I had, but queer I should forget your name."

"Yes, strange you should forget what you never knew," says the Colonel.

"It is onaccountably strange. I have a very detentive memory generally. I've scarce ever forgot a name afore."

"Eh, heh!"

"Traveling, I presume, mister?"

"Presume anything you please, sir, but don't bother me with your presumptions."

"O Lord, no sir, I won't do that; I've no ideer of doing that. I suppose you've been West afore now?"

"Well, suppose I have?"

"Well, I was going to say you must be pretty well—that is to say, you must know something about it."

"Eh, heh," says Davy.

"I take it you're a married man, sir."

"Take it as you please, it's none of my business."

"I conclude you have a family of children, sir."

"I don't know what reason you have to conclude that."

"Oh, no reason in the world, sir; none in the world. I just thought I might take the liberty to make the presumption, you know. I take it you're a man about my age?"

"Eh, heh!"

"I take it you have money at interest, mister," continued the worthy.

"Would it be of any particular interest to you to find out?"

"Oh, not at all—not the least in the world. I'm not at all inquisitive about other people's business. I mind my own matters; that's my way."

By this time the Colonel was ready to mount his horse, and as a parting salute, he says:

"Any more questions, old man?"

"No, nothing to speak on. When are you coming back?"

"About the time I return," replied Crockett, and galloped off. But the old news-gatherer yelled after him:

"Well, I shall look for you then. I hope you won't fail to call."

Col. Crockett reached Fulton, on the Red River, where, after staying a few days, he boarded a steamboat, and started for the interior. Going as far as he could by water, he bought him a horse, and, in company with an individual whom he met on board the packet, he set out for the fortress of Alamo, where he was to give his life in the terrible struggle for liberty.

Many hardships did this noble patriot endure before reaching his destination, but with his ever abundant stock of good humor and a lively companion, the hours glided away swiftly, and he soon found himself knocking at the gate of the fort for admittance.

He and his companion were joyfully received by the commander, Col. Travis, who, with a mere handful of men, was daily expecting the great army of Santa Anna. Nor were they to find their expectations without foundation. The scouts came in every day with the intelligence that the great Mexican general was within three days' march of the fort. There were brave hearts in that fort, but even to them came this intelligence like a death knell; for well they knew the fate of others who had fallen into the hands of this merciless Mexican. But everything was at once put in order; all ammunition and provisions were removed from the town within the walls, and then Col. Travis addressed the men. Said he:

"Boys, we are to be attacked by Santa Anna, with sixteen hundred men. There are only one hundred and fifty of us. Shall we surrender ourselves and the fortress to the Mexican dogs, or fight to the bitter end?"

"Fight! fight! Never surrender!" cried the courageous band.

"Well then, fight it is. I have sent to Col. Fanning, at Goliad, for assistance; he may arrive in time, and he may not. But whatever may

come, let us honor that old flag by showing the cowardly Mexican that an American soldier is not afraid to die for his country and his God."

At the expiration of the three days, Santa Anna was before the fort. He was too cautious to attack at once, but prepared for a siege. Skirmishing was indulged in freely, in which the Mexicans were invariably defeated. Finally, on the 6th day of March, 1836, the fortress was attacked by the entire Mexican command. They forced themselves over the walls, and then began and ended one of the bloodiest hand-to-hand conflicts that history records. The brave Americans, no longer able to fire, used the butt end of their guns, and their knives, fighting like cougars, until, pierced with many a gleaming blade, they fell, one after another, to rise no more. Only two persons out of all the inmates of the fort were spared—a woman by the name of Dickinson, and a negro. Among the gallant dead was Col. Davy Crockett, the bear-hunter, the statesman, the soldier-patriot.

He died as he always desired to die—fighting for freedom and conscience. He died, admired by many for his manly character; respected by more for his unchanging adherence to right, and loved by his countrymen for his high patriotism. He will live in the hearts of his fellow-citizens and upon the pages of history as a remarkable example of perseverance, courage, and nobility of nature. May his life be an inspiration to others born in adversity, and who are battling against untold obstacles, to rise above their origin. May the nation that he honored never forget the rewards of honesty and heroism in public affairs, nor the brilliant record and unsullied character of DAVY CROCKETT!

"Oh, thou lion-hearted warrior!

Reck not of the after-time;

Honor may be deemed dishonor,

Loyalty be called a crime,

Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep! and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Freedom shall not boast a braver
Soldier, statesman, than can we."



well down

Gen. Sam Houston.

well down



GEN. SAMUEL HOUSTON.

LIFE OF GEN. SAMUEL HOUSTON.

SOLDIER, LAWYER, AND STATESMAN.

CHAPTER I

TASTE FOR THE CLASSICS—ACADEMY LIFE—AMONG THE RED MEN—SEEKS THE MATERNAL ROOF—ENGAGES IN TEACHING—ANSWERS THE CALL OF HIS COUNTRY—STERLING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MOTHER—DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF AT HORSESHOE BATTLE—LIEUTENANT IN REGULAR ARMY—NASHVILLE AND THE LAW—IS REWARDED WITH PUBLIC OFFICES.

The beginning of the present century produced a number of remarkable men,—not literati, not great commercial kings, but soldiers and statesmen. The fire of patriotism kindled in the hearts of America's freemen by the Revolutionary struggle, glowed with unabated vigor for nearly half a century, lighting up the firmament ever and anon with brilliant sparks, the influence of which was never to die. Many of the characters suddenly brought into public notice, were rough-hewn and purely original in their make-up—no figure heads, such as are found recorded in the annals of more ancient nations, but men whose love of country and natural endowments placed them in the halls of legislation, or at the head of

an army. Some of these primitive American champions of liberty, with Col. David Crockett and Gen. Jackson as representatives, were totally without book-knowledge or any of the refining influences of school-life. They stepped to the front in districts where people cared nothing for education, nothing for polished manners, nothing for wealth; people of the primitive American backwoods stamp, who loved and voted for public characters of their own sort. Believing that the Latin adage, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," was as true of statesmen and soldiers as of poets, whoever, by sheer force of brain power, naturally rose above his fellows, was crowned king.

Upon the other hand, there were many cultured gentlemen, learned legislators, who also found a place in the halls of Congress, and upon the battlefield. Of this latter class was Gen. Sam Houston, the subject of this sketch. Not a college graduate, it is true, yet a man of polish and social standing, as well as a brave defender of freedom, and a shrewd legislator.

He was born at a place known as Timber Ridge Church, in Rockbridge county, Va., March 2, 1793. His father was of that noble stock which fled from the Old Country, to find a refuge in the free forests of America. His mother was a woman of rare qualities—brave, virtuous, intellectual. She is said to have been of commanding appearance, and much personal magnetism. Entering heartily into the patriotic struggle which took her husband first, and afterward her son, away from the home fireside, Mrs. Houston proved herself a heroine of the true type, by urging her kindred on to victory or death, and with her own hands assisting the cause in every possible manner.

Mr. Houston was first a soldier in the ranks, and afterward Inspector of troops. The latter position was a dignified one, giving him an opportunity of developing the qualities of a commander to his fullest capacity. It is said that his duties were performed with

such admirable skill as to bring forth the heartiest commendations from all the officers of Washington's staff, and even from the great chief himself.

In the year 1807 Mr. Houston died, leaving a wife and nine children—six boys and three girls. The emoluments of his office had been far too meager to lay up any store for a rainy day. In fact, those who took part in that great national sacrifice for free homes and free institutions, little cared for aught else than a scanty support. So, when the fell destroyer placed his cold hand upon the father, Samuel Houston, the latter, with his brothers, sisters, and mother, was left almost penniless.

Mrs. Houston, with true heroic spirit, immediately prepared to emigrate to a country where an opportunity would offer for employment, and perhaps, of gaining a competence for herself and family. The homestead near Lexington was sold, and the Houston household took up their march for Tennessee.

It was a wild, barbarous country at that time, to which this Virginia family were wending their way; no schools, no society, no religious advantages. The screech of the panther, the bark of the wolf, the growl of old bruin were to be heard on every hand, and onslaughts by savage red men had not entirely ceased. But the journey was begun and completed, the die that was to mould the future leader of a young Republican, was cast.

Sammy, as he was called at home, was a precocious youth. His schooling had been limited up to the time of his father's death, six months, perhaps, covering the entire time that the boy had been in the school-room. He was fourteen years of age when the fertile banks of the Tennessee River were first seen, and with a bare six months' training under a crude Virginia teacher, it seemed that the future Statesman's education was to end. However, he was permitted to attend an academy in Eastern Tennessee for a period of several months, and it was here that the thirst for learning which

afterward distinguished him from most of his cotemporaries, first manifested itself. The classics translated, were his favorite reading, while mathematics became exceedingly distasteful to him. Homer's Iliad, and Odyssey, Virgil's *Æneid* and Plato's writings possessed unbounded charms for the young man. The very character of these books is enough to convince any one of the high type of mind of one who could take such delight in them without previous mental discipline. Desiring to delve further into the mysteries of those ancient governments, Samuel insisted upon being taught Latin. This, either because the principal of the academy knew nothing of the language, or for some other reason, was denied the ambitious youth, whereupon he is said to have thrown down his translation and exclaimed: "Then I'll not recite in this translation again while I live," and, as far as known, he never did.

The independent character of young Houston is well illustrated by an incident of his early life, related by a recent biographer:

His older brother becoming somewhat tyrannical, Sammy suddenly left home and took up his abode with the Indians. His bright face, winning manners and strong frame at once brought him into notice with the savages, who readily offered him a home in their wigwams as long as he cared to remain. The importunities of his relatives were insufficient to draw the lad from his savage home until want of clothing compelled a return to his mother.

It was shortly after this experience that our hero conceived the idea of "teaching the young idea how to sprout." Select schools were the only ones then to be found. Samuel therefore started out with his "subscription list," and secured enough pupils at eight dollars *per capita* to enlarge his exchequer considerably.

Samuel Houston was now eighteen years of age. A period when the shackles of childhood are being discarded, and the liberty of manhood begins to assert itself. A time when young Americas are impatiently waiting for some adventurous scheme to present

itself, whereby their names may be heralded to the four quarters of the globe, and honor, riches, or social grandeur suddenly open to their magic touch. As this young Tennessean stood with folded arms at the close of his school, gazing into the unknown future, the sound of a bugle startled him from his reverie. It was the war cry of 1813. A recruiting officer had entered the town. Who would volunteer? A hundred or more of the brave pioneers readily offered their services, not last of whom was Samuel Houston.

It was considered by most of the people to be a thankless task to fight 'gainst savage Indians for a scanty support, but patriots seldom look at the sacrifice. Mrs. Houston is said to have again manifested that noble spirit which should give her a place among the heroines of the world. The Grecian mother used to tell her son, when going to battle, to come back either *with* his shield or *upon* it—so Mrs. Houston said to Samuel as he took a last farewell before leaving:

“There, my son, take this musket, and never disgrace it; for remember, I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one of them should turn his back to save his life. Go, and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to brave men, it is eternally shut against cowards.”

It did not take long for his superior officers to recognize young Houston's ability. Before they had reached Fort Hampton, in Alabama, he was promoted to sergeant, and immediately after the arrival of his regiment at the fort, he was made an ensign. His aptness for military tactics was remarkable. Such was his proficiency in a few months after enlisting, that he was sent to Knoxville to drill another regiment. Frequently after this he performed a similar duty, always acquitting himself admirably, as had his father before him.

Finally he was ordered, with his regiment, to Fort Williams, where preparations were being made for the important battle of

Horseshoe. We have given the particulars of this notorious struggle in another part of this work, hence to particularize here is unnecessary. The great chief, Jackson, was in command of the white forces, with about two thousand men, while a brother of Tecumseh, with a number of other noted chiefs, had marshaled more than a thousand choice reds for the last grand conflict. No Indian battle on record surpasses that of Horseshoe in point of numbers and bloodshed. A mighty impetus was given the savages by their prophets telling them that the Great Spirit would assist in routing the enemy, did the Indians only prove themselves worthy of such assistance. Hence every precaution was taken to fortify their encampment, and for many hours it seemed decidedly doubtful which way the tide of battle would turn. But Andrew Jackson, with his courageous pioneers, was more than a match for the wily savage. One after another the embankments and barricades were stormed, until the last was taken, and every warrior in sight was dead or dying upon the fallen ramparts of the Cherokee Nation.

Samuel Houston twice distinguished himself in this combat. As soon as Jackson had given the order to charge upon the works, two brave soldiers leaped upon them, and called for their companions to follow. The first was Major Montgomery, who had scarcely reached his elevated position when a rifle ball laid him low, never to rise again. The second was Ensign Houston. Scarcely had he scaled the wall before a barbed arrow struck his thigh, penetrating so deeply that it was almost impossible to extricate it. Not noticing the arrow, apparently, he called to his men to follow where he led, and leaped into the yelling, painted mass. In a short time a space was cleared about the brave little band, when Houston called to his Lieutenant to extract the arrow. Again and again did the officer pull in a vain endeavor to draw the weapon from his superior's thigh. Discouraged, he begged Houston to repair to the surgeon. Instead, Houston drew his sword, and said:

"Draw it out! Pull with all your might and if you fail, I'll smite you with this sword."

The Lieutenant took a firm hold, and with all his power jerked the barbed instrument from the quivering flesh, leaving a terrible wound behind. The blood gushed out profusely, and Houston, fearing the loss of blood, leaped over the wall, ran up to the surgeon, and ordered him to quench the flow, that he might return to the scene of conflict. Jackson came up at that moment, and ordered the wounded man to the rear. Houston begged that he might continue the fight. Jackson was immovable. "No man shall fight with such a thigh as that," said he. Finding he could not persuade his commander to acquiesce, Houston, as soon as the blood stopped flowing, leaped over the walls again, and remained until the last Indian was down.

It was during this engagement, also, that Ensign Houston received almost a mortal wound. Attempting to lead his division against a strongly fortified point in the ramparts, he was shot through the right arm twice, which well nigh severed the limb from the body. Little hope of his recovery was entertained for many weeks. Finally, he so far convalesced as to be able to travel. A furlough was given, which he made use of until the glad tidings of peace reached his ears. Various parts of the country had been visited by the invalid, yet his physical condition was little improved. One of the balls had been extracted, but the surgeon considered it hazardous to attempt a further probing.

After the news of New Orleans' victory reached young Houston, he, in company with a young man by the name of White (afterward Gov. White of Louisiana), set out for the Southern metropolis in a skiff. Arriving at the city, the wounded soldier was obliged to again have an operation performed upon his arm. It was severe, and for awhile his life was suspended by a very slender thread, but, rallying from the operation, he set sail for New York.

Month after month passed drearily away, during which time Houston visited Knoxville, Tenn., and finally placed himself under a physician's care in that city, who brought him out from the atmosphere of the grave, and made him able once more to do service for his country.

Shortly after his partial recovery, President Jackson urged Houston to accept a position as peacemaker between the whites and Cherokee Indians. He was also made a lieutenant in the regular army. This position, however, he did not hold long, on account of some reports that were started against him. He had made some enemies among negro smugglers, who in turn circulated false and slanderous stories regarding the young officer. This Houston could not brook, as his motives had been the purest, his loyalty to government the only reason for divulging what he knew regarding this nefarious traffic. So, finding that public office brought more sorrow than joy, more ill will than good, he resigned his position, and took up a law course in the city of Nashville.

Hon. James Trimble, in whose office Samuel Houston began the study of law, said to him:

"If you study diligently, and learn rapidly, in one year and a half you may be admitted to the bar of Tennessee."

This might have seemed a very short time to Mr. Trimble, but to a young, ambitious, impatient genius like Houston, it seemed far too long a time to wait for glory. He was now twenty-five years of age, with very little money, and no means of support until he could get his first lawyer's fee. So, with a determination to make as short work of it as possible, he threw all his energy into the mastering of Blackstone and the remainder of the course.

Not many minds are capable of "devouring" books rapidly, and retaining what they take in. Very many young men have attempted that feat, only to find, at the end of their labor, that their heads are filled with a confused mass of theories, with no power to

apply them. Patrick Henry, however, could read law six weeks, and pass a creditable examination; Galileo could read over the demonstrations and deductions of Euclid, and comprehend them fully without further notice; Shakespere must have been able to grasp all manner of thought at a single comprehensive sweep of his mighty intellect. So Samuel Houston, while not equal to these in mental caliber, yet was capable of mastering the entire list of books laid down by Mr. Trimble, *in six months*. His examination was brilliant indeed. No one who had attempted admission for many a year could show such a record. That of itself gave the newly-fledged lawyer a prominence, which, once gained, was never lost.

Lebanon, Tenn., was the place where first appeared the shingle of "Samuel Houston, Attorney at Law." Here he immediately received more than his share of attention.

He became the favorite of Lebanon; soon made valuable acquaintances, and by a streak of good fortune which seemed to be following him, was shortly appointed Adjutant General of the State. Not long after his appointment to this office, the people elected him District Attorney of Davidson District.

Thus it appeared that nature had certainly favored one of her children with such qualities as fitted him for the highest positions among his fellows, without any great effort on his part to gain it. Yet, were we made acquainted with the facts as they were, it would undoubtedly be manifest that untiring industry and sleepless hours contributed very materially toward making the lawyer capable, in the fullest sense of that word, for the Colonelcy, the Colonel for the District Attorneyship, and the District Attorney for still higher honors.



CHAPTER II.

AS MAJOR GENERAL—TWICE SENT TO CONGRESS—APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE—MARRIES—CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON OF DOMESTIC LIFE—DEPARTURE OF THE BRIDE—POLITICAL DISCORD—RESIGNS THE GUBERNATORIAL OFFICE—REPAIRS TO HIS INDIAN FRIENDS—RECALLED TO PUBLIC DUTY—PERSONAL COMBAT—VICTORIOUS—AN HONORABLE ACQUITTAL.

When only twenty-eight years of age, Col. Houston was made a Major General. This was conferred upon him in token of regard for his services in the war of 1812, as well as for his eminent fitness for the position. In fact, should an emergency arise, no man in the country could be secured better fitted to treat with the Indians than Houston. His early association with them, and constant intercourse afterward, had given him a knowledge of their character and a power to govern them possessed by no other man in public life at that time.

Two years after his appointment to the last-named office, his friends urged him to offer his name for Congress. Although shunning publicity, naturally the General permitted the people to express their appreciation at the ballot-box, which was done in a magnificent manner. Nor were they satisfied with having him in Congress a single term, but re-elected him. As soon as the latter term of office had expired, Gen. Houston's name was presented to



BUFFALO HUNTING.

the people for Governor. The masses as well as "the royalty" loved to honor this man. An almost unanimous vote placed him in the Gubernatorial chair of Tennessee.

This election occurred in 1827. Up to this time his sun of glory had been constantly rising, while not a cloud ever had darkened its splendor. It was now almost upon the meridian. Its full, bright glow was seen and felt all over the West. But very few in this world of mists and storm-clouds can live from morn till eve unobscured by some dark phantom. Gen. Sam. Houston's brilliant career was to be suddenly eclipsed by a circumstance which usually adds to the luster of one's fame.

Two years after his election as Governor, being then thirty years of age—handsome, fascinating in manner, the people's favorite, his society courted by the most distinguished of the land—Gen. Houston wooed and won one of the fair daughters of Tennessee. The young bride was intelligent, beautiful, and wealthy. Certainly a more propitious outlook never was seen by voyagers upon the uncertain sea of matrimony. But scarcely had the honeymoon ended ere a billow of awful magnitude swept into the palatial residence, carrying with it the bride, and leaving the Governor. What that billow was is not known. Many conjectures have been given—many accusations made—but still the real cause of the separation of Gov. Sam Houston and his wife has never been told. Suffice it to say that the lady withdrew from the fireside she had so recently blessed by her presence, to her father's home, where, we believe, she ever after dwelt.

The blow was a tremendous one to Tennessee's Governor. Not only did the grief fall upon him in his domestic circle, but the report of the separation caused a loss of confidence among his constituents. Politicians saw at once an opportunity for self-elevation. They raised the cry of dishonor, of treachery, and what not.

Gov. Houston's proud spirit could not brook the calumny and

odium that were heaped upon him. His heart was crushed—his ambition gone. In this condition of heart and mind he resolved to withdraw from the scenes of his former prosperity and present adversity. He never had really desired to become a target in so elevated a position, and now that the poisonous arrows of suspicion and hatred were flying thick and fast about his head, it was deemed far easier, and pleasanter, and more honorable to leave the combat to those who loved it, since it was touching so delicate a subject, and seek peace in some Western clime. Accordingly, the brilliant, the courageous, the gallant, the cultured young Governor of Tennessee resigned his position, took an affectionate farewell of his many friends, and sought a refuge among the Indian nations of Arkansas.

An old chief by the name of *Oolooteka*, by whom Houston had been adopted when roving among the Indians in childhood, was living near the Arkansas Falls, not far from Fort Smith. Thither the ex-Governor repaired. After a weary voyage the steamboat threw out her stage plank at the old chief's residence, where stood the latter, surrounded with a score of his braves. News had reached him of Houston's approach. In fact, the latter had not failed to have communication at intervals with his adopted parent through all the shifting scenes of his life. Having started on this journey he had sent word on to *Oolooteka* of his coming.

Any one who imagines the Indian heart to be devoid of affection might have been thoroughly convinced to the contrary, had they witnessed the reception of Samuel Houston by this chief of the Cherokees. Scarcely had the boat landed, and the distinguished guest reached the shore, before he was caught in the arms of his savage friend, and showered with affectionate words and expressions.

"Many summers have come and gone," said *Oolooteka*, "my son, since my heart was made glad by your bright face, but I have

never forgotten you. I have heard of you and from you, and have rejoiced in your good fortune, and now weep in your misfortune. They tell me you have left the whites to live with me. 'Tis well. We will love to have your counsels. We will love to be guided by your wisdom. You shall have a warm place in my heart and the hearts of all my warriors, because you have always been a friend to the red man, and never deceived us like many of the whites. My wigwam shall be your home. You may have the fairest of our squaws for your wife, and the Great Spirit will be with you and us while together."

For three years did this exiled political genius remain with his Indian friends. For three years did he try to forget the dark and the bright, the bitter and the sweet of his recent career. The ties of friendship between him and the semi-civilized savages grew stronger and stronger. His word with them had more force than the great Oolooteka's himself; while lessons were being learned by Houston which were to prove of inestimable value in after years.

It finally became necessary, however, for him to again visit the homes of civilization. He was called to Washington by President Jackson to testify regarding certain corruptions existing among the trading posts of the West. Indeed, Sam Houston was about the first man to raise his voice against that outrageous traffic in public lands carried on at that day by Indian agents. He learned how the government had bought the original possessions of the Cherokees upon the Arkansas, paying the Indians twenty-eight dollars each to vacate. This was of course to be paid in government paper. The agents circulated the report among the savages that the certificates would never be paid, and that the best way would be for the latter to take whatever they could get. Of course whiskey, and powder, and guns were the staple articles of exchange. These the Indians readily accepted in preference to the government certificates. Of course the agents soon had many of these papers in their

possession, and were reaping a golden harvest. Gen. Houston, who despised any attempt to defraud his country, immediately reported matters to Jackson, and five of these respectable leeches were relieved of their positions.

This circumstance, bringing upon the young man the bitter persecution of the discharged agents and their friends, together with the fact that he was the staunch supporter of the old chief in the White House, created a storm of opposition which had been unprecedented even in his eventful life. Charges of fraud in handling public money were brought against him while in the capital, but to no avail. Finally, a rampant politician from Ohio attacked Jackson, on the ground that he was a friend of "the vagabond Houston." This the brave soldier and honest statesman, upon whose character there had never been a blemish proven, determined to resent. He announced to friends that he proposed meeting the Ohio demagogue personally, and settling their matters at once. This was noised abroad, so that when one evening Gen. Houston was walking along the street, unarmed, this fiery opponent came up to him, with evident designs upon his person.

"As soon as Houston recognized his antagonist, through the moonlight," says one who witnessed the scene, "he asked him if his name was —, of Ohio. The answer had no sooner escaped his lips, than Houston, who knew he had no time to lose, since he was unarmed, leveled him to the ground, and shivered his hickory cane over his head. In the meantime he had snapped a pistol at Houston, but it missed fire, or he had been a dead man, for it was held to his breast! Houston spared his life, and the politician crawled off to his bed, which he kept some days."

The flogging received by this particular opponent to Gen. Houston, created a great sensation. Enemies called the latter a pugilist, a game cock, a Western savage, ready to devour the innocent at the least provocation. Friends could but chuckle over

the result of the combat, especially since it had been provoked by the vanquished party. The Ohio man himself, as soon as able to arise from his bed, did so in all the dignity of an abused child of the government—one who had been persecuted for political righteousness' sake. He immediately instituted suit against Houston. A member of the House of Representatives had been waylaid upon the public highway, and brutally assailed, for having raised his voice in debate against the President and his clique. That was the accusation. Houston was summoned before the House, and an entire month did this trial continue. Nothing like it, before or since, has ever occurred in the halls of Congress.

Of course it was impossible to find anything criminal against the defense; indeed, a strict party vote decided that he should be reprimanded by the Chair, and then liberated. The Speaker of the House gave a very mild rebuke, which was considered a complete vindication for Houston.

But the war of opposition and persecution was now at fever heat. Perhaps political prejudices never ran so high, in all the history of the American Republic, as during Jackson's administration. There was no neutral nor temperate ground. Every public or private citizen must be *pro* or *con* Jackson. Hence, when Houston clung to the old General with such tenacity, against him was brought to bear the venom of half the population. Other charges were preferred against him. Week after week was he kept at the capital, defending himself against this calumny. But every effort to prove his dishonesty, or to sustain a charge, utterly failed. He came off "more than conqueror."

Finally, when the last acquittal was given, and peace had apparently settled over his career again, he turned his face to his home among the uncivilized nations of the West.

Gen. Jackson requested Houston to visit the Comanche Indians surrounding San Antonio, Tex., and, if possible, bring about

friendly relations between them and the government. It was a very important mission to be sent upon, as the safety of the entire frontier depended very largely upon the feelings of the hostile Comanches. But if any man, from the Rockies to the Atlantic, could influence the red men, Gen. Sam Houston would be that man. Accordingly, solely in the interest of his country, he set out upon the hazardous and uncertain journey into the wilds of Texas. The people of that province everywhere greeted him with enthusiasm, and seemed highly pleased over such a distinguished and worthy visitor within their borders.

The trip to San Antonio was finally accomplished—the Indians treated with satisfactorily, and Houston started on his return home.

At Nacogdoches, Texas, the people were clamorous in their invitations to have him remain and lead in the great political revolution that was then being contemplated. Houston, liking the appearance of the country, and pleased with the people, told them he would return and take up his abode with them. Proceeding on his journey, he thought little about his future home until he reached New Orleans. Here his report to the President was mailed, and the future statesman of the New Republic turned his face toward the grassy plains so recently crossed.

It was a great moment in the life of this man when he decided to locate at Nacogdoches. Texas was just beginning its metamorphosis. Mexican tyranny without law, had become intolerable. The country was fast being settled by free born Americans, who would brook no monarchical government. Their Constitution of 1824 gave them liberties, but these liberties had been totally ignored, and now Santa Anna was struggling to get the reins of government into his own hands, thereby becoming a despot of the bluest blood.

A convention was talked of which would frame a State

Constitution in accordance with the feelings of the people. Nor was it long ere the time and place of meeting was arranged for such an assembly. The 1st of April, 1833, was set apart as the time for the meeting of that assembly. It was just previous to this time that Houston had expressed his intention of locating at Nacogdoches. So, while on his way toward New Orleans, the citizens met at the polls and elected him as one of the delegates.

It was to be a great honor in after years, but fraught with heavy responsibility then. Men were required to have nerve and brain and moral principle to draft an article of whole or partial independence in the face of such a man as Santa Anna. But draft it they did, similar in sentiment to many parts of the great national declaration, yet suited to the particular state of things then existing. Sam Houston was one of the prime factors of that body. His excellent judgment, convincing logic, and irresistible eloquence gave him a prominence second only to Austin himself.

An illustration of his power in this primitive assembly of fifty legislators is seen in connection with the banking question which arose during their deliberations.

Of course as staunch a friend of Jackson as was Houston could have but one opinion about banks. Every member of the convention, it seems, was in favor of granting the privilege of establishing these money markets, but Houston. Forty-nine against one! Many would have considered it a hopeless case, but not so Houston. He laid open before his colleagues the entire question; showed the dangers in a civilized and well-organized country; pictured the weakness of the system, and the opportunities for corruption in an infantile State like theirs, until a clause was finally inserted striking out, for ninety-nine years, the possibility of establishing banks in the State. •

It would be interesting, did space permit, to give the details of that revolution which the people of Texas entered into. It was

by no means the intention of the people, as voiced through the assembly of San Felipe De Austin, in April, 1833, to secede from the Central Government at Mexico. They desired merely to return to the provisions of the constitution given them in 1824. Consequently, Austin visited the capital, presented his case to Santa Anna, and that ambitious despot threw him into prison. For some time the people did not know what had become of their magnanimous leader. When it was learned what Santa Anna had done, the determination to rebel first settled upon them.

Nothing, however, of an aggressive nature was undertaken until 1835, when Gen. Santa Anna ordered every citizen of the entire Republic (?) to deliver up his rifle to the soldiers. This of course created great consternation. It would leave many families almost destitute of any means of support—others would be exposed to wild beasts and Indians, with no adequate defence. The people said, No. The Mexican attempted to seize the weapons. A force marched up to Gonzales, capital of De Witt's Colony, and seized a piece of artillery belonging to the citizens. The news of this spread like wild fire through the colony, and in a little while Gen. Austin himself arrived ready for defence. Several hundred Texans rallied to his standard, and the Mexican dragoons were soon flying for safety.

This was the first engagement of that lengthy struggle which finally terminated in Texan liberty. Gen. Austin was immediately elected General of the forces, while another council was called to determine the course to be pursued. Samuel Houston was a member of that council.

They framed a Declaration of Independence. At first a resolution was passed making it an *absolute* independence. This Houston considered an unwise move just then. It was therefore reconsidered, and provisions of respect for the Central Government inserted.

CHAPTER III.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TEXAN FORCES—FORT ALAMO TAKEN, AND INMATES MASSACRED—LEADS TEXAN ARMY AGAINST THE MEXICANS—DESTROYS THE ENTIRE FORCE UNDER SANTA ANNA—OBTAINS LARGE SPOILS—VALUES HONOR ALONE.

Since the defeat of the Mexican dragoons at Gonzales, the war cry had reached every nook and hamlet in the province of Texas and Mexico proper. It was deemed necessary to form a separate government for the time being, at least. Accordingly a Governor, Lieut.-Governor and other officers of State were elected, whose powers were to be somewhat restricted by a council, consisting of one delegate from each municipality. This council immediately made Gen. Sam Houston Commander-in-Chief of the Texan army. Although fully understanding the many privations and vast responsibility which would be laid upon him, yet believing it his duty to assist, with his military skill, in the liberation of this fair land, Houston accepted the position, and began at once the work of organization.

Men had been sent to the United States for soldiers and money, but Houston had little hope of their success. He issued a proclamation, calling for five thousand volunteers. This was responded to from all parts of the province. It was not long before quite an army was organized and ready for action.

It will be impossible here to recount all the battles, and relate all the experiences of this struggle. Suffice to say that Gen. Houston showed consummate skill in the arrangement of his forces; and had it not been for political demagogues who infest every country and, unfortunately, were not wanting in the Texan council, the independence of that country would have been gained much quicker than it was. Some members of the council, becoming jealous of Houston's popularity, endeavored to crush him, and indeed succeeded in creating dissension among the officers. His orders were disregarded, his authority denied, his command virtually limited to the troops under his immediate supervision.

The original council was disbanded finally, and another elected. By this second body Gen. Houston was again put in charge of the entire army, which position he at first declined to accept. When it was rumored throughout the province and among the troops that their intrepid leader would not serve in the capacity of commander-in-chief, an almost universal gloom settled upon every one. Even those who had opposed him knew full well there was not another man in all Texas so gifted, so patriotic, so unselfish, so brave, who could strike the shackles of slavery from Texan limbs and lead on to victory. Entreaties came into the General thick and fast. The government promised hearty support; the soldiery pledged themselves to do and die by his side. Succumbing at last to what seemed to be an imperative call of duty, and believing fully that God himself would use him in the liberation of a great people, the General sent in his acceptance.

He now began the unprecedented task of driving a foreign foe, relentless and bold, numbering many thousands, from his country, with a mere handful of men, and no money. Indeed, while the ink with which his letter of acceptance was written was scarcely dry, a messenger came into the capital, with the exciting news regarding Col. Travis at the Alamo. The messenger bore a letter from the

heroic Colonel, which told of Santa Anna's presence, with more than a thousand troops; that less than two hundred brave Texans were ready to give their life's blood in defence of the fortress; but imploring the council, in the name of Heaven and human liberty, to send reinforcements before it was too late.

The council was thrown into the intensest excitement. The majority would have adjourned for the purpose of going to the rescue at once, had it not been for the coolness of Houston, who took the floor, and in one of the most remarkable speeches on record convinced them of the folly of such a course, promising himself to gather a force for the emergency without delay.

Scarcely waiting till he finished the last sentence, the General stalked from the assembly room, mounted his faithful steed, and, with three or four companions, set out for the scene of battle.

Those who have read the history of the siege and defense of the Fortress of Alamo, need not be told that Houston was too late. The fate of the noble band, among whom were Davy Crockett, Col. Travis, and others known in history and biography, was being sealed even while the message was being read before the council. Santa Anna himself, with an insatiate thirst for blood equal only to that of a barbarian, led the final attack against the little garrison. Almost every man, woman, and child within those walls fell before the murderous weapons of the Mexicans. Only Mrs. Dickinson and child, together with an old negro, were spared—spared to tell the horrible story to their friends, and carry an offer of pardon to all other Texans who would surrender. Human history scarcely relates a more heartless and bloodthirsty massacre than that of Fort Alamo. But, thanks to a just God, and the heroism of as brave a General as the sun ever shone upon, retribution, swift and terrible, was to be visited upon the perpetrators of the foul deed.

When Houston arrived at Gonzalez, whither he had repaired



FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE RIO GRANDE.

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Skirmishing of this sort continued until late in the afternoon. Houston, mounted upon his charger, personally superintended all that was done, frequently becoming the target for a score of Mexican rifles. His horse's bridle-bit was struck, and the branches of the trees shivered about his head, yet the intrepid commander seemed to care as little for his own safety as when performing the duties of Inspector General in Tennessee.

Toward evening Santa Anna retired, with his entire force, to a point about three-quarters of a mile from the Texan camp. His day's work was by no means satisfactory. He began to realize that a head equal to his own was governing the opposing forces. If the scenes of the Alamo and Goliad were re-enacted, it would require some shrewd manœuvering and courageous fighting. The former was not so difficult for the wily Mexican—the latter not so much to his taste.

Houston's confidence in his troops and the latter's confidence in their General was greatly augmented by what had happened. The Texans were in fine spirits and ready to plunge into the jaws of death at the command of their leader. They were soon to manifest that readiness in one of the most terrific onslaughts known in history.

It is said that at the close of this day's skirmishing, after his forces were put in the best possible position to resist an attack, Gen. Houston laid down upon his bed of turf and slept as he had not since taking charge of the armies of Texas. Heretofore two or three hours of restless slumber sufficed for his anxious brain. This night he lay down about midnight, and not until the glorious Texan sun was rising above the horizon, did he open his eyes to behold the day of victory or defeat. Those who stood beside him on this morning, have told of the peaceful expression of countenance and unperturbed mind which characterized the hero of San Jacinto at this hour, which was of itself the prophecy of triumph. "*Possumus quia posse videmur*," said an ancient writer, and we believe

there is much truth in it. The confidence of the General inspired confidence in the men. They all fought, as if sure of victory.

About 9 o'clock A. M., Houston called his officers together for consultation. Four, including himself, were in favor of making the attack—the others thought it mere folly. For six hundred raw militia to attack three times that number of disciplined troops, and they secured behind quite formidable breastworks, did indeed appear the height of folly; but six hundred brave men, led by a second Napoleon, fighting for home, for country, for loved ones, might accomplish vast results.

Hour after hour dragged wearily by without the slightest movement from Santa Anna. Houston was becoming impatient. His troops wanted to meet their foe. Finally, about 3 o'clock he arranged his forces in three divisions, and moved toward the Mexican camp. In his official report he thus describes his position:

“The First Regiment, commanded by Col. Burleson, was assigned the center. The Second Regiment, under command of Col. Sherman, formed the left wing of the army. The artillery, under the special command of Col. Geo. W. Hockly, Inspector-General, was placed on the right of the First Regiment, and four companies of infantry, under command of Lieut. Henry Millard, sustained the artillery upon the right. Our cavalry, sixty-one in number, commanded by Col. Mirabeau B. Lamar, placed on our extreme right, completed our line. Our cavalry was first dispatched to the front of the enemy's left, for the purpose of attracting their notice, whilst an extensive piece of timber afforded us an opportunity of concentrating our forces, and displaying from that point agreeably to the previous design of the troops. Every evolution was performed with alacrity, the whole advancing rapidly in a line, and through an open prairie, without any protection whatever for our men. The artillery advanced and took station within two hundred yards of the enemy's breastworks.”

Everything in order, Gen. Houston ordered the artillery to begin its work. Hot and destructive went the grape shot from the field pieces, but not a response was given. Then, while the army waited in breathless suspense for the command to charge, their bold leader's voice was heard, ringing out in thunder tones: "Boys! Remember the Alamo! CHARGE!!"

With one accord every man in that line of infantry sprang forward into the face of a desperate foe. The breastworks are almost reached when a terrific volley of rifle balls is sent into the oncoming Texans. No! not into them, for the Mexicans have overshot! And as the smoke died away, five hundred heroic forms were seen upon the battlements of tyranny. "Fire!" cried the commander. With a unanimity marvelous, five hundred muskets sent forth their messengers of death, and with a shout of triumph the Texans rushed through the smoke into the very midst of the Mexican army.

The latter, completely surprised by the impetuous onslaught, had no time to reload. They began a desperate resistance in a hand to hand contest. Sabers flashed in the evening sunlight; bowie knives gleamed aloft; rifles and pistols were used as clubs, while many a stalwart Texan seized an opponent with an iron grasp and hurled him into eternity. And now the cavalry rush in! Trampling the dead and dying under their horses' feet, these maddened patriots swept destruction on every hand.

For a while Santa Anna encouraged, commanded, cursed and entreated, his forces in turn. Several well planned charges were ordered by the Mexican officers, but it seemed that the god of war turned the tide against them at every attempt. Houston, shot in the ankle, his horse almost ready to fall, pierced by several bullets, hurried hither and thither, stirring up a flagging division, or heading an onslaught which always resulted the same.

"The Alamo! The Alamo!" was borne upon the breeze

from Texan throats, while the fleeing Mexicans no longer able to offer resistance, would respond in piteous tones, "Me no Alamo! Me no Alamo!" But vengeance swift and sure was to be visited upon every slave of the Mexican tyrant. A general retreat began; indeed, it was little less than a panic. Most of the Mexicans were mounted, and fled at highest speed. But Texan cavalry gave chase, less than twoscore pursuing several hundred of the terrified greasers. Straight for Vince's bridge they fled. But lo! The bridge is gone. Gen. Houston, with keen foresight, had ordered the bridge cut away, thereby preventing escape either by the Mexicans or his own army.

The panic-stricken cavalry rushed wildly into the stream, many being killed by leaping over the precipitous banks, while many that were not thus killed or drowned, were shot down by the Texan soldiers.

By 5 o'clock that evening the fighting had ceased—the battle was at an end. More than half the Mexican army lay scattered over the field, or upon the bed of the San Jacinto River. The Texan loss was so slight as to scarcely cause a shadow to flit across the face of the brilliant victory. Nine hundred English muskets, three hundred sabers, two hundred pistols, three hundred mules, one hundred horses, a very considerable amount of provisions, clothing, and paraphernalia, together with about \$12,000 in silver, fell into the hands of the victors. Gen. Houston said:

"Boys, you have covered yourselves with glory, and I decree to you the spoils of victory. I will reward valor. I only claim to share the honors of our triumph with you. I shall not take my share of the spoils."



CHAPTER IV.

RESULTS OF THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO—VISIT TO NEW ORLEANS—HEALTH RESTORED—ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE TEXAN REPUBLIC—RELEASES SANTA ANNA—A LEADER IN CONGRESS—RE-ELECTED TO PRESIDENCY—REPRESENTS TEXAS AT WASHINGTON—PECULIARITIES.

The Texans slept the sleep of the brave on the night of that memorable triumph, the 21st of April, 1836. No fears of an approaching enemy disturbed their peace, nor visions of Texas in the last throes of death, which before had so often troubled them. Had they known the certain results of the contest, their joy would have been far greater than it was.

But many feared that when the dead and wounded should be brought in, there might be some boon companion, some brave officer, some harrowing scene, for which not even the joy and pride of victory can compensate.

Finally, the night wore away—the brilliant countenance of Old Sol scattered the last remains of his sable companion from the scenes of San Jacinto, and the busy hum of camp life followed the quiet of peaceful repose.

“What has been done?” involuntarily escaped each soldier’s lips as he rose from his bed of turf. They all knew a glorious fight had been fought, a remarkable victory won, but none suspected for a moment the almost incredible results.



GEN. SAMUEL HOUSTON FIGHTING INDIANS.

Eight hundred prisoners had been captured; about six hundred dead lay upon the field of battle, while an indefinite number were in the stream, or had crawled off in the grass to die. *Less than one hundred of the entire Mexican force had escaped.*

But how about the Texans? When the roll was called, thirty-seven did not respond to their names—*seven of these were dead,* the others wounded!

If the annals of modern warfare record such a triumph, the writer has never seen it. Jackson at New Orleans, Napoleon at Austerlitz, Cæsar in Italy, accomplished great things; but Houston at San Jacinto made for himself and his brave soldiers a record that ought to be equally undying with those mentioned. By one powerful blow the independence of Texas was won, the Mexican army, headed by its military despot, was completely destroyed, and the famous Santa Anna himself taken. For before darkness had again settled over the camp, the General of the Mexican forces was picked up in a marsh, whither he had hidden in the vain hope of escaping.

Houston's shattered ankle, in the meantime, was causing intense pain. Proper surgical assistance could not be obtained so far from civilization, and although Dr. Kerr, the army surgeon and noble patriot, did all in his power to ease the sufferer, he was nevertheless confined to his bed, and unable to move.

It would be pleasant to give the full details of the Texan Revolution after the battle of San Jacinto, but as this is intended only for a sketch of its greatest hero, we must refer the reader to other works. Gen. Santa Anna was compelled by Houston to order every Mexican soldier beyond the Rio Grande. Indeed, they hardly needed such an order from their commander. "The news of battle" had struck terror to the hearts of the Mexican force yet on the field, and when the messenger bearing Santa Anna's communication undertook to deliver it, such was the rapidity with which

they were fleeing that he could only by almost continual riding overtake them.

The captured General himself lost none of his arrogance nor military dignity. He styled himself the Napoleon of the West, and considered Houston a most remarkable commander to have triumphed over such a genius. Nor was this an idle statement. The wily Mexican had shown himself possessed of extraordinary military ability, while his ambition must indeed, have equaled that of the exile of St. Helena.

The "Government," which had fled at the first approach of the enemy, now being notified of the great victory, repaired to the scene to divide the spoils. The \$12,000 in money had, very properly, been divided among the half-starved army—the other fruits of conquest were delivered up to the President of the Republic. Then, after settling matters satisfactorily, Houston offered his resignation as Commander-in-chief.² It was necessary that he visit New Orleans where proper medical attention could be given to his leg. Gen. Rusk, his bosom friend, was appointed to succeed him.

It is worthy of note here that no man in all the history of Texas has ever been treated as ungratefully as has Gen. Sam Houston. Too noble to demand payment for his services; too generous to take it from those who needed it as much as he, the leader of this army actually suffered greater privations than his soldiers. It is said that when conversing with Santa Anna after the battle, he drew a half-eaten ear of corn from his pocket and said: "Sir, do you *ever* expect to conquer men who fight for freedom, when their General can march four days with one ear of corn for his rations?"

Thus we see what he endured in the field. But these things were mere bubbles compared with the treatment received from the civil authorities. The people never loved a man more; the free-men of the commonwealth vied with each other in their eulogies,

but jealous and unprincipled politicians were constantly hurling poisonous arrows at the brave man. No effort, whatever, was made to reward his eminent services. He was left without a penny with which to sail for New Orleans, or support his family. Friends always came to the rescue, however, so the trip to the above named place was made, and the hero of San Jacinto after an extended illness almost resulting in death, was restored to health, and his much loved home at Nacogdoches.

The war was now virtually over, yet no declaration of peace had been made. Santa Anna remained in irons at the seat of the Texan government. Many wanted him executed—Houston uttered a stirring protest. With this probable sword of destruction suspended over his head, the Mexican usurper waited the final decision.

It now became necessary, since San Jacinto had won independence, to elect a President, and establish a Congress. Two names were brought up—Gen. Austin and Ex-Gov. Smith.

Each of these men was in every way capable, but represented a radical faction. Houston had been solicited, urged, entreated to offer his name, but he desired the peace of private life more than honors of State. As the campaign wore on, and the battle became fiercer and fiercer, Houston, firmly believing it would be the only salvation of his country to elect a non-partizan President, gave permission to use his name. It was only ten days before election when Gen. Sam Houston was announced as a candidate; yet the people dropped their respective candidates, and sent up all but a unanimous vote for the saviour of Texas.

About the first thing the new President did was to release Santa Anna. This monarch had promised to use every means in his power to obtain the liberty of Texas. He would hold Houston and the Texan soldiers in the highest esteem, but could not say many good things of the "Government."



INDIAN WARRIOR.

Santa Anna did not keep his pledge. He did not use his influence to promote peace between Mexico and her wayward offspring. But perhaps had all those in authority acted as did Houston toward this powerful man, the harassing incursions and bloody struggles of after years would have been avoided.

It was the twenty-second day of October, 1836, when Gen. Samuel Houston was first made President of the Republic of Texas. Like Washington in our own country, he was looked upon as the Father of the country. For two years he endeavored to straighten out the entangled threads of revolution and anarchy. How well he succeeded, history has told us. He was opposed by demagogues and foreign enemies, but with a firmness equal to that of his illustrious friend in the White House, and a wisdom in many respects superior, he kept the old ship above the waves. Eminent statesmen have said that history does not record such prudence and sagacity as was evinced by the first President of Texas.

His term of office expiring in two years, and the Constitution preventing a re-election, he accordingly vacated his palatial State residence (a log cabin) to again enjoy the pleasures of private life. Mr. Lamar succeeded him in the office. His administration was characterized by flagrant injustice and great extravagance. Being a political enemy of his predecessor, this second President of the embryonic government seemed to expend all his energies in undoing what had been done, and endeavoring to annihilate his opponents.

During Lamar's administration the people insisted upon having Gen. Houston as near the head of the government as the Constitution would permit. He was sent to the Congress of '39-'40, as also '40-'41. He wielded unequalled power in the halls of legislation. His stentorian voice and fiery spirit, coupled with winning courtesy, made him a debater of the rarest powers. It is said that at one time during this administration the Republic was utterly

bankrupt, and nearly the entire assemblage of congressmen were so much disheartened as to be in favor of adjourning *sine die*. Had they done so the dissolution of the government would have followed most assuredly. But just as many of the members were leaving the Hall, Sam Houston's voice rang out in startling tones. In a moment all was silence. Every representative instinctively turned his ear in the direction of that well-known sound. "Gentlemen," said he, "Texas must live! This assembly must not adjourn!" And taking advantage of the respectful attention accorded him, he gradually warmed up to the great theme of dissolution, until, bursting forth with tempestuous eloquence, he took his hearers by storm, as it were. He strode up one aisle and down another. His long arms raised aloft, his bushy hair falling over his shoulders, and his majestic form drawn up to its fullest height, made him appear a perfect giant. One by one the Senators dropped into their seats, overpowered, while this human volcano went on pouring forth fire and smoke and lava. At length he exclaimed:

"And now, Mr. President, I move you that this assemblage adjourn, to meet to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock."

Some one seconded the motion.

"All in favor of the motion," said the President, "signify by saying 'Aye.'"

"Aye!" came the response *from every member in the House*.

In 1841 (December) Gen. Houston was again made President of the Texan republic. Lamar had succeeded in completely demoralizing the government. It needed a skillful helmsman, or its destruction was inevitable. The people knew of but one man capable of filling the important place. It proved to be even a more difficult undertaking than the organization of the government. Enemies from without, and enemies from within, must be contended with. But the old craftsman guided the ship over the tempestuous waves, passed the dangerous breakers, and by 1844

had brought her into the harbor of the United States. In the negotiations and correspondence previous to her annexation to the Union, the administration evinced the highest statesmanship. It was indeed through the skillful diplomacy of Houston, that our government, as well as England and France, recognized the Lone Star State as worthy of notice. But the great object was finally accomplished—the new republic was merged into the older one, and Sam Houston was content.

The popularity of this remarkable man was too great to permit his retirement from public life. When, instead of a President, the new State wanted a Representative at Washington City, our hero must be the one to go. He therefore visited the capital, after many years' absence, in the capacity above mentioned. For several sessions of Congress, Gen. Houston represented the Lone Star State. His eloquence and patriotism won for him a place in the front rank of statesmen. In fact, so well known and popular had he become, that in 1854 his name was put before the American people as a candidate for the Presidency.

We will close this very abbreviated sketch with a hasty survey of the man and his character.

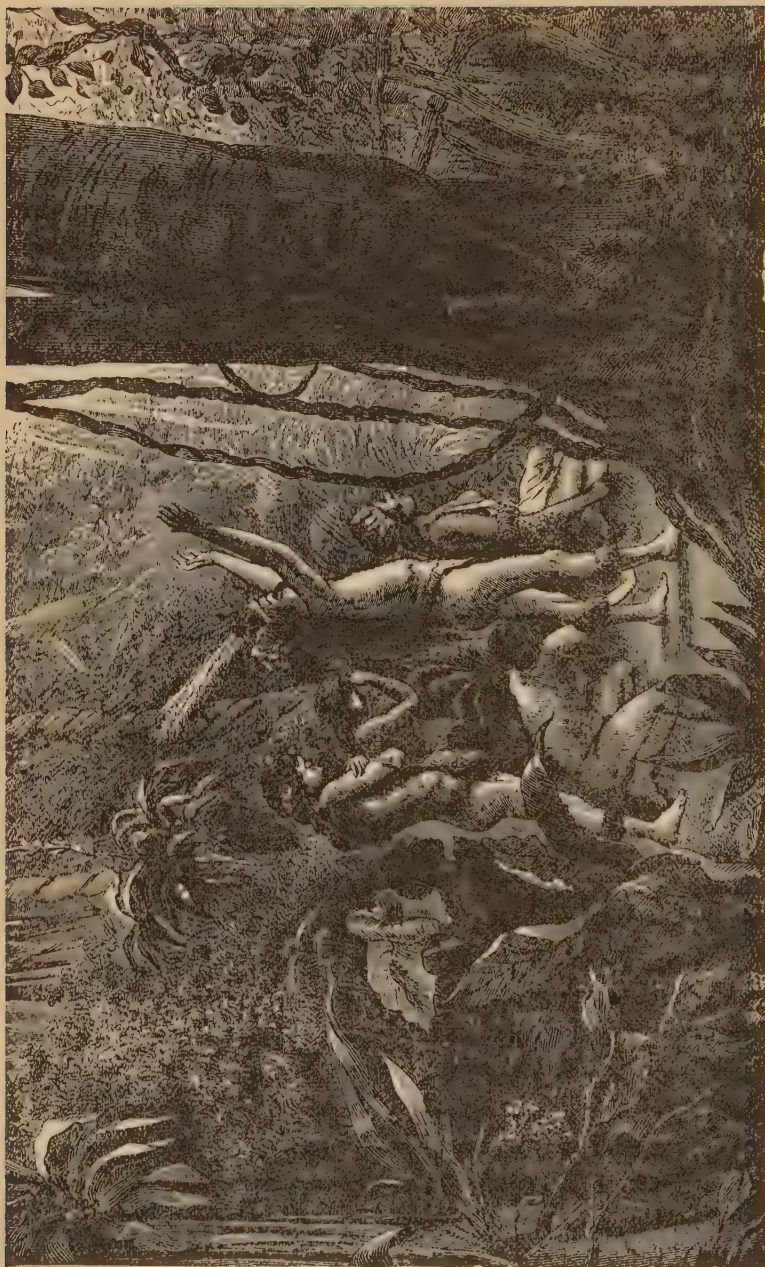
In person he was tall, straight as an arrow, and had a flash to his eye which betokened internal fire. It is said that, after leaving Tennessee, he adopted the costume usually worn by pioneer characters, and never after discarded it. Even when sitting in the President's chair, or standing among his fashionably-dressed contemporaries in the nation's assembly, the leggins, hunting-shirt, and coonskin cap adorned his person. Gen. Jackson, with his characteristic bluntness, remarked, when some one told him about Houston's peculiar dress:

“Thank God, there is one man at least, in Texas, who was made by the Almighty, and not by a tailor.”

His motives were undoubtedly pure, his patriotism of the

highest type. His ability was extraordinary. No ordinary intellect could have accomplished what his did, even though accompanied by a noble soul. Some features of his character remind us very forcibly of Napoleon Bonaparte; others are similar to the impetuous Patrick Henry. His education was mostly gleaned out of school, although an excellent start was given the young mind at the Tennessee Academy. His eloquence was, at times, irresistible, his logic unanswerable. It seems, as we behold the labors and accomplishments of Sam Houston, that America has produced no other character, in all respects his equal. Certainly, as the stories are told of the heroic days of our country; as the future American delights himself over the record of such brilliant personages as Henry, Calhoun, Jackson, Clay, and Webster, one name more will be added to the casket of jewels, and that will be the name of Sam Houston.





SUN WORSHIP BY SOUTHERN INDIANS.



KIT CARSON.



KIT CARSON.

LIFE OF KIT CARSON.

CHAPTER I.

EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES—APPRENTICED—JOINS AN EXPEDITION FOR SANTA FE—ACCOMPANIES COL. FARWELL AS INTERPRETER—ENTERS UPON HIS FAVORITE PURSUIT OF TRAPPING AND TRADING—IMPROVES EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO GAIN A KNOWLEDGE OF THE COUNTRY—SOCIAL NATURE DISPLAYED—"MONARCH OF THE PLAINS."

Christopher Carson, according to the best data, is a descendant from the Danish sea kings, whose exploits have made their names famous. When his progenitors came to America is not definitely known, nor is it a matter of moment.

Christopher was born in Madison county, Ky., Dec. 24, 1809. When he was about one year old, his father migrated from Kentucky to Missouri, or, as it was then known, Upper Louisiana, and settled in what is now known as Howard county. From the fact of having become a resident of Missouri while yet an infant, Carson is sometimes spoken of as a native of that State. Even Gen. Fremont ascribes to him that nativity.

The surroundings of Carson in his boyhood days were well calculated to bring out all those traits of character which afterward

distinguished him. His schooling was just what was needed to prepare him for his subsequent career. He was, at an early age, taught to use a rifle skillfully. Before he was twelve years of age he had made many a buffalo bite the dust.

What educational advantages, if any, he enjoyed, we are left to guess from the known meager facilities of that country at that time. Had he had the best the country afforded, it would not have compared with what is furnished in the average country school of to-day. But his mission in life was to be one in which the learning of the schools was of little importance. It would have served Carson but feebly to have known how to parse a sentence when he met the Indians in deadly combat; but the sure and fatal aim he acquired, delivered him oftentimes out of their hands. For this reason, we have no grounds for lamenting what might be termed his limited educational advantages, as that term is popularly understood and used.

At the age of fifteen Carson was apprenticed to a saddler, to learn the trade of making saddles. The tedious routine of the shop was not to be endured by one of his ambition. He felt in him the impelling power of genius, and could not be satisfied with the machine like work of a harness and saddle shop. Very soon after he commenced the trade, he found opportunity to break his bargain, and enter upon the more stirring and congenial pursuit of trapper and trader. Happy for him, and for others whom he so nobly afterward served, that parental authority was not exerted to keep him in a position positively distasteful to him, and for which he had, we may reasonably suppose, no aptitude whatever. There would be no kind of wisdom in shutting up a natural "pathfinder" in the walls of a backwoods saddlery.

He immediately joined an expedition about to start for Santa Fe, the capital of the Territory of New Mexico. It is hard for those of to-day to understand what such a journey meant. Now

we can board a palace car in St. Louis, and, without further thought or care on our part, be wheeled in comfort and peace, in a few hours, into Santa Fe, and even beyond, across the plains and mountains, into California itself. But in the days when Carson, a beardless boy, set out with a company of adventurers for that destination, the journey meant a slow march through forests, across plains, through rivers, and over hills, day and night, burdened with watchfulness lest the treacherous red man, skulking in some ravine, should slay and scalp the traveler. The caravan with which Carson made his trip this time was not molested, and the entire journey was without incident, except that furnished by one of the teamsters, who carelessly wounded himself by the accidental discharge of a rifle. It became necessary to amputate the man's arm. In this operation Carson officiated as assistant. The instruments used were a razor, an old saw, and a red hot iron to cauterize the wound. According to Peters, who gives a full account of this transaction, the man finally recovered. The party arrived at Santa Fe, November, 1826.

Carson did not continue with the band he had joined in Missouri, but leaving it, went to Fernandez de Taos, where he spent the winter with an old Spanish mountaineer. His sojourn here was of great advantage to him, as he was able to acquire a familiarity with the Spanish language which afterward proved of great value to him.

The next season he visited El Paso, then Santa Fe; afterward, the same year, Taos again, and finally accomplished the long journey from Taos to Chihuahua, Mexico. He made this trip in the capacity of Spanish interpreter for Col. Trammell. This business, however, did not suit Carson, when the Colonel was not on a journey from some point to another, so he resigned his position as interpreter, and took charge of a team in a caravan bound for the copper mines on the Gila River. From this place he went back to

Taos. At the latter place he joined a party of trappers and traders, and at once entered upon his favorite pursuit. The company which Carson joined had a double mission to perform. The real business in hand was trapping beavers; but a former company of trappers, in the employ of the same man with whom Carson now made engagement, had been driven from their hunting and trapping by a hostile band of Indians. To punish and disperse these, was another part of the business before the company. That Carson was chosen to assist in this work, shows the appreciation in which he was held by those who knew him best.

The company proceeded at once to a tributary of the Rio Gila, called Salt River, where the Indians were attacked, several of their number killed, and the remainder dispersed. This was generally the result of rencounters between Indians and a band of brave, determined trappers.

After a successful season at this place the company divided into two parts, one returning to New Mexico, the other going to the valley of the Sacramento, California. The latter part of the company consisted of eighteen men, of whom Carson was one. Their route lay through a portion of the country that is as nearly a desert as any part of the United States. They suffered much from hunger and thirst. A good meal from horse flesh was esteemed a luxury. They were saved from starvation by timely assistance rendered by a tribe of Indians known as the Mohaves. These Indians are described by a writer who visited them as being intelligent, and for Indians, quite amiable. "The men are tall, erect, and well proportioned; their eyes are large, shaded by long lashes, and encircled by lines of blue paint." The men wear only a breech-cloth, and the women a short petticoat made from the inner bark of the cottonwood. Their bodies and limbs are painted and oiled so as to shine like highly polished mahogany.

While in California the party of which Carson was a member



KIT CARSON HUNTING BUFFALO.

fell in with a company trapping for the Hudson Bay Fur Company. They were very skillful trappers and hunters, and young Carson eagerly learned from them their professional secrets which they imparted to him, for he was a favorite with all.

He also lost no opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with the country. The knowledge he gained at this time was of immense value to him in after years. It is hard to resist the thought that an all wise Providence guided his footsteps in this direction that he might be prepared for the part he subsequently played. One biographer of Carson (Burdett) tells of a pleasant little episode which occurred about this time.

It seems that Carson had by some means formed the acquaintance of a Spanish gentleman who owned an immense estate consisting of land, vineyards, cattle, horses and sheep. So pleased was this gentleman with Carson that he promised him a cow if he would accept the gift. He was glad to avail himself of the kindness proffered, and made a journey alone, on his pony, through the wild forest for twenty miles or more, to bring the animal into the camp.

Soon after this Carson was the leader in two expeditions that show his remarkable characteristics to great advantage.

A Catholic mission, called San Gabriel, in California, depended largely upon the labor of Indian converts for support. Forty of these Indians became restive under the restraint imposed by the rules of the mission establishment, and fled to a neighboring tribe. The mission authorities demanded their return, but the tribe to which they had gone refused to give them up. Carson and a few of his chosen followers espoused the cause of the mission and at once set out for the Indian village. This they completely surprised, so carefully did they move upon it. The Indians sustained terrible loss. At least one-third of their number were killed, the village destroyed, and the tribe dispersed. When it is remembered that

great courage, caution and skill are needed to successfully defeat Indians upon their own ground, the brilliancy of this achievement of Carson's can be readily seen.

The Captain of the company with which Carson was trapping had sixty horses stolen and run off by a band of thieving Indians. Carson was detailed to take twelve men of the party to pursue and recapture the horses. They followed the trail for one hundred miles. The Indians, not fearing pursuit to such a distance, grew careless. When Carson's company came in sight of the fleeing party, they found them camped and feasting upon several of the horses which had been slain for food. Carson's men were deployed, and at a given signal rushed upon the Indians, killed eight of them outright, wounded several, captured three Indian children, put the remainder of the Indians to flight, and recovered all the horses except those killed for the feast.

With their prisoners and recaptured booty the party returned in triumph to their camp. The uniform success of Carson in his attacks upon Indians soon won for him the name of "Monarch of the Plains."

There comes to us an anecdote from this period of Carson's life that shows him in a pleasanter role than that of an Indian fighter, and trapper of beavers.

While in California he inquired who owned the finest ranche in that vicinity. Having obtained the desired information he arrayed himself in his best attire, and mounting his pony, rode boldly to the ranche of the Spanish proprietor. He was civilly received, and right royally entertained by the owner and his family of grown daughters and sons. After the feast which was spread for him, he was conducted through the spacious building, elegantly furnished, and through the vineyard, which looked more like an orchard of dwarf apple trees than a vineyard, for the vines were cut close and not allowed to climb a trellis. Carson at first addressed his host in

the best Spanish he could command, but to his great surprise was replied to in good English. His host explained that while Carson spoke good Spanish he thought he would appreciate conversation in his mother tongue. A pleasant day was passed in this social way. At evening the young trapper mounted his horse and rode back to camp, to enter with new spirit upon the prosecution of his work. This episode occurred near Los Angeles, or as it was then called, "Pueblo de Los Angeles,"—the City of Angels.

There was connected with the hunting party a friendly Indian, an expert in all the duties of a hunter and trapper, and for this reason he was a valuable acquisition to the company, but was treacherous. One night he slipped away and took with him six very valuable horses. No sooner was the loss discovered than Carson was selected to pursue. He obtained as a companion another Indian, and together they pushed out in pursuit of the thief. They made but slow progress at first, as the fleeing Indian took pains to cover up his trail, but after becoming certain of the route he had taken, they pushed ahead rapidly. After traveling one hundred miles the horse of Carson's companion gave out, and he refused to go further. Nothing daunted by this unexpected turn in affairs, Carson determined to continue the pursuit alone. He fully counted the cost, and the chances of his meeting death. But he had accepted a commission from the owner of the horses to return them, and this he would do, or demonstrate the futility of any one else attempting it. After traveling thirty miles alone he suddenly came up to the object of his search. A less brave man would have fatally faltered. The pursued and pursuer discovered each other at about the same instant, and were ready for the contest. The former had every advantage, as he was to act on the defense. In a moment both had decided what to do. The Indian hurried to the shelter of a neighboring tree, and with his trusty rifle in position, leveled a deadly aim at Carson. Putting his horse at full gallop, Carson darted



KIT CARSON KILLING INDIANS.

forward, and with rare good luck sent a ball crashing through the brain of the thief. He fell forward, and as he did so, his own gun was discharged. The horses were all recovered. Carson's success in such undertakings was phenomenal.

As may be supposed, Indians were not the only enemies the hunters had to contend against. Wild animals were plenty, and some of them ferocious and dangerous. The greatest terror of the Western wilds at that time was the grizzly bear. The Indians never entered into a contest with this animal.

One evening Carson wandered away from camp to kill a deer to get venison for food. Just after bringing down a noble animal two grizzly bears came in sight, and at once made for him. His gun was unloaded, and he had no other weapon of defence. His only safety lay in flight. He took to his heels, but the bears were gaining on him. In desperation he turned aside to a small tree near at hand, climbed up among the branches, and cut a large club with his knife. His enemies drew near, and one of them climbed after him while the other smacked his jaws in anticipation of the savory meal to be had off the body of the young hunter. A more terrifying position could scarcely be imagined than the one Carson now occupied. But he did not despair, and really felt no fear. When the savage beast came within reach Carson leaped far over and down from his perch, and with the club lay rapid and heavy blows upon the nose of the advancing foe. This was a new mode of warfare to the bear, and he slowly crept down. No sooner had one retreated than the other came to the attack, but only to receive a similar reception and repulse. Twilight faded away into black night, and Carson was alone in the tree, while the bears watched and waited at the foot, occasionally renewing the attack. By and by, after hours of sleepless watchfulness, morning came, and the bears crept away to the mountains. Carson came down and hastened to camp, where he was joyfully received.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE HEAD WATERS OF THE MISSOURI—WOUNDED IN AN INDIAN ENCOUNTER—ABANDONS HIS PROFESSION—AS HUNTER TO THE FORT—FEASTED AND HONORED AT ST. LOUIS—GUIDE OF THE EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE UNKNOWN WEST.

The hunters now left California and the country south and east of that State, and proceeded to the head waters of the Missouri River. Here they had abundant success in trapping, but were continually annoyed by the Blackfeet Indians, who were jealous of the white man's success, and resented the invasion of their hunting grounds. A band of these Indians stole eighteen horses from the trappers. As usual, the command of the party sent in pursuit was given to Carson. Indeed, it would have seemed strange for any other person to undertake the capture and punishment of the thieves. With his customary energy Carson hurried his little company forward until they overtook the Indians, who greatly outnumbered the whites. They were camped when discovered, and the horses quietly grazed near by. The Indians said they thought the horses belonged to the Snake tribe, and they had no intention or desire to steal from white men. At the suggestion of Carson the pipe of peace was smoked all around, while the weapons of both parties were put aside. At the conclusion of the conference the Indians went out and brought in five of the poorest horses in the lot. This was too much for Carson and his men. This was adding insult to

injury. They sprang to their guns, and the Indians seized theirs. The battle commenced in earnest. Among the whites was a man named Markland, who was an especial friend of Carson's. The two were united in friendship as were David and Jonathan. Both in this engagement sprang behind trees to fight the Indians in Indian style. Two Indians immediately in front leveled their guns at Carson and Markland. Carson's eye was on his enemy, and he was prepared to exchange shots with him. But just at that moment he discovered that Markland did not see the fellow, who had a bead on his heart. Quicker than thought he changed his aim and sent his ball into the breast of Markland's foe, thus saving his life. But he did not escape himself. A ball from his antagonist's gun entered his neck, ranged downward, and came out of his arm, completely disabling him. The rest of the day he could only be a spectator to the fight. Night brought a cessation of hostilities. The whites had lost none killed and only one, Carson, wounded, but they determined not to wage the unequal contest longer, and so returned to camp. They paid every possible attention to their wounded leader, but what could their best ministrations avail to a man in his condition? Not a murmur escaped his lips. He bore his sufferings like the hero he was. It was many weeks before he recovered.

For a year or more Carson continued his trapping operations. The time was at hand when the business of trapping beavers would become unprofitable, owing to the introduction of silk for various purposes for which beaver had been used. The season closed, and Carson found the price for his peltries so depreciated that he concluded to abandon the profession.

He had now spent eight years in the arduous and dangerous task of trapping. During that time he had traveled over the whole of the Western country trapping on all the rivers from the source of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colorado. Had

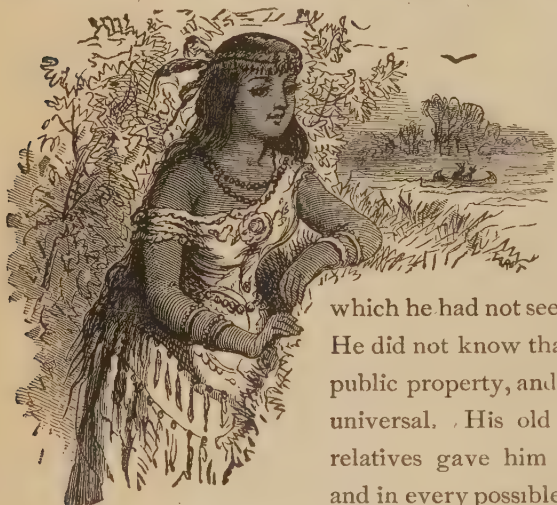
Carson had the advantages of a scientific education, he could have collected, arranged and published an account of his travels and discoveries, and thus enrolled his name among the great names of earth, especially of the New World. But had he had these advantages in early youth, very probably his talents would have found some other channel than that of a fearless Indian fighter and hardy hunter. As it was, however, Carson was the forerunner of another who was to put on record in durable shape the wonderful discoveries made in the great West.

Carson proceeded to Fort Bent, where he engaged himself to Cols. Bent and St. Vrain as hunter to the fort. This position he held eight years. His business was to supply the inmates with food. There were forty mouths to feed, and it was no small undertaking to provide by means of rifle and trap, food for all these. Yet Carson did it. We can easily imagine how one of his temperament and previous experience would enjoy the chase. He might have returned to the bounds of civilization, but he preferred the company of Cols. Vrain and Bent, and the exhilarating chase. Dr. Peters says Carson was bound to the fort by other ties than those of fondness for the duties of his office. He was in debt to Col. Vrain; not a pecuniary obligation bound him, but a debt of gratitude, for Col. Vrain first discovered and directed Carson's peculiar adaptability for the life he afterward led.

While he was engaged as hunter at the fort a messenger came from the Comanche Indians, who had united with the Arapahoes to drive back the Sioux, the latter having come from their northern home to invade the hunting grounds of the two tribes mentioned. The messenger said they wanted Carson to lead them against the enemy. He consented to go to their council of war, but he persuaded them to seek peace with the Sioux. After much entreaty, they yielded. The result was that the Sioux were dissuaded from their purpose and returned without molesting the other tribes.

In this episode we find a very interesting trait of character in Carson. The glory of that peaceful achievement outshines any daring deed before recorded of him.

While at the fort Carson married. His bride was an Indian maiden. A daughter was born to the young hunter by this wife. The mother did not long survive. Carson determined to take his daughter to St. Louis and there give her all the advantages his



CARSON'S INDIAN DAUGHTER.

means could command. Arrangements for the journey were made as soon as possible. His route lay through his old home,

which he had not seen for sixteen years. He did not know that his exploits were public property, and that his fame was universal. His old acquaintances and relatives gave him a royal welcome, and in every possible way attested their appreciation of his heroic deeds. But

many changes had occurred in the sixteen years he had been away. Many of his recollections were sad, and brought tears to his eyes.

In due time he arrived at St. Louis. To his great surprise he was here greeted by strangers most cordially, and by them feasted and honored in a manner quite dazzling. But his surroundings were not congenial. While he appreciated the kindness shown him, he longed for other scenes—for the freedom and excitement of a frontier life.

Carson went to St. Louis to put his daughter under proper care. but his going was remarkably fortunate as to time. So



CARSON'S INDIAN BRIDE.

opportune was his going that we may well believe a superior intelligence directed his movements.

Lieut. John C. Fremont, of the United States army, was in St. Louis organizing a company to explore the then unknown great West. He was awaiting the arrival of a famous hunter named Capt. Drips, who was expected soon in St. Louis. Fremont had heard of Carson. Indeed, Carson's life was perfectly familiar to him. It is not hard to imagine how delighted Fremont was when Carson offered him his services as guide. Arrangement was at once made to have Carson accompany the expedition. It was not necessary to wait longer for Capt. Drips.

On the 22d of May, 1842, the expedition took boat at St. Louis, and went up the Missouri to the mouth of the Kansas River, where it landed, and proceeded to the Choteau trading post, where a halt was made, to complete arrangements for further prosecution of their work.

Carson now was just entering upon his career. His previous experiences were but as a training-school to prepare him for his great mission. Providence could not have thrown together two more congenial spirits than Fremont and Carson. One was the complement of the other, so far as the work before them was concerned. They harmonized perfectly. Their friendship increased day by day, and nothing ever occurred to mar its serenity or break its strength. The company consisted of twenty-one men. Fremont was leader; Charles Preuss, surveyor; L. Maxwell, hunter, and Christopher Carson, guide. The remainder of the company consisted of Canadians and Creoles, who had seen service on the prairies. The company reached a ford on the Kansas River on the 14th of June, and preparations were at once made for crossing. The river was much swollen by recent rains, and the current was swift and turbid. By nightfall all were across, except part of the carts. These were in a boat, to be ferried over. The boat cap-

sized, and all the contents went floating down stream. Next day Carson and Maxwell regained the lost property, but, in so doing, the exposure and fatigue brought on sickness. This caused a delay until they recovered sufficiently to go on. After waiting until everything was in readiness again, the cavalcade moved on. One day a member of the party who had loitered in the rear, came galloping up, saying he had seen a company of twenty-seven Indians just over the hill. Carson mounted a horse and galloped off to reconnoitre. Fremont put his men in shape to receive an attack. He makes the following record of Carson's appearance, and the result of his investigation:

"Mounted on a fine horse, without saddle, and scouring, bare-headed, over the prairies, Kit was one of the finest horsemen I had ever seen. A short time enabled him to discover that the Indian war party of twenty-seven consisted of six elk, which had been gazing curiously at our caravan as it passed by, and were now scampering off at full speed."

A day or two afterward, while chasing a buffalo, Carson's horse stumbled, threw, and severely hurt him. The horse recovered himself and darted away at full speed. He was finally recaptured by Maxwell, who gave chase as soon as he saw the accident. We cannot do better than give here an account of a similar chase the next day, for, though badly hurt, Carson could not be kept out of the saddle when such exciting sport was at hand. We give Fremont's own words:

"The hunters were brought up and saddled, and Kit Carson, Maxwell and I, started together. They were now somewhat less than half a mile distant, and we rode easily along until within about three hundred yards, when a sudden agitation, a wavering in the band, and a galloping to and fro of some which were scattered along the skirts, gave us the intimation that we were discovered. We started together at a hard gallop, riding steadily abreast of each

other, and here the interest of the chase became so engrossingly intense that we were sensible of nothing else.

"A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear, and every now and then some of them faced about, and dashed on after the band a short distance, and then turned and looked again, as if more than half inclined to stand and fight. In a few moments, however, during which we had been quickening our pace, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane. When at about thirty yards we gave the usual shout, and broke into the herd. We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction in their heedless course. We separated on entering, each singling out his game.

"My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the West, under the name of Proveau, and, with his eyes flashing, foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, and, rising in my stirrups, I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering near the heart. She fell headlong at the report of the gun, and checking my horse, I looked around for my companions.

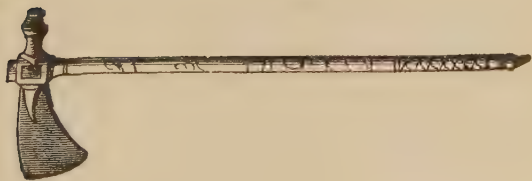
"At a little distance, Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands, at some distance below, I caught a glimpse of Maxwell, and while I was looking, a light wreath of white smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report. Nearer, and between me and the hills, toward which they were directing their course, was the body of the herd, and giving my horse the rein, we dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear, which filled my mouth and eyes, and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffalo were not distinguishable until within thirty feet.

"They crowded together more densely still as I came upon

them, and rushed along in such a compact body that I could not obtain an entrance, my horse almost leaping upon them. In a few moments the mass divided to the right and left, the horns clattering with a noise heard above everything else, and my horse dashed into the opening.

"Five or six bulls charged on us as we dashed along the line, but were left far behind, and singling out a cow, I gave her my fire, but struck too high. She gave a tremendous leap, and scoured on swifter than before. I reined up my horse, and the band swept on like a torrent, and left the place quiet and clear. Looking around, I saw only one of the hunters, nearly out of sight, and the long, dark line of our caravan crawling along, three or four miles distant."

The Fourth of July was observed appropriately by the explorers. Salutes were fired, toasts were drank, and general hilarity prevailed.



CHAPTER III.

ON THE LOFTIEST PEAK OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—RETURN TO FORT LARAMIE—ACCOMPANIES FREMONT ON AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO GREAT SALT LAKE — FIRST EXPERIENCES ON THE “INLAND SEA.”

Fremont here decided to divide his company. He desired to explore the south fork of the Platte as far as the Fort, while another part of the company should explore the north fork as far as Fort Laramie. Arrangements were made accordingly. Carson was detailed to accompany the party that explored the north fork. Fremont made a successful trip to the fork and thence across the country to Fort Laramie, where he was joyously welcomed by the other division, which had arrived in advance of him.

Here they learned that the Sioux Indians were on the war-path. They were roaming over the country they desired to enter, wreaking vengeance upon every living being, especially the whites. A trapper came into camp and said he had been driven from his hunting ground by the Sioux, and it was dangerous to proceed farther. These statements had very disastrous effect upon the minds of Fremont's little band. Some of them desired to be discharged at once. It is recorded in Fremont's account of this expedition that Carson admitted the hazard of the work before them, and made his will. Fremont says this one thing had greater power to influence his men against a forward move than anything that had occurred.

From this, some have concluded that fear prompted Carson. But such a conclusion is not well founded. It was only a proper consideration for his daughter, and a just appreciation of the actual dangers ahead that prompted him. It is true that Fremont's account would leave the impression that he censured Carson for this act, in view of the influence it would have upon the minds of the party, who for the most part were not hunters nor Indian fighters, yet this is to be inferred, as it is not positively asserted. However, when the day came for the final decision, Fremont called the men around him, and after stating the difficulties and dangers before them, said, "Any one choosing to turn back, or remain at the Fort, might do so." Only one availed himself of the opportunity.

Carson warned the expedition that they would soon encounter rough roads, and regard for their own comfort and convenience required that they should get rid of all surplus baggage, discard carts, and use only pack mules. His advice was followed. Thus equipped, the little company pushed out from the fort to traverse the wild and unknown country that lay between them and the Rocky Mountains. They had already traveled, since leaving the steamboat, nine hundred and fifty miles.

They had not been on the road long before they encountered a band of straggling Indians, who told them the grasshoppers had destroyed all grass and the Sioux were obliged to abandon their war, as no subsistence for their horses could be obtained. This was cheering news, and the little company pushed ahead with renewed determination and rising hopes.

The approach to the mountains was of such gradual ascent that they scarcely knew when they had arrived at the summit, for a great plain stretched out around them. The barometer showed them to be several thousand feet above the sea level. There was, notwithstanding, a peak before them that Fremont was ambitious to scale. For this purpose he selected fifteen men, with Carson as

guide, and pushed on up the mountain. For days they toiled and reached the summit of the peak, but before them lay another that towered a thousand feet skyward. It was decided not to push farther, and Fremont ordered Carson next morning to take the mules back to the camp. In obedience to this order, Carson and some of the men were gone by daylight, leaving Fremont and his companions to return at leisure. But that day the programme was changed, and the commander scaled the peak before him and waved the Stars and Stripes, his country's flag, from the summit. Carson would have been glad to share with him the joy of standing upon the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, but his duty as an obedient subordinate deprived him of this pleasure. As it was, only four men out of the whole company, shared this triumph with Fremont.

The return trip to Fort Laramie was accomplished without incident. Fremont's mission was accomplished. He had no further need of Carson's services, who therefore proceeded to New Mexico.

Here Carson found employment with his old friends, Cols. Bent and St. Vrain. This was in 1843. He was this year, while engaged for these men as hunter, married to a Spanish lady.

Shortly afterward he heard that two days before Fremont had passed that way on a second exploring expedition. Carson followed his trail for seventy miles. The meeting of these two men was mutually agreeable. Carson desired only to greet his former commander and then return to his place at the fort, in the employ of St. Vrain. The estimation placed upon his services the previous year, is attested by the fact that Fremont insisted upon Carson's accompanying him on this expedition. He consented to do so, and was sent back to the fort to bring up some fresh supplies. This was midsummer, 1843.

Fremont's object was to visit the Great Salt Lake, or inland sea, of which such wonderful stories had been told by hunters and trappers. He was then to move on until he should connect his



CARSON'S DUEL WITH A FRENCHMAN,

surveys with those made by another officer, who was proceeding from the pacific coast eastward. The sufferings and privations endured by these men surpass belief. Yet they were cheerful for the most part, and often made the camp resound with mirth and song, though there were times when cold and hunger forced silence. When they had nothing to subsist upon but roots, and were famishing almost from thirst, not a word was spoken, and the march was continued in quiet. But when such want and privation was succeeded by plenty, as it was when game was killed, and a stream of water and a grassy plat furnished a good camping place, gaiety returned, and the welkin rung with mirth. When game could not be obtained a horse was killed, and furnished several days' subsistence for the twenty-five men who composed the company.

As they advanced, supplies were less easily obtained, and Fremont sent back a part of the company, while he and a select few continued the journey. There were only three other men besides Carson and Fremont, who were permitted to push on to the great inland sea. The others were left in camp, after those who had been sent back to the fort were gone.

Sept. 6 found them standing on the summit of a butte from which they had a fine view of the object of their search, the Great Salt Lake, "stretching in still and solitary grandeur far beyond their vision," to quote the language of Fremont, in describing their first view of the waters. He said Balboa and his companions could not have been more elated upon the discovery of the Pacific Ocean, than were they at this moment. For many weeks they had been struggling along, hemmed in on all sides by mountains, and now this vast expanse of water was to their minds, sublime in the extreme, and they felt repaid for all they had endured to get this view. We give in Fremont's own words the account of their explorations on the lake, asking the reader to remember that Car-

son was by his side in every movement. Their voyage was to be made in a rubber boat. Just before embarking they discovered that it was leaky, and indifferently put together. They were not daunted by these facts, though, and with remarkable courage entered upon their chosen task. Fremont says:

“The day was clear and calm; the thermometer, at sunrise, at 49°. As is usual with trappers on the eve of any enterprise, our people had had dreams, and theirs happened to be a bad one—one which always preceded evil—and consequently they looked very gloomy this morning; but we hurried through our breakfast in order to make an early start, and have all the day before us for our adventure. The channel in a short distance became so shallow that our navigation was at an end, being merely a sheet of soft mud, with a few inches of water, and sometimes none at all, forming the low water shore of the lake. All this place was absolutely covered with flocks of screaming plover. We took off our clothes, and getting overboard, commenced dragging the boat—making by this operation a very curious trail, and a very disagreeable smell in stirring up the mud, as we sunk above the knee at every step. The water here was still fresh, with an insipid and disagreeable taste, probably derived from the fetid mud. After proceeding in this way about a mile, we came to a low black ridge on the bottom, beyond which the water became suddenly salt, beginning gradually to deepen, and the bottom was sandy and firm. It was a remarkable division, separating the fresh water of the rivers from the briny water of the lake, which was entirely saturated with common salt. Pushing our little vessel beyond the boundary, we sprang on board, and at length were afloat on the waters of the unknown sea.

“We did not steer for the mountainous islands, but directed our course toward a low one, which it had been decided we should first visit. So long as we could touch the bottom with our paddles, we were gay; but gradually as the water deepened, we became

more still in our frail bottom of gum cloth distended with air, and with pasted seams. Although the day was very calm there was considerable swell on the lake; and there were white patches of foam on the surface, which were slowly moving to the southward, indicating the set of the current in that direction, and recalling a recollection of the whirlpool stories. The water continued to deepen as we advanced, the lake becoming almost transparently clear, of an extremely beautiful, bright green color, and the spray, which was thrown into the boat and over our clothes, was directly converted into a crust of common salt, which covered also our hands and arms. 'Captain,' said Carson, who had been looking for some time at some whitening appearance outside the nearest islands, 'What are those yonder? Won't you just take a look with the glass?' We ceased paddling for a moment, and found them to be caps of the waves that were beginning to break under the force of a strong breeze that was coming up the lake. The form of the boat seemed to be an admirable one, and it rode the waves like a water-bird; but at the same time it was exceedingly slow in progress. When we were a little more than half way across the reach, two of the divisions between the cylinders gave way, and it required the constant use of the bellows to keep in a sufficient quantity of air. For a long time we scarcely seemed to approach our island, but gradually we worked across the rougher sea of the open channel into the smoother water under the lee of the island, and began to discover that what we took for a long row of pelicans ranged on the beach, were only low cliffs whitened by the salt from the spray of the waves, and about noon we reached the shore, the transparency of the water enabling us to see the bottom at a considerable depth.

"The cliffs and masses of rocks along the shore were whitened by an incrustation of salt where the waves dashed up against them, and the evaporating water which had been left in holes and hollows

on the surface of the rocks was covered with a crust of salt about one-eighth of an inch in thickness.

“Carrying with us the barometer and other instruments, in the afternoon we ascended the highest point of the island, a bare, rocky peak, about 800 feet above the lake. Standing on the summit we enjoyed an extended view of the lake, inclosed in a basin of rugged mountains, which sometimes left marshy flats and extensive bottoms between them and the shore, and in other places came directly down into the water with bold and precipitous bluffs.

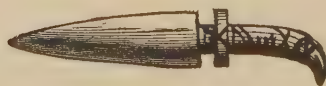
“As we looked over the broad expanse of water spread out beneath us, and strained our eyes along the silent shores, over which hung so much doubt and uncertainty, and which were so full of interest to us, I could hardly repress the almost irresistible desire to continue our exploration; but the lengthening snow upon the mountains was a plain indication of the advancing season, and our frail linen boat appeared so insecure that I was unwilling to trust our lives to the uncertainties of the lake. I therefore unwillingly resolved to terminate our survey here, and remain satisfied for the present with what we had been able to add to the unknown geography of the region. We felt pleasure also in thinking that we were the first who, according to the traditionary annals of the country, had visited the islands and broken with the cheerful sound of human voices the long solitude of the place. I called this Disappointment Island.

“Out of the driftwood we made ourselves pleasant little lodges open to the water, and after having kindled large fires to excite the wonder of any straggling savage on the lake shore, lay down for the first time in our long journey in perfect security, no one thinking about his arms. The evening was extremely bright and pleasant, but the wind rose during the night, and the waves beat heavily on the shore, making our island tremble. The strangeness of our situation, and the excitement we felt in the associated interests of the

place, made this one of the most interesting nights I remember during our long expedition.

“ In the morning the surf was breaking heavily on the shore, and we were up early. The lake was dark and agitated, and we hurried through our scanty breakfast and embarked, having first filled one of the buckets with water from which it was intended to make salt. The sun had risen by the time we were ready to start, and it was blowing a strong gale of wind almost directly off the shore, and raising a considerable sea, in which our boat strained very much. It roughened as we got away from the island, and it required all the efforts of the men to make any head against the wind and sea, the gale rising with the sun, and there was danger of being blown into one of the reaches beyond the island. At the distance of a half mile from the beach the depth of the water was sixteen feet, with a clay bottom. There was a general shout when we found ourselves in one fathom, and we soon after landed on a low point of mud, where we unloaded the boat and carried the baggage to the firmer ground.”

On the 12th of the month they commenced the return trip to the rest of the company. They consumed all their provisions, and as no game could be found they killed a fat young horse, and while the carcass remained, fared sumptuously. This privation was relieved by the timely arrival of a party sent to them with an assortment of edibles, including flour and coffee.



CHAPTER IV.

COURAGE FAILS ELEVEN OF THE PARTY—THE REMAINDER BRAVELY ENDURE THE PERILS—RETURN—CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS—EFFECT OF EXPOSURE UPON THE COMPANY—ARRIVAL AT SUTTER'S FORT—THIRD EXPEDITION—CARSON AS PATRIOT.

Winter was now coming on. Fremont called the company together, mapped out before them the route he expected to take, and faithfully depicted the dangers and hardships of the undertaking. Under the influence of these explanations, the courage of eleven failed, and they were permitted to return home. Carson, however, was ready for any and all dangers and hardships. With those who volunteered to remain with him, the commander took up his march south through the valley. Rains fell, the winds blew, and storms beat in their faces, but onward they went, feeling the privations and discomforts keenly, but never uttering a word of complaint, nor asking to be excused. The roads were rough and hilly. At some places the men had to put their shoulders to the wheels of the carts, to help the animals draw them up. Their progress was slow. Fremont says the country is "melancholy and strange-looking—one of fracture, violence, and fire." The only enjoyment the men experienced was the feasting which accompanied the slaying of an ox, though it was gaunt and generally uninviting. In this way they pushed on until they arrived at Nez

Perce, where Fremont's mission ended, and where he commenced preparations for return. Carson was assigned the duty of superintending the making of pack-saddles, and refitting the equipage.

The first point to be visited in the route was Tlamath Lake, between the head waters of the Fall River and the Sacramento. Thence they were to proceed southeast—in search of the supposed Mary's Lake—and thence still further southeast to the reported Buenaventura River; thence they were to proceed to the head waters of the Arkansas River, and thence down that river to their home, Bent's Fort.

The company was heterogeneous as to nationality. There were among them American, French, Canadian, Indian, and German—twenty-five in all.

They provided themselves with rations for three months, consisting largely of tallow and peas, and also purchased some cattle, to be driven along on hoof, and killed as needed for food. The undertaking was a great one, and many of the company young, but none were terrified at what lay before them. They arrived at Tlamath Lake, and found it to be a large basin entirely devoid of water, except when the waters from melting snows of Spring ran into it. From here they proceeded toward Mary's Lake. But no Mary's Lake could be found where the best maps Fremont could get said it ought to be. They arrived there about Jan. 3. Fremont concluded, from all signs, that he was on the verge of a great desert, which he feared to enter, and, instead of continuing on southeast, he bore off in a southerly direction, keeping close along the mountain side, and hoped in this way to come to Buenaventura River.

Their discomforts and perils were increased by heavy fogs that settled down upon them, and were so dense that they would get lost from each other if separated by only a short distance. Thus they pursued their toilsome way for a week or more, when



KIT CARSON AND HIS BLIND HORSE.

they emerged from the basin or valley through which they had been traveling, and came upon a large body of water, some twenty miles wide. Of this Fremont thus writes:

“It broke upon our eyes like an ocean. The waves were curling in the breeze, and their dark green color showed it to be deep water.”

Here they camped. Scarcely had they lighted their fires before they were surrounded by nearly half-naked Indians. They were friendly, and appeared quite intelligent, but of course our travelers could not communicate with them except by signs. One of them told Fremont, or made him understand by signs, that before the snow fell it was just six days' journey to where the white men lived (meaning California), but that now, since the snow was on the mountains, they could not get there at all. The Indians tried to dissuade the party from attempting to cross the mountains in the face of what, they were satisfied, would be death from cold and hunger. After much entreaty, they obtained a guide from the Indians, and again commenced the onward move, determined to cross the mountains at all hazards. Carson was called upon to tell the company what he knew of California. He graphically described it as a land of sunshine and plenty, strangely contrasting with the dreary wilderness in which they were then languishing. Fremont assured them they were not more than eighty miles from the beautiful valley of the Sacramento. Thus encouraged, the company set out for the perilous trip across the mountains in midwinter.

It was here that they were obliged to kill a dog that had been their companion for many weeks, and make a meal upon its flesh. It made a very tempting appearance to many, as it lay cut up and spread out on the snow, but others of the company preferred to fast to eating any of it.

The first night they built a huge fire around a large pine tree

spread branches upon the snow, upon these threw their blankets, and lay down to rest and to sleep, the clear sky their only covering, the winds whistling through the leafless trees, and the thermometer showing ten degrees above zero.

Two Indians followed and showed by signs that before them were rock upon rock, rock upon rock, snow upon snow, snow upon snow, and death was waiting to receive them. Their harangue did not deter the brave men, but it had a visible effect upon their Indian guide, who hid his head in his blanket, and bitterly moaned. Fremont took compassion upon him, and, to add to his comfort, threw his own blanket upon his shoulders; but after a few minutes he found his generosity misplaced, for the guide was gone, and also the cloak or blanket.

After almost incredible hardships, they reached the summit and commenced the descent. This was slow in the extreme. Their animals would flounder and wallow in the snow, and some of them had to be left to die. In some places the snow was five feet deep, and in others twenty feet. Sometimes the crust would bear them, and again they were compelled to shovel their way through the drifts. On Feb. 20, 1844, they encamped, with all the animals and camp equipage, on the summit of the pass, one thousand miles from the Dalles of the Columbia, from which they started the previous September, after the visit to the great Salt Lake.

While thus struggling in the snow and ice they witnessed a thunder storm in the valley below, saw the lightning, and heard the thunder. It had to them an indescribable charm, suggesting as it did all the comforts and pleasure of summer weather for which they now longed so earnestly. They watched the progress of the storm until sunset.

The next morning Carson and Fremont went ahead to explore a route. They came to a swift mountain stream, narrow, deep and icy. Carson sprang across and Fremont attempted to follow, but

his foot slipped, and he fell into the water. Carson sprang in and helped him out, and thus both were dripping wet and fearfully cold. They built a fire, dried their clothes and continued their search for the best route. We can not give all the details of this descent. Its character can be readily inferred from the fact that the suffering endured caused one of the company to become deranged in mind, while several of the mules died of exposure and hunger. They did not reach the settlement of whites until March 6, when they arrived at Sutter's Fort, where they were cordially received by that person. Of the sixty-seven horses with which they commenced the journey, only thirty-three lived to reach the destination.

In the last few preceding pages we have not mentioned Carson's name, but he was a sharer in all the privations enumerated, and was Fremont's main dependence in every trying hour, and won from that heroic leader warmest regard and honorable mention in his account of that journey.

Carson returned to his home in Taos and richly enjoyed the quiet comforts of his own house after the adventures experienced in his expedition with Fremont. He had fully determined to devote himself to the tilling of the soil, and made preparations to enter upon a farmer's life in the spring of 1845. But he was not to be permitted to thus enjoy himself. Before separating from Fremont he had promised to join him in a third expedition if he should ever desire his services. Now a messenger arrived at his house from Col. Fremont reminding him of this promise, and asking when he could meet the Colonel for another trip.

Accordingly Carson and an intimate friend named Owens started out at once to join Fremont's party at Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River. This company was composed entirely of experienced hunters and trappers, and every man of it was Carson's particular friend. After examining the sources of various rivers they proceeded again to the Great Salt Lake and encamped upon

its southwestern shore. Leaving this they pushed on westward. After a few days the party was divided into two sections. Fremont with ten men, whites and Indians, composed one. With this section was Carson. They traversed and explored the country to the Nevada Mountains. They were here joined by the other section. Fremont ordered it to move south and cross the mountains through some of the many passes, while he and his men went directly over to Sutter's Fort to obtain provisions and supplies.

While passing through the foot hills they came suddenly upon a band of Indians who had been over on the coast and stolen a large number of horses and were now taking them to the interior to eat or use for other purposes. They kept the Indians at bay until nightfall, killing some of them in the meantime. During the night the Indians fled to the mountains and Fremont and his party proceeded unmolested.

The journey across the mountains this time was a repetition of that described a few pages back. The hardships endured seem incredible. Finally they arrived at Sutter's Fort and were kindly received and entertained.

We now enter upon another phase of Carson's life. Up to this time we have seen him as an individual, working for his personal profit. Surely no brayer man ever lived; no more successful trapper ever snared the beaver; no truer friend ever pledged fidelity to another; no hardier mountaineer ever crossed the Rockies. But Carson was a patriot. He fought for his country, and because of his achievements we are to-day, as a nation, worth more by all the untold wealth of California's mines than we would have been had he not lived.

At the time of which we write war had been declared between the United States and Mexico, and California was a Mexican province. Americans, therefore, were enemies to the Mexican government. Having been for a year or more buried in the wildernesses,

hunting out new lakes and rivers, Fremont and Carson knew nothing of the relation of the two countries, nor dreamed that they were now upon the enemy's soil. Fremont, being an officer in the United States army, was ordered out of California by Gen. Castro, the Mexican commander. But he did not go. Instead of quietly withdrawing he selected a good place and threw up fortifications. These were completed about the time Gen. Castro arrived and demanded surrender. But Fremont and his men did not surrender. There were only forty Americans, while the Mexican army numbered several hundred. The Mexicans encamped near by, and the Americans awaited developments. After three days it was decided that Gen. Castro had no intention of molesting the little garrison, and Fremont and his men withdrew, intending to visit Lawson's trading post, to procure necessary supplies and make their way homeward by way of Oregon. For in the present condition of affairs further exploration in Southern California was not to be thought of.

It should be remembered that Fremont and his little company had no official notice of any rupture between the States and Mexico, though rumors to that effect were in circulation. We can not fail to admire the promptness and dash with which the Americans in California acted. To Fremont and to Carson must be ascribed a large share of praise for the acquisition of so important a province as California, the value of which was not then known.

Carson heartily seconded every effort of Fremont to protect American citizens, residents of California, and to resent any insult shown the Stars and Stripes.

While tarrying at Lawson's a report reached them that the Indians, one thousand strong, were moving against the post, and were breathing out threatenings of slaughter against all American settlements, acting meanwhile under the advice of the Mexican authorities. Fremont's little command, reinforced by addition of

five men from the post were at once ready to move against the savages and defend the weak and unsuspecting settlements of their countrymen. Carson was unanimously chosen Lieutenant, with Fremont as leader. The engagement which ensued as soon as the white men met the Indians, resulted in an overwhelming defeat of the savages, who fled from the field with a remembrance of the skill and courage of the hardy hunters and patriots that never lost its influence in preventing any future hasty engagement.



CHAPTER V.

TO THE RESCUE OF THE OFFICIAL FROM WASHINGTON—WAR
RIORS ATTACK THE SLUMBERING PARTY—CONQUEST OF
CALIFORNIA—CARSON BEARS DISPATCH OF THEIR ACHIEVE-
MENTS TO WASHINGTON—EXAMPLES OF FIDELITY AND
BRAVERY—BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL—DEATH.

The Indians dispersed, and having no orders from his government, Fremont returned to Lawson's to complete preparations for the homeward march through Oregon. While pushing their way northward, they were surprised by the appearance of two white men, who proved to be part of a guard of six men who were accompanying an officer from Washington with messages for Fremont, from the government. They said the remainder of the party were two days behind them, and seriously threatened by Indians, and that they themselves had been pursued, and had escaped only by the exceeding swiftness of their steeds.

Fremont determined to go to the rescue without delay, and selected as his companions Kit Carson and nine other good men. There were of course, no highways upon which the officer must travel, and whence it would be impossible to miss him, but on the other hand the two parties might pass each other on different roads or trails. Fremont's party marched until afternoon, when they reached a good camping ground and concluded that they would wait there until the officer came up, supposing he would be con-

ducted to the same rendezvous. About sundown they saw four men approaching. They were Lieut. Gillèspe, of the United States Marines, and his escort. They had come from Washington by the way of the City of Mexico, to Upper California with messages for the U. S. Consul, and under instructions to find Fremont and party, if possible. The meeting of these men is described by Carson in a letter which he wrote to a Washington paper in 1847. The officer brought Fremont letters from home, the first he had had for nearly a year. As may be guessed, he did not go to sleep early that night, but sat up by a big fire until after midnight, reading his letters.

There were sixteen in the party. They felt secure from any attack, and neglected the usual precaution of setting a watch. The men were all tired, and slept soundly, wrapped in their blankets, ranged around the fire, especial friends keeping near each other. No other night since the time Carson and Fremont and companions slept on the island in Great Salt Lake, had they failed to post a sentinel. Fatal omission indeed it was, at this time!

While the commander was reading his letters by the light of the camp fire, twenty Tlamath Indians were watching him and his sleeping soldiers. The enemy lay in ambush near at hand. Finally the letters were finished, and with thoughts of home and loved ones, the commander wrapped his blanket about him and stretched himself on the ground near Carson, to sleep and dream of home. On the opposite side of the fire lay Basil Lejerneuse and others.

In a few minutes all were asleep. The fire burned low, and the heavy breathing of the whole company attested at once their weariness and the profoundness of their sleep. The dusky savages, arrayed in war paint and decked in gorgeous garments, crept quietly from their ambush, one by one, grasping firmly the tomahawks, each selecting a victim, and stole stealthily upon the slumbering

men. Had their plan been carried out probably not one would have escaped to tell the horrible tale of that night. But the faintest sound of cracking twigs under the feet of the advancing foe awakened Carson, and he stirred. The foremost savage leaped forward. A heavy thud, a slight groan, and a rush of the others, followed. Carson sprang to his feet and cried out to Basil:

“What’s the matter there? What’s that fuss about?”

But Basil did not answer. The Indian had buried his battle axe in his head, and he never knew what killed him. The man lying beside Basil also was slaughtered by a heavy blow of the axe. He turned over, groaned, and died.

All this was done in less time than it takes to write it.

Carson and one of his companions were first on their feet and shouted as they hurriedly took in the scene:

“Indians! Indians!”

Fremont sprang to his gun. The other men did the same. No orders were given. None were needed. Every man of that little company knew his duty, and performed it promptly and well. Carson and Fremont were together, and rushed into the midst of the savages. A well-directed shot from a man named Slepp brought down the chief, who was conspicuous even in the dim fire-light by the gaudiness of his attire. The remainder of the Indians fled. The loss of the whites were three men killed, and one wounded. The same Indians a day or two before had visited the camp of Fremont, and partook of his hospitality. Very likely the Indians were desirous of killing Gillespie, and frustrating what they supposed were plans laid by these two officers for further prosecution of the war against the Mexicans. The Indians never again found the men off guard.

As a natural result of that night’s doings, every man vowed vengeance against the Indians and the Mexicans, who were their instigators, to be taken at the first opportunity.



SQUAW AND PAPPOOSE.

Carson and ten chosen men were sent on in advance to discover if possible, an Indian village. His instructions were to attack and destroy it, if he felt able, with his force; or send back word for help, when the whole company would advance to the attack.

They soon found a trail that led to a village of fifty lodges. Arriving at the village they found the Indians in commotion, having discovered the approach of the whites. No time was to be lost, so Carson ordered a charge. The Indians were panic stricken, and fled in confusion, leaving all their possessions behind. The victors pursued and shot down the fleeing savages without mercy. Finally Carson ordered a halt, and a return to the village, where the lodges were fired and all their contents destroyed. The village thus given over to the flames was the handsomest Carson had ever seen, the lodges displaying exquisite workmanship.

It was now time for the Indians to seek vengeance. They accordingly watched the movements of Fremont's party very closely, but always at a safe distance. About a week afterward, while marching toward the Valley of the Sacramento, the company came to a gorge or pass, and were about to pass through it when Carson advised a detour, as, he said, the Indians were probably in ambush there. Sure enough, while they were passing around the canyon, the Indians, enraged at the loss of their prey, emerged from their cover, and sought an open fight. The result was disastrous to them. Carson in this skirmish captured a bow and a quiver of arrows, which he gave Lieut. Gillespie as trophies of the conflict.

After a delay of several days, meanwhile hunting in the vicinity of Lawson's, Fremont determined not to wait for orders, but to begin at once the conquest of California. His men were eager for the fray. They at once moved against Sonoma, capturing the fort and garrison. Among the prisoners were Gen. Vallejos and two captains, all of the Mexican army. They also captured several cannon and a quantity of small arms.

All the Americans in that region now rallied under the Stars and Stripes, and chose Fremont leader. Fremont proceeded from Sonoma to Monterey to capture that port, but on his arrival found the town already in the possession of Commodore Sloat, of the navy. Fremont and his American followers had declared the independence of California, taken possession in the name of the United States, and hoisted the bear flag as their battle ensign.

Commodore Sloat and Fremont, the latter with a command of one hundred and fifty hardy pioneers, now united their forces and marched against Gen. Castro, at Los Angeles. Arriving before that city they found the place evacuated. Gen. Castro had fled before the little American army. Fremont was made governor of California, with headquarters at Monterey.

Carson and fifteen men were started overland for Washington with important dispatches, which detailed all the movements of Fremont's forces, and told of their brilliant achievement in capturing the entire province. He started out with instructions to make the journey in sixty days. One can easily imagine how proudly Carson moved out on this expedition. Hope animated him, and he had a vague idea of the glory of carrying such important news to Washington. He was sure of a grand reception and royal treatment.

He encountered a band of Apache Indians. Here he resorted to stratagem. Indeed, that was his only hope of escape. Nothing daunted by their superiority in numbers, and warlike attitude, he demanded a parley, which was granted, and he succeeded in persuading them that he and his companions were but travelers, and had come to them for an exchange of animals. He made the desired exchange and next morning was on his way, glad so easily to escape from his treacherous foe.

He now approached his own home, Taos, and confidently counted on the joys of a few hours' sojourn with his loved ones. He was to be disappointed.

While crossing a broad prairie he met Gen. Kearney, of the United States army, proceeding overland to California to make a conquest of that territory. Carson related his past experience and informed the General of the object of his mission to Washington. Kearney proposed to send the dispatches on to Washington by a special messenger, while Carson should return with him as guide. No doubt Carson's disappointment was great, but he knew he would be of invaluable service to Gen. Kearney in his march, and therefore he consented to this arrangement. A Mr. Fitzpatrick took the dispatches on to Washington, and Carson retraced his steps, accompanied by Gen. Kearney and his little army.

Leaving the Rio Grande Oct. 18, the command arrived within the borders of California Dec. 3, so direct a route had Carson pursued. The next day Carson and a few companions captured the spies whom Gen. Castro had sent out to report the movements of Kearney. It was soon discovered that Gen. Castro intended to give battle to Kearney before he could join forces with Fremont and the Commodore. Kearney was impatient for the encounter, but Carson advised a detour to avoid the Mexicans, as the Americans had just made a long and hard march, and were not mounted on horses suitable to enter an engagement. Kearney moved forward and attacked the enemy.

Carson was in the front. His horse stumbled and threw his rider, hurting him severely, but not seriously. His gun was broken. The remainder of the company galloped over him. When they had passed he seized a gun from a dead dragoon, mounted his horse, and was soon in the thickest of the fight. Only forty of Kearney's men were mounted on horses, the rest being on mules. The latter became unmanageable, and soon what promised to be an easy victory was a disastrous defeat. Several officers lay dead upon the field, and of the forty men on horses, thirty were either dead or severely wounded. Gen. Kearney himself was severely

wounded. Carson and two other officers were all that were left fit for duty. The next morning Carson and twenty-five men formed an advance guard, and moved out, followed by the remainder, a sadly crippled little army. The Mexicans menaced them constantly. About sundown the Americans sustained another attack, and retired before superior numbers. They finally rallied, charged the Mexicans, and occupied the field, but more than this they could not do. They were now hemmed in, without food or water, and liable to fall an easy prey to the enemy.

In this strait Carson and Lieut. Beale volunteered to make their way through the enemy's lines, and hasten to Stockton for assistance.

They were obliged to crawl for many rods in darkness, making every movement slowly and carefully lest they attract the attention of the sentinel. At one time they were so near him that they could clearly see his outline in the dark. While in this close place, the sentinel stopped and lighted his cigar with flint and steel. Carson in relating his experience afterward said he could hear Beale's heart beat, so quiet were they for fear of detection. The short time occupied in lighting the cigar seemed an age to them, and their joy was great when the sentinel mounted his horse and rode to another part of his beat. For two miles they worked their way on hands and knees. When they had got beyond the lines and rose to run, they found that they had lost their shoes while creeping along, for they were attached to their belts when they started. Barefooted, with great pain, cut and bruised, they hurried on, and late the next night arrived at the camp of their friends. A detachment of two hundred men were at once sent to the relief of the surrounded force of Kearney. Carson was not able to accompany them. He was too much fatigued, and his feet were in a horrible condition. Lieut. Beale was partially deranged on account of his exposure and fatigue. It was two years afterward before he fully recovered his health.

In March, 1847, Carson was sent to Washington with dispatches, and Lieut. Beale accompanied him, with important documents for the Navy Department. Beale was so feeble that for the first twenty days of the journey he was lifted on and off his horse by Carson, but after that he recovered rapidly. They encountered Indians only once, and then they were attacked at night, but escaped without injury. The entire journey was completed in less than ninety days. They traveled two thousand five hundred miles on horseback, and fifteen hundred miles by railroad.

Mrs. Fremont was at the depot in Washington to meet Carson. She did not wait for an introduction, but at once called him by name, saying she would have recognized him anywhere, from her husband's description of him. He was taken at once to the home of her father, Col. Benton, where she also lived. Carson was commissioned Lieutenant by President Polk, and was put in command of fifty men to take through the territory of the Comanche Indians, who were at that time at war with the whites. He was not molested, however, until he reached a place known as "The Point of Rocks." Here he found a company of United States volunteers, and camped near them. That night the Indians captured some animals, and the next morning attacked the herders as they were moving the cattle to new pasturage. Carson and his men dispersed the Indians, and recaptured the cattle.

He proceeded to Fort Leavenworth, and there met his family, who had been notified to meet him at that place.

He finally arrived at Los Angeles, and went thence to Monterey, delivered his dispatches, and, taking a company or twenty-five dragoons, spent the winter at Tizon Pass.

The next spring he made another trip overland to Washington. It was on this trip that he learned that his appointment as Lieutenant in the army had not been confirmed by the Senate, but he did not let this neglect to bestow upon him well-earned honor

deter him from the faithful performance of his duty. He accordingly proceeded to Washington, and delivered his dispatches. He returned at once to his home, Taos, where he arrived in October.

Soon afterward he was summoned to act as guide to Col. Beale, who was sent out to subdue the Apache Indians.

Carson had, about this time, the honor of entertaining at his own home, Col. Fremont and party, who had endeavored to survey a route for a road to California, but had got lost in the mountains, endured incredible sufferings, being forced to feed upon horses that starved, and, some say, they even fed upon the corpses of frozen men!

Carson accompanied Col. Beale in another expedition to induce the Comanche Indians to return to the Mexicans the prisoners they had taken from them. He then returned to Taos, and, with Maxwell, settled in a beautiful valley, and entered with zest upon the cultivation of the soil, and raising cattle, sheep, and other domestic animals. Here peace, plenty, and prosperity awaited him. The Indians greeted him kindly, and familiarly called him "Father Kit."

In 1853 he took a drove of sheep across the plains, and was delighted to find in California such wonderful mining camps and beautiful residences, where, in the years just preceding, was nothing but a wilderness.

Upon his return to Taos, in December, 1853, he received information of his appointment as Indian Agent for New Mexico. He discharged the duties of this office with remarkable fidelity and success, for no one was better fitted than he for the office to which he was now appointed. He was known and respected by all the Indians of the Territory.

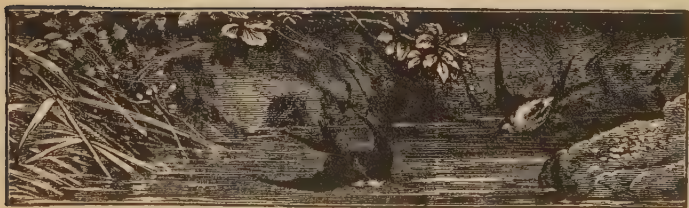
During the War of the Rebellion Carson gave his attention to the prosecution of a war against the Indians who were hostile to the government, and rose from one position to another until he at-

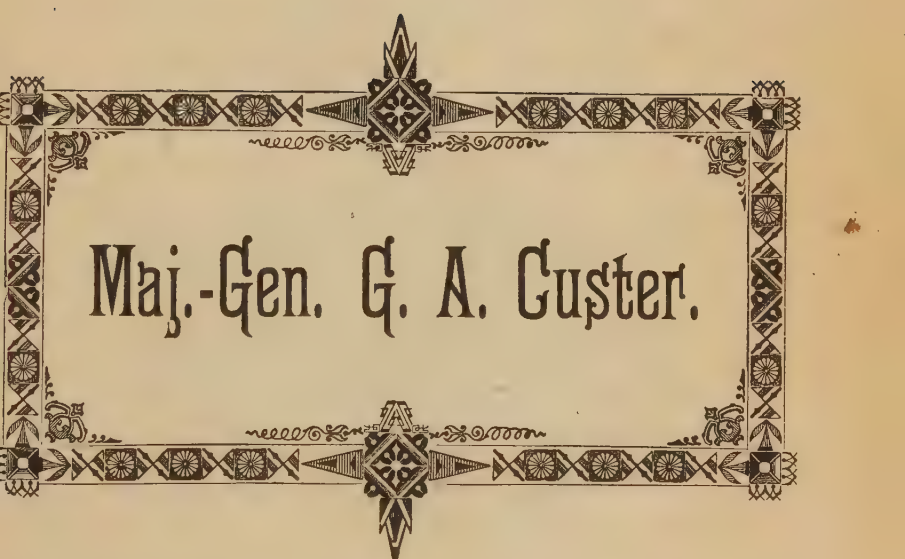
tained that of Brevet Brigadier-General. In 1864 he accomplished the removal of the Navajoes, who had given the government much trouble, to their reservation.

Gen. Carson died at Fort Lyon, Col., 23d of May, 1868, the cause of his death being a rupture of an artery.

The rifle that he carried for thirty years is now in the possession of Montezuma Lodge A. F. and A. M., Santa Fe, of which he was a member.

Many exciting scenes in his life we have passed over, as they would fill volumes. As a friend, he was true as steel; as a soldier, brave as a lion; as a trapper and hunter, he had no superior; as mountaineer and guide, his equal could not be found; as a faithful officer of the government, he was without reproach.





Maj.-Gen. G. A. Custer.



MAJ.-GEN. GEO. A. CUSTER.

LIFE OF MAJ.-GEN. GEO. A. CUSTER.

CHAPTER I.

SCHOOL DAYS—LOVE FOR SPORT—MAKES FIRM FRIENDS—AS A
PEDAGOGUE—ADMITTED TO WEST POINT—LIFE AS A CADET
—RECEIVES EXPULSION—IS RE-ADMITTED—GRADUATES.

Our country has been prolific in developing military heroes. Foreigners of distinction, coming to America, imagine every individual of note a Major, Colonel, or General after the first week's introduction. Indeed, it would have been difficult ten years ago to find a corporation, state, or national officer without the military prefix to his name. So monstrous a thing had been the Great Rebellion, not mentioning the several conflicts preceding it, that thousands were called to wear the epaulette and star. They were from all grades of society, from every section of the land. The friends of each loved to herald the fame and title of their respective champion, and so popular did such designations become that even those who had bravely remained at home during the perilous times of the war were also honored with an empty "colonelcy," or else a "generalship."

So frequently were these titles placed where they did not belong, and so many have been the officers properly bearing them who

never reached beyond mediocrity in their commands, that we must look deeper than the name in order to distinguish the genuine from the real.

The life of George A. Custer furnishes evidence of his titles being properly given, and his stars heroically won. He was an extraordinary man. Had he been born ten years earlier than he was, it is exceedingly probable that the American armies would have called him to a much higher place than they did, and the American people to positions more responsible. But we will glance at his career from boyhood to death, to discover for ourselves the characteristics of this hero.

He was born at New Rumley, O., Dec. 5, 1839. (His father had married the second time. The maiden name of his second wife, George's mother, was Ward—Maria Ward. The ancestry on both sides of the house was honorable, and somewhat chivalric.

Emmanuel Custer, the father of George, was a member of the agricultural fraternity, gaining a livelihood by tilling the soil about the little town of New Rumley. He was ever ready to aid in the suppression of wrong, or fight the battles of his country when needed. While George was quite small, his father joined the militia organized over the country about that time. As soon as the son could carry a toy musket and march beside his father, he was permitted to do so, much to the amusement of the other militiamen. The sport seemed particularly suited to the young American's disposition. He soon learned the crude tactics of that day almost perfectly, and undoubtedly received his first incentive toward that eventful military career he afterward pursued.

The father of George endeavored to give the boy the best education that was possible with his limited means. He was sent to the New Rumley district school until about ten years of age. At this time his oldest sister, Lydia, was married to a Mr. Reed. The couple were to move to Monroe, Mich., and the sister of

George requested that he might go with her. Accordingly the lad was permitted to try the realities of "Western life," and learn some things which proved in after years of invaluable assistance.

"Old Stebbins' Academy," as the select school in Monroe was generally called, was the only one to be found, and to it young Custer was immediately started. For two years geography, arithmetic, and spelling occupied his attention, when there were no military novels to read! He early manifested the greatest appetite for thrilling adventure, especially the experiences of war. One would think that with such tastes and disposition the boy would have been a miniature soldier among his fellows on the school grounds, always working up dissensions in order to enjoy the excitement of the fight. But not so. It is recorded of him that while he was incessantly playing practical jokes, and enjoying the out of door sports of school life, he was never known to have a fight. He was gentle-spirited naturally, though determined and boisterous when necessary. As in after life, so in boyhood, every one liked him. The friendships he made among the Monroe boys in the two years he was there, were as lasting as life. All through the stormy future his old schoolmates ever had the deepest regard for "Antie," and Antie possessed the same for them.

After two years with his sister, Mrs. Reed, George returned to his father's farm at New Rumley. Here he worked and went to school for a couple of years, when Mrs. Reed again requested that he visit her. For the second time he made the journey to the wilds of Michigan. Rev. Mr. Boyd was principal of a seminary in the town at George's second coming, and he conducted an excellent school. Much attracted by the offer of superior advantages for mind culture, the boy, now fourteen years of age, concluded to remain and attend the seminary. This was one of the wisest decisions young Custer ever made. Upon it, to a great degree, hung his future glory. It was while at the seminary that he manifested

such aptness, was so quick in taking advantage of the opportunity afforded for mental development as not only to give him confidence in his own ability, but also to draw all needed encouragement from his preceptor and friends.

After a two years' sojourn with his friends at Monroe, George returned to New Rumley, but not to work on the farm. His ambition for future renown was roused. Everything, now, must conserve his purpose. Accordingly, as the first step in the right direction, he secured a school at Hopedale, Ohio, and began his independent career as a pedagogue. How many are the names of greatness which were first heard of in the same way! The mere becoming a school teacher is hardly a guarantee of greatness, but surely no better discipline can be secured for a young, ambitious mind. There is something in the profession that compels self-reliance, while it proves an inspiration for higher commands.

For about a year George handled the birch over the rising generation of Hopedale. At the expiration of that time he repaired to a normal school at Hopedale, known as the McNeely Normal School. He had determined to become as proficient as possible in his profession. But the young man was by no means satisfied with this sedentary pursuit. His eye had been on West Point for some time, and soon after entering the McNeely school he addressed a letter to Mr. Bingham, Member of Congress from his district, relative to an appointment. Mr. Bingham treated the applicant courteously, but was unable to get him the place at that time. George was doomed to spend the remainder of '55 and '56 attending the normal, teaching, and following a plow. The spring to the pathway was found, but as yet failed to respond to his touch.

At length Mr. Bingham secured the appointment to West Point of George Armstrong Custer, of Ohio. With gladdened heart, and a bright future before him, the young man hurried on to the great military school for examination.

Let us now take a look at this ambitious candidate for a cadetship. He is eighteen years of age. His appearance is such as attracts attention anywhere; although not of extremely large proportions physically, he was of a vigorous, wiry frame, buoyant with health, and capable of great endurance. His complexion is that of a blonde. His head is covered with a mass of golden curls which are the envy of the opposite sex. He could enter no company but his bright curls and sunny face distinguished him from all others.

(Such was the appearance of George A. Custer) as he walked up to headquarters at the military academy. Once admitted to the halls of that notorious school, the "realities" of cadet life began. It took courage, determination, and a good intellect to carry one through the five years at West Point then, as through the shortened but severer course of to-day. Young Custer spent his first days with *comparatively* little suffering. Of course more or less hazing was resorted to; he was visited in his room once or twice, and compelled to perform antics, do menial service, and in various ways acknowledge the superiority of those in a higher grade; but after a while his wit, his strength, and handsome appearance gave him a respite, and "Custer" was one of the boys.

Custer, the cadet, was not altogether a success. His remarkably buoyant spirits demanded open air, and to grapple with and tug away at Euclid or some scientific enigma in civil engineering, was very much against the grain. In military tactics he at once became proficient, but that is by no means the most difficult portion of the cadet's course. Hard study is also required. So little heed did the young man pay to his books, that at graduation he stood the lowest of his class. Says he:

"My career as a cadet had but little to commend it to the study of those who came after me, unless as an example to be carefully avoided. The requirements of the academic regulations, a copy of which was placed in my hand the morning of my arrival

at West Point, were not observed by me in such a manner as at all times to commend me to the approval and good opinions of my instructors and superior officers. My offenses against law and order were not great in enormity, but what they lacked in magnitude, they made up in number. The forbidden locality of Benny Havens possessed stronger attractions than the study and demonstration of a problem in Euclid, or the prosy discussion of some abstract proposition of moral science. My class numbered, upon entering the Academy, about one hundred and twenty-five. Of this number only thirty-four graduated, and of these, thirty-three graduated above me. The resignation and departure of the Southern cadets took away from the Academy a few individuals who, had they remained, would probably have contested with me the debatable honor of bringing up the rear of the class."

Thus we learn from Custer's own words, the record, and the cause of that record, while at West Point. (He was decidedly unruly.) He loved fun, and would have it at the expense of lessons or his own happiness.

In his memoirs we learn that about sixty-five Saturdays, the cadets' recreation days, during the four years he remained there, were spent on extra duty, as punishment for misdemeanors. Indeed, the climax of his wild career at West Point was just at graduation. He had been made an officer of the day, whose imperative duty it was to keep order. Toward the close of the day a couple of his fellows got into a dispute, which soon resulted in a regular fist combat. Quite a crowd collected about the combatants, some of whom were for separating them. Custer, with his characteristic love of excitement, forgetting that he, above all others, must keep the peace that day, rushed up to the crowd, and pushing them back, cried out:

"Stand back, boys; let's have a fair fight."

Unluckily, one of the officers of the institution was not far

away, and overheard the remark of Custer. The young man was immediately arrested, and brought to trial. The preliminary investigation developed the fact that he was guilty of remorselessly breaking the ironclad rules of the Academy, and ought to be removed. His case was sent to Washington, with the advice that he be expelled. This was a sad blow to the young man, just on the eve of graduation. In fact, only a few hours after this trial, orders came relieving his class of cadets from further connection with the institution.

Through the influence of friends, however, the authorities at Washington were persuaded to believe better things of him, and an order soon came for George A. Custer to report at government headquarters with the rest of his class.



CHAPTER II.

INTERVIEW WITH GEN. SCOTT—WITH M'DOWELL, AS LIEUTENANT, AT BULL RUN—READY FOR EMERGENCIES—UNDER THE COMMAND OF BRIG.-GEN. KEARNEY—INVITED TO A POSITION ON GEN. M'CLELLAN'S STAFF—IN HANCOCK'S DIVISION—DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF IN "THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT"—WINS GLORY UNDER GEN. KILPATRICK—MADE BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

We have hastily traced the boyhood and opening manhood of Custer. We have seen him a boy among boys, and now we shall behold him a man among men. The great Civil War of America was fast approaching; even now the murmur of the distant thunder could be distinctly heard. The battle of Bull Run was yet to be fought, but the American people were to wait only a brief period before the news of that Southern victory was to be heralded from Maine to California. It was to be a time for developing heroes, and vagabonds as well. The capable and ambitious patriot had a glorious field laid out before him; the incapable and semi-disloyal were to be very much worsted by the events of the next four years.

For the youthful, but determined, fiery, Custer, the prospect of war was indeed all that could be desired. Not that he loved to see his country rent asunder; not that the thought of brave and loyal hearts weltering in their life's blood had no terrors for him; but the idea of fighting the battles of the noble republic under whose



A CROW CHIEF

banner he had been reared and educated, against a traitorous foe, thrilled him with enthusiasm. He was anxious for active work in the field. His fears of a quiet life were soon to be dispelled.

It was about 2 o'clock on the morning of July 20, 1861, when a modest youth of twenty-one summers reported to the Adjutant-General at Washington for orders. The stern old officer glanced at the young man, one among many, took his credentials, saw that it was a graduate of West Point who stood before him, and in rather a respectful tone inquired if he would like to see Gen. Scott, the commander of the Union armies. Custer was quite overcome by such condescension. He had so long been used to the frigid atmosphere surrounding all high officials at the academy, that the prospect of really speaking to the great Gen. Scott was more than he could at first comprehend. Of course he readily assented, and was led into an adjoining apartment. The Adjutant-General introduced him as "Lieut. Custer, of the Second Cavalry; he has just reported from West Point, and I did not know but that you might have some special orders to give him." Turning from the company who sat with him near the table, the old chieftain said:

"Well, my young friend, I am glad to welcome you to the service at this critical period. Our country has need of the strong arms of all her loyal sons in this emergency."

Upon being informed by the Adjutant-General that Custer had been assigned to Company G, Second Cavalry, under Gen. McDowell, the chief continued:

"Some of our young men from West Point have been put to drilling volunteers. Others have been sent immediately into active service; which do you prefer?"

Custer signified a desire to engage in active warfare at once.

"A very commendable decision, young man," replied Scott. "Make out Lieut. Custer's orders directing him to proceed to his company at once."

Thus the die was cast, and the young West Pointer, who two days before had been only a cadet within the peaceful walls of the academy, now found himself on the way to take command of a company in the portending struggle.

The next day after Custer's arrival, Gen. McDowell ordered his forces to get ready for action. No battle had yet been fought by the contending factions, and now that there was a prospect of engaging in the first and final victory, as many of the Union soldiers thought, the excitement became intense. All were anxious to meet and annihilate the rebels—more so than they were three days later. But the battle of Bull Run must now be fought. Custer, as a youthful Lieutenant, was to participate. The hours of preparation dragged wearily, but marching orders were at length given, and the forces were on their way to meet the foe.

It will be unnecessary here to relate the experiences of Bull Run. Students of history know the direful results of that, the first battle of the Rebellion. Gen. Scott, as commander of all the armies, and Gen. McDowell as the one in immediate command, have been loudly condemned for the great defeat effected by the Southern army. Whether the criticisms are just or unjust is not for us here to express an opinion. Our object is to follow Custer. If we do this we will find him in the thickest of the fight, we will find him winning laurels at the first engagement. Although Company G, of the Second Cavalry, was not permitted to take a very active part at this time, yet the young Lieutenant manifested a fiery spirit when the opportunity was given. We will let Custer himself tell something of the first engagement :

“When we arrived at Sudley Springs,” says he, “the cavalry halted for half an hour or more. We could hear the battle raging a short distance in our front. Soon a staff officer of Gen. McDowell's came galloping down to where the cavalry were waiting, saying that the General desired us to move across the stream, and up the

ridge beyond, where we were to support a battery. The order was promptly obeyed, and as we ascended the crest, I saw Griffin with his battery galloping into position. The enemy had discovered him, and their artillery had opened fire upon him, but the shots were aimed so high the balls passed overhead. Following the battery we also marched within plain hearing of each shot as it passed over Griffin's men. I remember well the strange hissing, and exceedingly vicious sound of the first cannon shot as it whistled through the air. Of course I had often heard the sound made by cannon balls while passing through the air during my artillery practice at West Point, but a man listens with changed interest when the direction of the ball is toward instead of away from him.

“They seemed to utter a different language when fired in angry battle, from that put forth in the tamer practice of drill. The battery whose support we were, having reached its position on an advance crest near the right of the line, the cavalry was massed near the foot of the crest, and sheltered by it from the enemy's fire. Once the report came that the enemy was moving to the attack of the battery which we were specially sent to guard. The order was at once given for the cavalry to advance from the base to the crest of the hill, and repel the enemy's assault. We were formed in columns of companies, and were given to understand that upon reaching the crest of the hill, we would probably be ordered to charge the enemy. When it is remembered that but three days before I had quitted West Point as a school boy, and as yet had never ridden at anything more dangerous than a three foot hurdle, or tried my sabre on anything more animated or combative than a leather head stuffed with tan bark, it may be imagined that my mind was more or less given to anxious thoughts as we ascended the slope of the hill in front of us. At the same time I realized that I was in front of a company of old and experienced soldiers, all of whom would have an eye upon their new lieutenant, to see how

he comported himself when under fire. My pride received an additional incentive, from the fact that while I was on duty with troops for the first time in my life, and was the junior officer of all present with the cavalry, there was temporarily assigned to duty with my company, another officer of the same rank, who was senior to me by a few days, and who, having been appointed from civil life, was totally without military experience, except such as he had acquired during the past few days. My brief acquaintance with him showed that he was disposed to attach no little importance to the fact that I was fresh from West Point, and supposed to know all that was valuable or worth knowing in regard to the art of war. In this common delusion I was not disposed to disturb him. I soon found that he was inclined to defer to me in opinion, and I recall now, as I have often done when in his company during later years of the war, the difficulty we had in deciding what weapon we would use in the charge to which we believed ourselves advancing. As we rode forward from the foot of the hill, he in front of his platoon, and I abreast of him, in front of mine, Walker (afterward Captain) inquired in the most solemn tone: 'Custer, what weapon are you going to use in the charge?' From my earliest notions of the true cavalry man, I had always pictured him in the charge bearing aloft his curved sabre, and cleaving the skulls of all with whom he came in contact. We had but two weapons to choose from; each of us carried a sabre and one revolver in our belt. I promptly replied, 'The sabre,' and suiting the action to the word, I flashed my bright new blade from the scabbard, and rode forward as if totally unconcerned. Walker, yielding no doubt to what he believed was 'the way we do at West Point' imitated my motion, and forth came his sabre. As we rode at a deliberate walk up the hill, I began arguing in my own mind, as to the comparative merits of the sabre and revolver as a weapon of attack. If I remember correctly, I reasoned *pro* and *con* about as follows: 'Now

the sabre is a beautiful weapon; it produces an ugly wound; the term sabre charge sounds well; and above all, the sabre is sure; it never misses fire. It has this drawback, however; in order to be made effective, it is indispensable that you approach very close to your adversary—so close that if you do not unhorse or disable him, he will most likely render that service to you; so much for the sabre. Now as to the revolver, it has this advantage over the sabre; one is not compelled to range himself alongside his adversary before beginning his attack, but may select his own time and distance. To be sure, one may miss his aim, but there are six chambers to empty, and if one, two, or three miss, there are still three shots left to fire at close quarters. As this is my first battle, had I not better defer the use of the sabre until I have acquired more experience?’

“The result was that I returned my sabre to its scabbard, and without uttering a word, drew my revolver, and poised it opposite my shoulder. Walker, as if following me in my mutual discussion, no sooner observed the change of weapon than he did likewise. With my revolver in my hand, I put it upon trial, mentally. First I realized that in the rush and excitement of the charge it would be difficult to take anything like accurate aim. Then, might not every shot be fired and without result, by which time in all probability, we would be in the midst of our enemies, and slashing right and left at each other; in which case a sabre would be of much greater service than an empty revolver. This seemed convincing; so much so that my revolver found its way again to its holster, and the sabre was again at my shoulder. Again did Walker, as if in pantomime, follow my example. How often these changes of purpose and weapon might have been made I know not, had the cavalry not reached the crest meanwhile, and after being exposed to a hot artillery fire, and finding that no direct attack upon our battery was meditated by the enemy, returned to a sheltered piece of ground.”

We catch a glimpse in the account just given of Custer's character. He was a man pre-eminently fitted for emergencies. His manner was independent; his thoughts accurately expressed by his manner. Instead of appealing to a fellow officer for information regarding the use of weapons, he would reason it out, even though his life depended on the issue. Such a character was bound to command respect, and eventually to reach prominence, where judgment and decision played the most active part.

After the disgraceful rout of Bull Run, Lieut. Custer was temporarily put under the command of a new officer. Brig.-Gen. Philip Kearney had been placed in charge of several companies of volunteers, including the one over which Custer presided. The latter's admiration for Kearney knew no limit. He describes him as the strictest disciplinarian with whom he ever became acquainted. It was such a character as Kearney's that best suited the young volunteer. Both of them were fiery, impulsive, bold, even to daring, and ruled with an iron hand. Nothing occurring to call them into very active work at this time, however, neither learned to fully appreciate the other until the fierce battles of later days developed their peculiar faculties.

One of the changes that occurred about this time was the putting of Gen. McClellan at the head of the armies of the Potomac. McClellan had won a series of brilliant victories as a lower rank officer, and was looked upon about this time as the most promising of any the army could furnish. How well he succeeded in retaining the good opinion of himself held by the President and the American people, is only too widely known. Custer, however, loved the man as he never did another superior officer. Indeed, he had reason to esteem him thus. It was McClellan who first gave the ambitious lieutenant an opportunity to rise. Custer had been out on a perilous reconnoitering expedition, in which he had manifested that courage, skill, and faithfulness which always distin-

guished his career. McClellan was informed of the feat. Shortly afterward, being in company with the young lieutenant, he startled the latter by asking him if he would not like a position on his staff. Custer says he never felt so grateful to a man in his life. It was his first promotion, and to think that the commanding general would so respectfully solicit his assistance! Of course the offer was accepted. Nor did McClellan ever regret his choice. The regard for each other grew with time, and during all of the heated discussions between President Lincoln and Gen. McClellan, and even after the latter's downfall, Custer clung to his old chief with constant fidelity. In fact, as one of McClellan's staff officers, Custer was also sent home at the time of McClellan's retirement. But with the opening of the spring campaign the young officer was again called to the field.

In the conflict between McClellan and Johnston, beginning with the 3d of May, 1862, Custer was put in charge of a company of cavalry in Hancock's division. The latter speaks in very high terms of the young man. In describing the battle officially, Hancock says: "I now placed the artillery on the crest of the hill, in front of the enemy's work at short range, deployed skirmishers on the right and left of the road, and sent the Fifth Wisconsin, preceded by skirmishers under command of Major Larabee, and followed by the Sixth Maine, in column of assault across the dam and into the work, Lieut. Custer, Fifth Regular Cavalry, volunteering, and leading the way on horseback."

Capt. Frederick Whittaker, in speaking of Custer's appearance at this time, thus describes him:

"A queer figure Custer then was, according to the accounts of eye witnesses. One officer took him for a dashing newspaper correspondent, out to see the fun. He wore an old slouch hat and cavalry jacket, with no marks of rank, the jacket flying open, while his muddy boots did not look to be worth more than a dollar.



INDIAN CHIEF, TRIBESMAN OF THE ALTA

His hair was beginning to grow long, and aided his careless dress in giving him a slouchy appearance; but even then there was something peculiar about him that made people ask, 'Who is that young fellow?'"

In the "Seven Days' Fight," known in the war history as one of the bloodiest and most hotly contested of that period, Custer took a conspicuous part. In fact, it was during this struggle that the heroism of the young Lieutenant won for him the admiration of McClellan, and gave him the position previously mentioned, on the latter's staff. Custer and Bowen were particularly noted, during this fight, for their brilliant cavalry dashes, which invariably proved successful.

But to follow the hero of this sketch through every battle, from one step to another, would make necessary a much more extended account of his life than it is here designed to give. We must be content at gleaning the results of his work in the army, and then be led more accurately through the manifold experiences of later years. It was at the battle of Aldie, when Kilpatrick confronted Stuart, of Confederate cavalry fame, that Custer won his star. Kilpatrick, "the man who could get in and out of more scrapes than any man in the Union," according to Chaplain McCabe, found Custer just such a spirit as he liked. In this charge against Stuart's cavalry, it took the most heroic action to carry through the bold scheme of the leader. When the order had been given to charge, Custer dashed out in front of the companies and cried, "Come on, boys; follow me." With a shout, the cavalry put spurs to their horses, and rushed to the conflict with their indomitable leader. Kilpatrick and Douty both fell at the first onslaught, but the boy commander, waving his broad-brimmed hat, and cheering the men to action, accomplished a complete rout of Stuart's forces, doing incalculable good to the Union cause. When Gen. Pleasanton witnessed and heard of the action of Custer, as the

highest officer in command of the cavalry, he recommended the young man for advancement. Accordingly, there soon arrived at Custer's tent an envelope addressed to "Brig.-Gen. George A. Custer, U. S. Vols."



CHAPTER III.

CUSTER AT GETTYSBURG—THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—
WINCHESTER AND RICHMOND—COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE—
LIFE ON THE WESTERN PLAINS—AT THE TRIAL OF BEL-
KNAP—MAKES ENEMIES—GRANT REMOVES HIM FROM HIS
COMMAND—FIGHTS THE INDIANS UNDER SITTING BULL—
GIVES HIS LIFE IN PROTECTION OF THE FRONTIER.

Gen. Kilpatrick had been put in charge of the Third Cavalry Division. Custer commanded one of the brigades. The order was given for the cavalry to move from Hanover to Gettysburg, and to put Custer in the advance. It was here, perhaps, at the famous Gettysburg conflict, that George Armstrong Custer won his greatest laurels—at least up to this time, July, 1863. He met the famous Wade Hampton, and routed him. He led his confident men upon numerous charges, ever displaying sagacity, tact, and great daring. With the cry, "Come on, boys, I'll lead you!" he would dash into Stuart or Hampton, or capture a battery, cutting and slashing with glittering steel, until the enemy soon learned to think that where the young, golden-haired, gaudily-attired brigadier led, victory was sure to follow.

With the close of the battle of Gettysburg the fighting for a portion of the forces by no means ceased. Kilpatrick kept his men moving, harassing the enemy, and gaining ground wherever possible. After the Gettysburg campaign came a season of rest. The

Army of the Potomac, in charge of Meade, lay watching Lee, afraid to move. Not until September did Meade conclude to bring on an action; and accordingly he sent infantry and cavalry to the Rapidan River, between the forks of which the main body of Lee's army lay. The outposts and skirmishers of the enemy were driven before the oncoming Northerners, until the Rapidan was reached. In all the skirmishes Custer took an active part, never happier, apparently, than when pursuing a band of rebels. Especially in the battle of Brandy Station did the cavalry do excellent work. Capt. Whittaker, in his "Life of Custer," gives the following anecdote connected with this period. It was published in the *Detroit Evening News*, by one of Custer's "boys":

"At Brandy Station, Va.," says the correspondent, "during Meade's fall back, Custer and cavalry brought up the rear, and all soldiers know it is the worst place on God's footstool to cover a retreat. To allow the infantry ample time to cross the Rappahannock the cavalry kept *fooling* around, with an average of 10,000 rebs on *all* sides of them. Once when a lull had seemed to come with an ominous stillness, some one remarked: 'Hello! look ahead!' and sure enough, about 5,000 rebs were suddenly seen to be massed in our front, and right in *the path we must travel if we ever saw 'the girls we left behind us.'* Custer was sitting on his horse at the head of the regiment, the Fifth Cavalry. He took one look of about ten seconds, then snatched off his hat, raised up in his stirrups, and yelled: 'Boys of Michigan, there are some people between *us* and home; I'm going home, who else goes?' Suffice it to say, we all went. Gen. Alger, then colonel of our regiment, can vouch for our flying movements as we followed Custer, with his bare head and golden locks, and long, straight sabre, putting the very devil into the old Fifth Cavalry, until a clear track was before us. When out of the woods, up came Kilpatrick, and sung out: 'Custer, what ails you?' His reply was: 'Oh, nothing, only we

want to cook coffee on the Yank side of the Rappahannock.’”

The story of the brave warrior's life would not be complete did we neglect to give that portion of it which shows us the tenderness of his heart, as well as the steel-hardened surface. We refer to his courtship and marriage. So romantic, and yet beautifully real is this picture that we are lost in admiration as much as when we behold him, mounted on his foaming steed, hat in hand, locks flowing to the breeze, leading his brave soldiers into the fiercest of the battle.

When a mere boy, attending school at Monroe, Mich., about which reference has been made, he accidentally met the maiden who was afterward to share his joys, his honors, and the hardships of martial life. Her name was Elizabeth Bacon, only daughter of Judge Daniel S. Bacon. Their first meeting was indeed peculiar. The bright-faced young stranger in Monroe was passing along the street in front of the Judge's home. The rosy-cheeked maiden of only eight summers hung upon the gate, watching the passers-by, and enjoying the music of the birds. As Armstrong Custer passed hurriedly along, the maid, with saucy glance, cried out: "Hello, you Custer boy." Not even giving the "Custer boy" time to respond, frightened at her own audacity, the roguish girl jumped from the gate, and rushed into the house. But Armstrong had caught a glimpse of those laughing eyes, rosebud lips, and pretty features—quite enough to produce such an impression upon him as never after to be effaced. He vowed a vow that little Lizzie Bacon should some day be Mrs. Custer! A very bold thing for a boy to do, you say; but the sequel shows how faithfully that vow was kept.

Of course months flew by, and Armstrong Custer never more than caught a glimpse of his future happiness, yet her image was in his heart. The time came when he should leave Monroe. He went out into the unknown world. He passed through his experi-

ence as pedagogue; was duly installed as cadet at West Point; finished his military training, and fought a year or so in the rebellion, and now, upon a furlough, he is permitted to return to Monroe, where one evening at a party, the gallant young Lieutenant was reintroduced to a beautiful maiden of seventeen,—Miss Bacon.

"I think I have met you once before, Miss Bacon," said the young officer, smiling. "Indeed!" replied the young lady. "I do not remember of ever having an introduction before." "Yes," continued the Lieutenant, "it was about eight years ago. I was passing in front of your house, you were swinging upon the gate, and cried out, 'Hello, you Custer boy.' Wasn't that introduction enough?" Of course Miss Bacon could only blush at the thought of her audacity, and make an apology for her rudeness. Little she thought, perhaps, how needless apologies were for *that* act.

The ice was broken, and Lieut. Custer, while he remained in Monroe, tried very hard to launch his boat out into the stream, but the Judge's daughter was by no means anxious to accompany him. She had heard that he dissipated somewhat, as most army officers do, and her Presbyterian training prevented any associations of that character. In fact, young Custer had learned to drink a little too freely at times, although, of course, very careful not to let his relations and friends know of it, as far as it was possible to prevent it. But what do not young ladies hear of their suitors?

Foiled in his first winter's campaign at the Judge's residence, he again returned to the Army of the Potomac, where new laurels were won, and higher honors conferred. At the next furlough "Capt." Custer visited Monroe, and of course at once became a lion in society. He flirted first with this one and then with that, in a vain endeavor to excite envy in the heart of Lizzie Bacon.

About this time occurred a change in his habits which proved one of the most important events of his life. He had been out on a social spree with some young fellows, and had imbibed too freely.

Not thinking that his intoxication would be noticed by the town folk, he started homeward. Miss Bacon, looking out of her window, saw the gallant Captain reeling along the street in a very ungraceful manner. She became completely disgusted, and it took many months, too, for that disgust to be changed into admiration. As soon as Custer reached his sister's house she observed his condition, and without making any remarks, asked him to repair to her room. He consented. In a short time Mrs. Reed, who always possessed remarkable power over him, followed him into the room, locked the door, and plead with her brother, with a heart full of love and sympathy, that he would never again touch the damning cup. For an hour or more that conference lasted, until Armstrong Custer was completely subdued and sobered. He there, before God, promised his sister that another drop of the fiery fluid should never be placed to his lips. *That promise was kept to the letter as long as he lived.*

It was not long after this reformation that Capt. Custer became more intimately acquainted with Miss Bacon, and finally succeeded in winning her affection most completely. Now a new obstacle arose—it was Judge Daniel S. Bacon ! a formidable barrier, as every young man knows. Enough in this case to have daunted a less determined spirit. But Custer made up his mind to gain his prize, and nothing should prevent it.

The Judge forbade his coming to the house. His daughter should never marry a young army officer with no means, and uncertain fame. She should not even correspond with him. This was indeed a cruel blow, but the young couple agreed to abide by the Judge's decision, and wait patiently for future changes. Custer fortunately had an intimate friend who was also a friend of Miss Bacon's, and through this medium a knowledge of each other's feelings and intentions was kept. It was not until early in 1864 that Custer, now General, the pet of society and pride of his country,

fairly overcame Judge Bacon's opposition, and gained his consent to the marriage.

Gen. Custer considered it the greatest triumph of his life. He had withstood and conquered thousands of enemies upon the field of battle; he had stepped up over the heads of many older officers to a position near the top; he had become the victor in the inward struggle against appetite; but to conquer and subdue Judge Daniel S. Bacon, when fighting for the hand of the latter's lovely daughter, was the great triumph of his life.

On the 9th day of February, 1864, Gen. George A. Custer was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Bacon, the Rev. Mr. Boyd officiating.

The rebellion was drawing to a close. In the last grand triumph of Grant over Lee, the subject of this sketch played an important part. Under Sheridan, Custer had been following close on the heels of the enemy, ever and anon engaging in a fierce struggle, but like his indomitable chief, never being defeated. And now Lee had been driven to Appomattox Court House. His case was hopeless. The great Confederate leader at last concluded to surrender. As Custer's brigade of cavalry had followed him, perhaps more closely than any other part of the army, it was to this commander that Lee concluded to send his intentions to give up the struggle. Accordingly the morning of the 9th of April brought a flag of truce from Lee's headquarters, to the tent of Gen. George A. Custer, with the conclusion of the former regarding the discontinuance of the struggle. It was the first official notification that the Army of the Potomac had of this important decision. The flag of truce referred to was an old towel, and is still in the possession of Gen. Custer's family.

After fighting for his country, and helping to save it from division, Gen. Custer offered his services for the Western plains. He was accordingly placed on the list of regular army officers, with a

rank necessarily lower than he had held during the latter part of the war. But he loved the excitement of battle. He was anxious to be sent to any field where duty called, and an opportunity for vanquishing foes existed. How well he succeeded on the plains, most of our readers know. He became the leading Indian fighter in the field. Inexperienced at first, he made no fatal mistake. When Hancock inaugurated his war upon the Southern Indians, Custer assisted more than any one else in bringing that to a successful issue.

One circumstance occurred which might be considered at first thought, to be a spot upon the career otherwise so nobly lived. It was his being suspended from service during part of '67 and '68. The charge was that he left his fort and marched his men to another post without permission; that it was for the purpose of visiting his family; and that in so doing he was subject to discipline. The whole thing was propagated by personal enemies, who succeeded in getting him out of service for one year. However, before the time was up, Gens. Sheridan, Sherman, and all the best officers of the field, petitioned for his return, which was of course granted. He thereby gained a greater honor by having such recognition of his services, than he could possibly have obtained, had he never been removed.

His success in the Washita Valley, the Yellowstone campaign, and many other notable expeditions, are so well known as scarcely to need repetition. And now we come to the sad and tragic termination of Gen. Custer's career.

It was the year 1876. The Indians had been committing terrible depredations upon the northern frontier. Sitting Bull, with several thousand warriors, had been wreaking fearful revenge upon innocent settlers and whites, wherever found. It was determined, if possible, to put an end to this, so quickly and emphatically, that this section would never after be harassed by the bloodthirsty chief of the Sioux. As the most successful Indian fighter of his day,

Custer was selected to command an expedition which should sweep over the regions disturbed, carrying destruction to the wigwam of every hostile savage. Preparations were at once begun at Fort Lincoln, by the commander. Before these were completed, there came a telegram from Washington, demanding Custer's presence as a witness on the famous Belknap impeachment case, which was then before Congress. The General knew very little about Belknap's doings, and insisted upon being permitted to remain at home and perfect preparations for his campaign. "The powers that were" said, "You must come," and he was obliged to yield.

There upon that witness stand, the brave Indian-fighter and Christian soldier told what he knew of this disgraceful case. Being upon the frontier, he had learned some facts that others did not know, yet he was by no means an eager witness against Belknap. He knew that his testimony would make him enemies, and thus it proved. Gen. Grant, then President, considered, naturally perhaps, all witnesses against the Secretary as in the ring that was working for the overthrow of the administration. He therefore set Custer down as one of his opposers, nor would he be convinced to the contrary. The latter repeatedly sought an interview with the President, but was snubbed, and denied that favor. Had Grant ever permitted the frank countenance and free explanation of the General to throw their combined light upon his connection with the case, no doubt the trouble of after months would have been avoided. But with that invincible determination to annihilate all foes, which ever characterized the great commander of our armies, he spurned Custer's appeal for a conference, and resolved upon the latter's humiliation.

The trial over, Custer started in great haste for Fort Lincoln. At Chicago a telegram from the Commander-in-chief of the American armies, sent at the instance of Grant, stopped the young officer until he should receive further commands. They finally

came, ordering him to repair to Fort Lincoln, but depriving him of the command of the expedition. The shock was almost overwhelming to the young, successful, and ambitious officer. No cause was assigned—*that* was plain enough to those who understood the feelings of the President. Custer, humiliated beyond expression, telegraphed the following to Gen. Grant:

“To His Excellency the President:

“I have seen your order, transmitted through the General of the Army, directing that I be not permitted to accompany the expedition about to move against the hostile Indians. As my entire regiment forms a part of the proposed expedition, and as I am the senior officer of the regiment on duty in this Department, I respectfully, but most earnestly, request that while not allowed to go in command of the expedition, I may be permitted to serve with my regiment in the field.

“I appeal to you as a soldier, to spare me the humiliation of seeing my regiment march to meet the enemy, and I not share in its dangers.

(Signed)

“G. A. CUSTER,

“Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. Army.”

Gen. Grant concluded to “grant” the request. Custer was permitted to join the staff of Gen. Terry, who had now been placed in charge of the expedition, to fight as a subordinate officer. Terry was exceedingly glad to have this notorious Indian-fighter with him. In fact, the two men were ever great friends, the superior officer seeking advice from his inferior, and the latter, with marked respect, offering such suggestions as he had by much experience learned would prove beneficial.

We have not time to follow the forces of Terry and other detachments in their meandering march for Sitting Bull. Suffice it



CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

to say that Custer, in command of his regiment, discovered the whereabouts of the great chief to be in the valley of the Little Big Horn River, whither he proceeded with all possible haste.

The morning of June 25 opened bright and glorious upon the Western prairies. The long line of wigwams, stretching down the river for a distance of three or four miles, presented a very pleasant sight to the Indians as they leisurely paddled their canoes along the peaceful stream. There was no thought of danger in that camp. Their great chief was with them, and he had succeeded in terrifying all foes. The white man would scarcely dare to attack that host of painted warriors, especially entrenched as they were, behind their natural fortifications. But hark ! the sound of horses' hoofs are heard. The quick ear of the savage catches the first indication of approaching danger. Directly the outposts come dashing into the village, with the news of a thousand horses, ridden by white warriors, equipped for battle, coming to capture the village ! What consternation ! What utter confusion ! But there was a cool head and a mighty arm to quiet the frightened savages. Sitting Bull was there. He immediately arranged his warriors for the contest, determined to resist to death.

On came the marshaled cavalry-men ! Custer from one direction, Reno from another, and Benteen from still another—almost completely surrounded the village. The plan of attack was skillfully laid, but alas ! how unskillfully executed. Custer had marched to the lower end of the village, where he at once encountered a large force under Sitting Bull, himself. Maj. Reno and also Benteen had been ordered to march directly down the village, joining Custer on the south. This they failed to do, and upon that failure hung the destiny of many scores of brave souls. Reno was repulsed and retreated. Benteen joined Reno, and behind fortifications, the two secured themselves until poor Custer with his entire command, was massacred by the barbarous wretches under

Sitting Bull. The two officers referred to say they did not hear the firing of Custer's men. They did not realize his situation, else aid might have been rendered. Be that as it may, had they obeyed the orders of their General the massacre would undoubtedly have been avoided, and Custer living to-day.

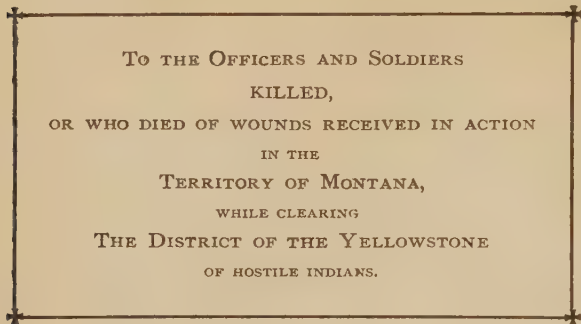
The circumstances attending that last noble struggle are too harrowing for recital. One man, an Indian scout, escaped to tell the sad story. Each company of men stood their ground against immediate foes, striking death as long as breath was in their bodies. And Custer? The ones upon the opposite side who witnessed that heroic defense, have told how he cheered on his men, how he fought like a very tiger, using his pistol until it was no longer possible to load it, then drawing the gleaming sabre, and striking terror to all within his reach. He is supposed to be the only man who used the sword. An eye witness says that he saw three Indians fall beneath that heavy stroke, and then a ball piercing the side of the gallant chief, he was obliged to sink, never to rise again.

All honor to such a man ! All honor to the brave cavalier, the Christian soldier, the heroic chief.

His life was unsullied by acts of pollution. His character such as distinguishes the true patriot, fighting for his country in the fear of God, and for the sake of his fellow men. A nation bowed her head in recognition of the sad tragedy that shut out forever from the face of man the glory of such a life. A nation weeps to-day over the ashes of her distinguished son, and will ever hold in grateful remembrance the services and name of George Armstrong Custer.

An elegant memorial in the shape of a monument, of Montello granite, is about to be taken to Fort Keogh, M. T., on the North Pacific Railway, where it will be placed in the Military Cemetery.

On one side of the monument the following inscription is cut:



On the other three sides are cut the names of thirty-nine officers and privates, with regiment and company to which each belonged, and the place and date of the action resulting in their death.







BUFFALO BILL.
[Hon. W. F. Cody.]

LIFE OF BUFFALO BILL.

(*HON. W. F. CODY.*)

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—FAMILY CONNECTIONS—TRAPPING—HORSEMANSHIP—
USE OF THE LASSO—CODY'S FATHER ATTACKED—MEMBER
OF LEGISLATURE AT LAWRENCE—SCHOOLBOY FIGHT—THE
FATHER DIES—BILL OFFERS FAMILY SUPPORT—KILLS HIS
FIRST INDIAN AT TWELVE YEARS.

"Buffalo Bill" is the nickname of William F. Cody. Hundreds and even thousands of readers know something of "Buffalo Bill," while comparatively few know who William F. Cody is, but they are one and the same person. Throughout this narrative we shall use the more familiar name.

Buffalo Bill was born in Scott county, Iowa, February 26, 1845. His father's name was Isaac Cody, and his mother's Mary Ann. He had two older sisters, Martha and Julia; and one older brother, Samuel, while there were in the family three younger sisters, Eliza, Nellie, and Mary, and one younger brother, Charles.

At the time of his birth his parents lived on a farm called the "Napsinekee Place," but when Bill was about seven years old they

removed to the little village of LeClaire, on the Mississippi River, about fifteen miles above Davenport.

Soon afterward his father removed to the Walnut Grove Farm in Scott county. Here Bill found great pleasure in trapping quails, which were very plentiful in that country, and thus in early life acquired a taste for trapping, which did much toward determining his after course in life.

In 1852 Mr. Cody disposed of his farm and determined to remove to Kansas, which was then a wild territory. His departure was due in a measure to the accidental death of his son Samuel, who was killed by a horse he was riding, rearing and falling backward upon him, producing fatal internal injuries. The removal was made in a carriage accompanied by three wagons. The route lay across Iowa and Missouri, and the way was full of interest to all, especially for Bill, who discovered something new and exciting every day.

Mr. Cody traded for a horse, which the owner said had but one fault, and that was, he was a racer and had run away with every one who had owned him. At a Missouri village, where they stopped for a short time, they arranged for a race, and the new horse proved to be a sweepstakes and took all the money that was offered. The family arrived at Weston, a town on the line between Missouri and Kansas, where Bill's uncle, Elijah Cody, lived, and carried on a store. Here the family remained, moving upon one of Elijah's farms, while Bill's father crossed the line, and established a trading post at the Kickapoo Indian Agency. He bought two ponies and gave them to Bill, who now thought he was a millionaire indeed, and would ride one of the ponies and accompany his father to and from his trading post.

One day a company of eight men came into the vicinity of Mr. Cody's trading post, driving a herd of several hundred horses which they had taken wild in California and driven across the

plains. One of the men watched Bill as he was trying to pet one of his ponies into submissiveness.

"Here, my lad," he said, "I can break that pony for you."

So, making a slip noose, he passed it over the pony's nose and springing lightly upon his back, dashed away over the prairie and kept the pony upon a run until he was completely exhausted. Riding up to where Bill and his father stood he sprang to the ground, passed the lariat to Bill, and said:

"He is all right now. Get on and ride him."

While Bill went away to care for his pony, his father drew the stranger out into conversation, and found he had been a great wanderer, that he had been in Australia, had served a time as a circus rider, had spent several years in California, hunting and capturing wild horses, and was then on his way to Weston, Missouri, to visit his uncle, Elijah Cody.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Cody in surprise.

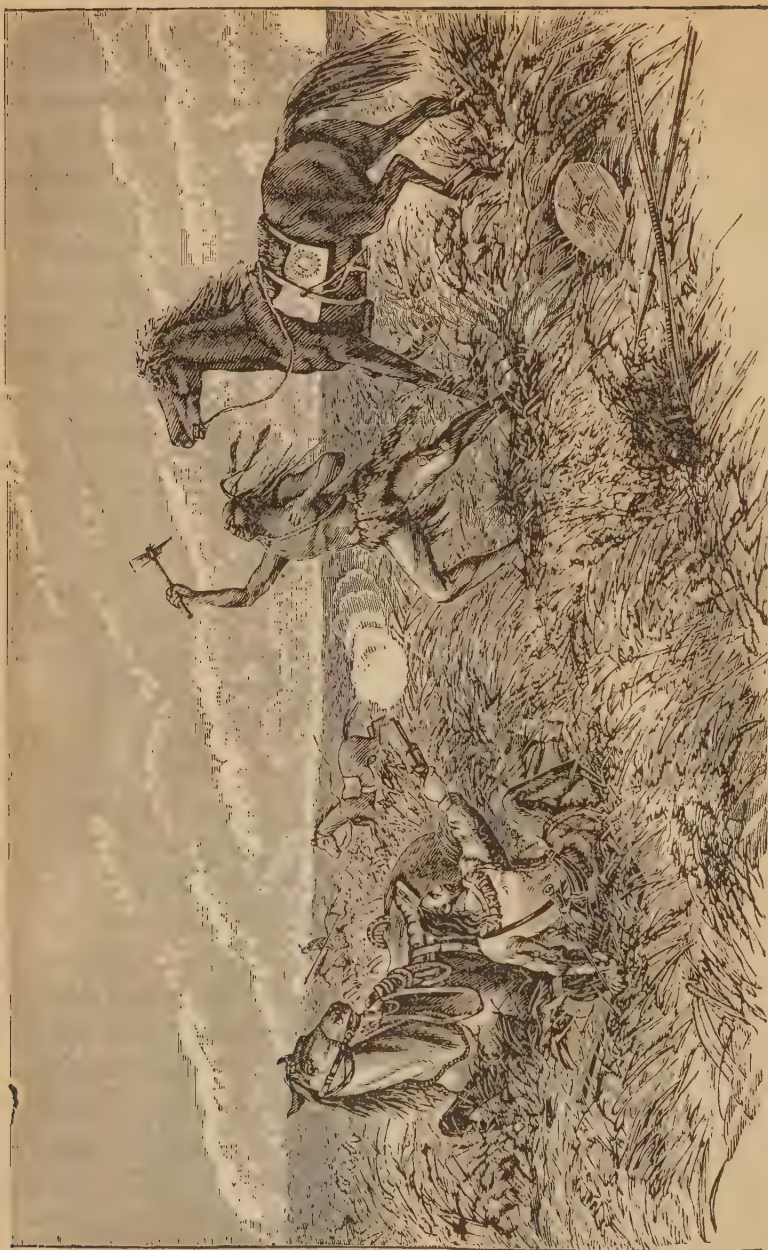
"Horace Billings."

"Then you are my nephew, the son of my sister Sophia. I am Isaac Cody, brother of Elijah Cody!"

The discovery was mutually pleasant, and Bill was called up and introduced to his cousin Horace. Henceforward they were fast and inseparable friends, the one being, however, only a lad about nine years old, while the other was a tall, handsome man, measuring in height six feet and two inches.

Billings was an accomplished horseman, and took especial pride and pleasure in teaching the boy the art of horsemanship, together with the use of the lasso.

The United States had lost about three hundred horses on the Kansas plains by stampede, and a reward of ten dollars a head was offered for their capture and return to Fort Leavenworth. Billings and Bill roamed the plains, chasing these semi-wild horses, and young Cody soon was proficient in the science and art of horsemanship.



A FORTUNATE SHOT.

In the meantime the Indian boys who visited his father's trading post, had taught him the use of the bow and arrow, and from them he had learned to talk in the Kickapoo language.

In 1854 the bill known as the "Enabling Act of Kansas Territory" passed Congress. Immediately thousands and thousands of people poured into Kansas to pre-empt land claims. Among these were hundreds of Missourians who were very loud in their declarations that Kansas should be made a slave State, as was Missouri. Excitement ran high. The question was the one theme of conversation wherever a company of men were assembled. At one of these impromptu gatherings Mr. Cody was called upon for his views. He was quite a politician, and in Iowa was considered a good stump speaker.

He got upon a box and began to express his views in mild language, but took the ground that slavery ought not to be extended or meddled with in any shape. This position was displeasing to many, who heard him, and, encouraged by the shouts of opposition, a rowdy jumped upon the box where Mr. Cody stood, and drawing a large bowie knife plunged it into the speaker's breast twice, and would have killed him, had not some of the more humane spectators interfered in his behalf. In this way the father of Buffalo Bill lost the first blood in Kansas in favor of freedom.

Finally Mr. Cody, after recovering from his wounds, was compelled to flee from the country in the clothes of his wife, as a disguise, to escape death by hanging on account of his anti-slavery sentiments. He removed to Grasshopper Falls, thirty-five miles west of Fort Leavenworth, but was pursued even there by his enemies, who would have surprised and killed him, had not Bill discovered their intentions, and, in a wild ride of many miles, mounted on one of his ponies, most of the time hotly pursued by the would-be lynchers, warned his father in time for him to escape to Lawrence, where he was made a member of the first legislature

of Kansas, and assisted in organizing the territory into a State.

When Bill was but ten years old, he hired out to Mr. Russell, of Leavenworth, to herd cattle, and received for his services the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars per month, besides his board. At the end of two months he went back home, carrying with him one hundred silver half dollars, his salary as cattle herder. His mother received him joyfully, although he had run away to accept the position, not being able to get his mother's consent. He afterward spent seven years in the service of the same man, in the several capacities of pony express, wagon master, cattle driver, etc.

About this time he got into a difficulty with a schoolmate on account of having the same little girl for a sweetheart. Bill and his sweetheart would spend the hours of intermission from study at school in building bowers for a mimic home. The other boy took delight in tearing these houses down as fast as Bill could build them. The finale was a school boy fight in which Bill used a dirk, inflicting an ugly but not dangerous wound upon his rival's leg. To avoid the punishment he knew to be in store for him when the teacher discovered his act, he fled, and did not stop until he intercepted a government train of freight wagons which he had noticed creeping slowly along over the prairie. Fortunately he was acquainted with one of the teamsters, and in him found a sympathizing friend, who, when camp was made for the night, mounted a horse and taking Bill up, rode back to Mrs. Cody's and obtained permission of her to take the young fugitive on his trip, to be gone about forty days. She finally agreed to the arrangement. When Bill returned, he found his mother had succeeded in pacifying the father of the boy he had wounded. Even Bill made friends with him, and the friendship yet remains between the two, a lasting monument of the gentle and benign influence of a mother's love and foresight. It ought to be added, to make the story complete, *a la* the modern novel, that, when Bill grew to manhood, he went back to his boyhood

home and claimed in marriage the hand of his young sweetheart, for whom he had risked and sacrificed so much, but truth compels us to say that he did not, and she is now the happy wife of another man, and lives in Chicago. When it is remembered that at this time Buffalo Bill was only eleven years of age, this episode appears in its proper light, as a leading event of his life.

In April, 1857, Mr. Cody, father of Bill, died at home of kidney disease. Bill then determined to follow the plains for a living, and to obtain means to assist his mother in caring for the family.

The next month he found employment with Mr. Russell and his partners, and started for Salt Lake City with a herd of cattle for the United States troops sent out to fight the Mormons. It was on this journey that he received his initiation as an Indian fighter, though but twelve years of age! For that reason it is best to give an account of the affair in his own language as found in his autobiography. (*"Life of Buffalo Bill,"* p. 57.)

"Nothing occurred to interrupt our journey until we reached Plum Creek, on the South Platte River, thirty-five miles west of Old Fort Kearney. We had made a morning drive and had camped for dinner. The wagon masters and the majority of the men had gone to sleep under the mess wagons. The cattle were being guarded by three men, and the cook was preparing dinner. No one had an idea that the Indians were anywhere near us. The first warning we had was the firing of shots and the whoops and yells from a party of them, who, watching us napping, gave us a most unwelcome surprise. All the men jumped to their feet and seized their guns. They saw in astonishment the cattle running in every direction, they having been stampeded by the Indians, who had killed the three men who were on day herd duty, and the red devils were now charging down on the rest of us.

"I then thought of mother's fear of my falling into the hands of the Indians, and I had about made up my mind that such was

to be my fate; but when I saw how coolly and determinedly the McCarthy brothers were conducting themselves, and giving orders to the little band, I became convinced that we would stand the Indians off, as the saying is. Our men were all well armed with Colt's revolvers and Mississippi 'yagers,' which last, carried a bullet and two buckshots.

"The McCarthy boys, at the proper moment, gave orders to fire upon the advancing enemy. The volley checked them, although they returned the compliment, and shot one of our party through the leg. Frank McCarthy then sung out, 'Boys, make a break for the slough yonder, and we can then have the bank for a breast-work.'

"We made a run for the slough, which was only a short distance off, and succeeded in reaching it safely, bringing with us the wounded man. The bank proved to be a very effective breast-work, affording us good protection. We had been there but a short time when Frank McCarthy, seeing that the longer we were corraled the worse it would be for us, said:

"Well, boys, we will try to make our way back to Fort Kearney by wading in the river and keeping the bank for a breast-work.'

"We all agreed that this was the best plan, and accordingly proceeded down the river several miles in this way, managing to keep the Indians at a safe distance with our guns, until the slough made a junction with the Platte River. From there down we found the river at times quite deep, and in order to carry the wounded man along with us, we constructed a raft of poles for his accommodation, and in this way he was transported.

"Occasionally the water would be too deep for us to wade, and we were obliged to put our weapons on the raft and swim. The Indians followed us pretty close, and were continually watching for an opportunity to get a good range and give us a raking fire. Cov-

ering ourselves by keeping well under the bank, we pushed ahead as rapidly as possible, and made pretty good progress, the night finding us still on our way, and the enemies still on our track.

"I being the youngest and the smallest of the party, became somewhat tired, and without noticing it, I had fallen behind the others for some little distance. It was about ten o'clock and we were keeping very quiet and hugging close to the bank, when I happened to look up to the moon-lit sky and saw the plumed head of an Indian peeping over the bank. Instead of hurrying on and alarming the men in a quiet way, I instantly aimed my gun at the head and fired. The report rang out sharp and loud on the night air, and was immediately followed by an Indian whoop, and the next moment about six feet of dead Indian came tumbling into the river. I was not only overcome with astonishment, but was badly scared, as I could hardly realize what I had done. I expected to see the whole force of Indians come down upon us. While I was standing thus bewildered, the men who had heard the shot and the war whoop, and had seen the Indian take a tumble, came rushing back.

"'Who fired that shot?' cried Frank McCarthy.

"'I did,' replied I rather proudly, as my confidence returned, and I saw the men coming up.

"'Yes, and little Billy has killed an Indian stone dead,—too dead to skin,' said one of the men, who had approached nearer than the rest, and had nearly stumbled upon the corpse. From that time on I became a hero and an Indian killer. This was of course the first Indian I had ever shot, and my exploit created quite a sensation.

"The other Indians upon learning what had happened to their 'advance guard,' set up a terrible howling, and fired several volleys at us, but without doing any injury, as we were well protected by the bank. We resumed our journey down the river and traveled all night. We reached Fort Kearney just after *reveille*—bringing

the wounded man with us. The commandant at once ordered a company out to endeavor to recapture the cattle from the Indians. The troops followed the trail to the head of Plum Creek and there abandoned it, without having seen a single red skin.

“The company’s agent seeing that there was no further use for us in that vicinity—as we had lost our cattle and mules—sent us back to Fort Leavenworth. On the day I got into Leavenworth, sometime in July, I was interviewed for the first time in my life by a newspaper reporter, and the next morning I found my name in print, as the youngest Indian slayer on the plains. I am candid enough to admit I felt very much elated over this notoriety. Again and again I read with eager interest the long and sensational account of our adventure. The reporter who had thus set me up, as I then thought, on the highest pinnacle of fame, was John Hutchinson. He now lives in Wichita, Kan.”



CHAPTER II.

FORT LARAMIE AND SALT LAKE CITY — MEETS WILD BILL —
GEN. CUSTER DESCRIBES "WILD BILL" — ROBBED BY MOR-
MONS — INDIAN ATTACK — DISABLED — TWENTY-NINE DAYS
ALONE — INDIANS TAKE PROVISIONS AND FIRE-ARMS —
FRIENDLY CHIEF — THREATENED BY WOLVES — RESCUED —
DEATH OF DAVE, FRIEND AND PRESERVER.

Soon after his return Billy made arrangements to make another trip across the plains in the capacity of "extra hand" to the wagon master of the train, one Lewis Simpson, who had a reputation among the plainsmen, that made it perfectly safe for a boy whose cause he should espouse, and for this reason Mrs. Cody gave her consent to have Billy become assistant of even so desperate a character as Lew Simpson. We can not wonder though, at her hesitation in having her twelve-year old boy start out on a journey so full of perils as a trip across the plains in those days, and which should occupy nearly a year.

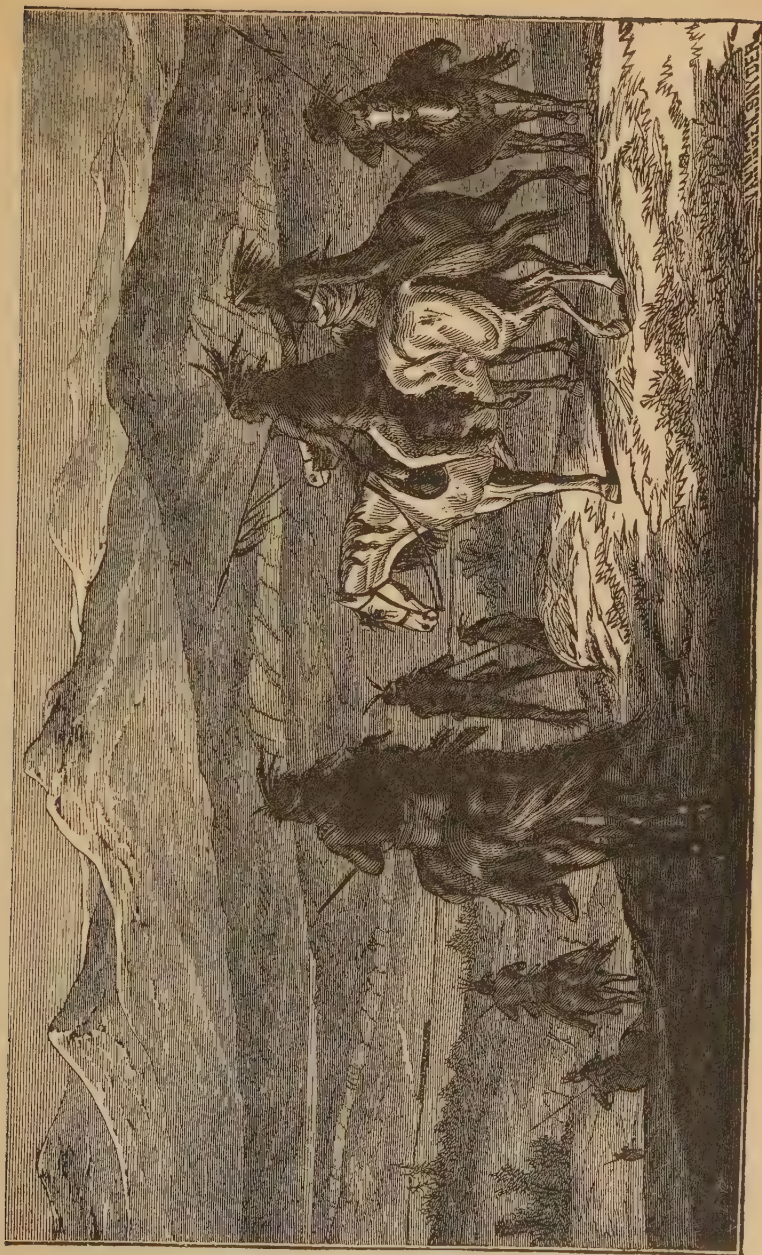
It will be of interest to the general reader to know something of the wagon trains that carried freight from Fort Leavenworth to Salt Lake City.

The wagons were huge affairs, capable of carrying three and one-half tons of merchandise. They were provided with a double canvas cover stretched over bows to protect the freight from rain. The wagons were drawn by oxen, several yokes of them being

attached to one wagon. Each team had a driver. The train consisted of twenty-five wagons, and of course, twenty-five drivers, one wagonmaster who had control of the entire cavalcade, one assistant wagonmaster, one "extra hand," one night herder, one cavallard driver, whose duty it was to drive the loose animals. This company was divided into messes of seven persons each, and each mess did its own cooking. One of the men would cook, another get water, another wood, while another stood guard, and so on, each having a particular duty to perform. The entire company was heavily armed with revolvers and rifles, and always had their weapons handy in case of emergency. The wagonmaster, in the language of the plains, was known as the "bull-wagon boss," the teamsters were known as the "bull-whackers," and the whole train as the "bull outfit." The company for which Billy was working had two hundred and fifty "outfits," which consisted of 6,000 wagons, 75,000 oxen, and 8,000 men. Thus it will be seen that the position Billy was called to fill was no mean one, and the wages paid, fifty dollars per month in gold, was a prize to be coveted.

One of the drivers in the train to which he was attached was James B. Hickok, known afterward as "Wild Bill, the Scout of the Plains." The friendship that sprung up between these two men never grew cold, but rather increased as the years rolled by, and remained until Wild Bill's untimely and tragic death. We cannot do better than just here insert a description of Wild Bill, written by the brave and lamented Gen. Custer.

"Among the white scouts were numbered some of the most noted of their class. The most prominent among them was Wild Bill, whose highly varied career was made the subject of an illustrated sketch in one of the popular monthly publications several years ago. Wild Bill was a strange character, just the one whom a novelist would gloat over. He was a plainsman in every sense of the word, and yet unlike any other of his class. In person he



INDIANS FIRST VIEW OF A TRAIN.

was about six feet, one inch in height, straight as the straightest of the warriors whose implacable foe he was. He had broad shoulders, well-formed chest and limbs, and a face strikingly handsome; a sharp, clear, blue eye, which stared you straight in the face when in conversation; a finely shaped nose, inclined to be aquiline; a well-turned mouth, with lips only partially concealed by a handsome moustache. His hair and complexion were those of a perfect blonde. The former was worn in uncut ringlets, falling carelessly over his powerfully formed shoulders. Whether on foot or on horseback, he was one of the most perfect types of physical manhood I ever saw. Of his courage there could be no doubt; it had been brought to the test on too many occasions to admit of a doubt. His skill in the use of the pistol and rifle was unerring, while his deportment was exactly the opposite of what might be expected from a man of his surroundings. It was entirely free from all bluster or bravado. He seldom spoke of himself unless requested to do so. His conversation, strange to say, never bordered either on the vulgar or blasphemous. His influence among the frontiersmen was unbounded, his word was law; and many are the personal quarrels and disturbances which he has checked among his comrades by his simple announcement that 'this has gone far enough,'—if need be, followed by the ominous warning that when persisted in or renewed, the quarreler 'must settle it with me.'

"Wild Bill was anything but a quarrelsome man; yet no one but himself could enumerate the many conflicts in which he had been engaged, and which had almost always resulted in the death of his adversary. I have a personal knowledge of at least half a dozen men whom he had at various times killed, one of these being at the time a member of my command. Yet he always escaped unhurt.

"On the plains every man openly carries his belt with its invariable appendages, knife and revolver, often two of the latter.

Wild Bill always carried two handsome ivory-handled revolvers of the large size ; he was never seen without them. Yet in all the many affairs of this kind in which Wild Bill has performed a part, and which have come to my knowledge, there was not a single instance in which the verdict of twelve fair-minded men would not have been pronounced in his favor."

Nothing of especial interest occurred to the train until it arrived within a few miles of Green River in the Rocky Mountains. Here the company was surprised by Joe Smith and a squad of Danites from the Mormons, who were permitted to ride into the camp while at noonday halt, as the wagonmaster and drivers supposed they were a lot of Californians going East. The men were given one wagon, some provisions, and their arms and six yoke of oxen, and told to put back to Fort Bridger. They could do nothing but obey. They tarried, however, and saw the entire train of twenty-four wagons, and the loads of hard tack, bacon, ammunition and other supplies for Gen. Johnston's army, burned to ashes.

They finally reached Fort Bridger, but there were gathered three or four hundred men in the employ of the Freight Company, besides the garrison of the United States troops. Winter now set in, and provisions were scarce. The men were reduced to three-quarter rations, and then to one-half rations, and finally, to one-quarter. As a last resort they killed and ate the oxen, which by this time had been reduced to skin and bones, and as these failed to supply the demand, mules were also killed and portioned out to the half-famished men and soldiers. When mules and oxen were gone, the wood for fuel was brought from the mountains by men, twenty or more of whom would drag a wagon loaded with fuel. Spring, though, came at last, and with it a move to Fort Laramie. Here another train was organized to return to Fort Leavenworth. In this trip, Billy, Simpson and his assistant, rode ahead of the

train to overtake one that had a day's start. These three were attacked by forty Indians. Simpson immediately dismounted and had the other two do the same. The mules were killed, and behind these the three lay all day and all night, keeping the Indians at bay with their rifles and revolvers, as they were armed only with bows and arrows. However, the assistant wagonmaster was severely wounded in the shoulder by an arrow. Next day about 10 o'clock the train arrived, and the Indians suddenly departed, leaving on the field four dead companions.

Billy finally reached home in safety, to the great joy of his mother and sisters. One of his sisters, in his absence, had married, and was living at Leavenworth.

The next move Billy made, was to join a party of trappers who intended to trap for beaver and otter, and kill wolves for their pelts. This business proved unprofitable, and was abandoned after two months. He then returned home and remained about three months, attending the neighborhood school.

When spring came again, he joined a party bound for Pike's Peak, the then newly discovered gold field. Two months of prospecting was all he could stand, and he then concluded he was not cut out for a miner.

The next business in which he engaged, was pony express rider. This was at that time a new business on the plains. He was obliged to ride forty-five miles in three hours, and change horses three times. He continued in this work two months or more, during which time he never failed to make his trips according to schedule. It was very hard on him, and he gave it up at the urgent solicitation of his mother.

His restless spirit could not be satisfied with the seemingly humdrum life of a farmer, and he soon after went on a trapping expedition to the Republican River and tributaries. His only companion was Dave Herrington. They were very successful, and

had many trophies of their skill, when Bill slipped on the ice and broke his leg just above the ankle. This left them in anything but an enviable situation. Dave played the surgeon and rather skillfully set the broken bone. The prospect was dreary enough. They were one hundred and twenty-five miles from the nearest settlement. Rather than remain in that dreary region through the winter, Bill persuaded Dave to go to the settlement, get an ox-team, return, and take him home. This he consented to do, and left on his long tramp, after providing fuel and food to last his friend Bill until he should return. This he expected to do in about twenty days. The house where Bill now lay was a "dug-out," a hole made in the ground, covered with poles, upon which were placed grass, leaves, and other similar materials. To be thus situated was bad enough for a well man, and far worse for a boy in Bill's condition. The days dragged slowly by until twelve of them had been passed. One day at this time, Bill was awakened from sleep by some one standing by his bed and touching his arm. He opened his eyes, and saw looking into his face, the hideous outline of a huge Indian warrior, all painted and bedecked for war. Through the door other Indians were crowding, and outside the dug-out, Bill heard the tramping of horses and the voices of those who could not get into the little room. He knew they were on the war-path and would not hesitate to put him to death after subjecting him to such torture as their devilish ingenuity could invent. They were not in a hurry, however, to execute their plans against him, but proceeded to investigate the hut and contents. They very deliberately set about cooking what food they wanted and could find at hand, taking especial pains to use all his tea, coffee, and sugar. He watched their movements with intense interest, but could find no way by which he could escape. Finally, an old Indian came in, and Bill was rejoiced to see that he was a chief whom he had met before. The recognition was mutual. The



Indian chief,—Ram-in-the-face, could speak a little English, and Bill could speak a little Indian language, and he thus succeeded in securing the old chief's attention and sympathy. He begged that his life might be spared, and food left to keep him from starving. The chief consulted his warriors, and told Billy that they would spare his life, but the provisions were to be used. He then asked them to let him keep his gun and pistol as a means of defense from wild animals. This they would not consent to do, as one of their number had no fire arms, and greatly admired Billy's outfit in that line. They staid all day and all the next night, and left next morning, taking all Billy's cooking utensils, and nearly all his provisions. He was glad, however, to see them leave without taking his life. A heavy snowstorm now set in and completely covered the dug-out. At night, wolves came in immense numbers, howled around the hut, ran over the top of it, scratched for an entrance, and made Billy's blood run cold at the prospect of being eaten alive by half-starved wolves after escaping the scalping-knife of the savages.

The twentieth day came, the day appointed for Herrington's return. Billy counted the hours as they went by, and waited and listened for the welcome voice of his tried and true friend. Night came, but Herrington came not. A whole week passed beyond the appointed time, and Billy was still alone. Finally, on the twenty-ninth day, when hope was about dead, and Billy nearly dead, too, he heard a voice:

"Hello, Billy!"

"All right, Dave!"

"Well, old boy, are you alive?"

"Yes, but that is about all. I have had a tough siege of it since you went away."

This conversation was carried on while Dave was digging his way through the drifted snow to the door of the hut. He finally

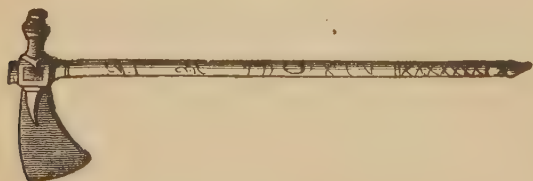
pushed the door open, went in, and was immediately clasped in Billy's arms. He would not let him go, but hugged him time and again, meanwhile telling him how he loved him.

"Well, Billy, my boy," said Dave, "I hardly expected to see you alive, but as I had left you here, I was bound to come through, or die in the attempt."

Again Billy threw his arms around Dave's neck and fell upon his bosom while tears of joy ran down his face.

Dave then sat down and told Billy what great trials he had encountered in going and coming. How the snow had blocked his way; how the oxen had wandered off, and what a weary time he had hunting them.

The two fast friends soon packed up what little goods the Indians had left them, and put back in a wagon drawn by the team of oxen, for civilization. They accomplished the return trip, and Billy was once more at his mother's house. Dave Herrington accompanied him. Here Dave died, being tenderly nursed by Billy's mother and sisters, who felt that they could not do enough for one who had done so much for Billy. His disease was fatal, and after an illness of only one week he died of pneumonia, after having endured almost incredible hardships and privations in the various trapping expeditions in which he had been a prominent actor.



CHAPTER III.

BEAR HUNTING—ENCOUNTER WITH HORSE THIEVES—PONY EXPRESS RIDER — WITH COL. CLARK'S EXPEDITION AGAINST INDIANS—HIS MOTHER'S DEATH—A SOLDIER—MARRIAGE—AS PILOT TO CUSTER—ANTICIPATED MILLIONS—CHAMPIONSHIP IN BUFFALO HUNTING.

After the death of his friend, Billy again engaged as a pony express rider. He was assigned to a route seventy-six miles long, and rode with ease and regularity. One day after making his trip, he found the rider who was to continue the route a distance of eighty-five miles, was drunk, and could not go out. Billy accordingly mounted a fresh pony and started on the other fellow's route. He made the ride on time, having accomplished 322 miles on horseback without an hour's rest. It is the greatest feat on record in that line.

He finally went to Horseshoe, a station on the express route, used as headquarters, where he had a comparatively easy time, being used as a supernumerary, riding only when other riders were disabled.

One day he started for a bear hunt, going entirely alone. He rode up into the mountains without discovering any bears, and not wishing to return without any trophy of his skill, he continued to ride until night came on. He now found himself many miles from headquarters, and in a wild and desolate region. He had killed

two sage hens, and was about to make a fire to cook one of them for supper, when he heard the neighing of a horse. He sprung to his horse, which stood near by, to prevent him from answering, as is usual for horses to do under such circumstances.

He was now quite anxious to know whether the owner of the horse was friend or foe. He made a reconnoissance and saw a light shining at a little distance from him. Approaching the light he found it came from a dug-out in the mountain side. He drew near cautiously, and found that persons were conversing in his own language. He was glad to find that the occupants were white men. He rapped on the door, and was immediately answered:

"Who's there?"

"A friend, and a white man."

"Come in."

He stepped in and found himself in the midst of as rough a set of men as he had ever met in all his wanderings. One or two of them he recognized as formerly teamsters when he was connected with the freight trains of the plains. He was pleased to see that they did not recognize him. He was thoroughly surprised and frightened by his unexpected surroundings, but did not by appearance or tone of voice betray his emotions. He wanted to get away from them as soon as possible.

"Where are you going, young man?" said one of them.

"I am on a bear hunt."

"Who is with you?"

"I am entirely alone."

"Where are you from?"

"I left Horseshoe Station this morning."

"How came you here?"

"Just as I was going into camp, about one hundred yards down the creek, I heard one of your horses whinny, and then I came to your camp."

"Where is your horse?"

"I left him down the creek."

"Well, we will send for him."

"Captain, I will leave my gun here, go down and get my horse, and return and stay all night."

"Jim and I will go with you," said one of the men. "You may leave your gun here. You will not need it."

"All right, lead the way."

Billy now knew he was in the hands of a band of horse thieves. He knew that he would never get away from them alive, unless he escaped that hour. He thought fast, and soon had his plan matured. There seemed to be but little choice between being shot to death while fleeing from them, and being shot to death tied to a stake. He preferred the former. They reached the place where the horse was hitched.

"I will lead the horse," said one.

"Very well," said Billy. "I will carry these two sage hens which I have killed."

The man went ahead, leading the horse. Billy came next, carrying the sage hens. The other man brought up the rear. Every step onward seemed to Billy to be a step toward certain death. He determined to escape or die there. He dropped one of the hens as if by chance, and asked the man behind him to pick it up. He stooped to do so, but as it was dark, he had to search for the hen. Billy pulled his revolver, seized the muzzle, and with the butt dealt the man a heavy blow on the back of his head, felling him to the ground. The man ahead turned to see what was the matter, but, as he did so, drew his revolver. Billy was too quick for him, and sent a bullet crashing through his brain. He seized his horse, jumped into the saddle, and galloped away as fast as he could, over the rough road.

The thieves in the hut heard the noise and were soon in hard



HICKOK & GRAFF

SHOOTING DEER AT LONG RANGE.

pursuit, and gaining rapidly on him. He abandoned his horse, gave him a sharp slap on the shoulders, and he went bounding away down the mountain side. He crept up into some brush, and had the satisfaction of seeing the robbers rush by him, and heard them firing at what they supposed was Billy on the horse.

When they were gone he slipped down and struck out for Horseshoe Station, distant about twenty-five miles. He traveled hard all night and reached the station at daylight. When he had related his experience, a band was organized to pursue the robbers. When the company formed for this purpose reached the rendezvous of the men, they found it deserted, and could find no trace of the route taken by the fleeing robbers.

He continued to ride the pony express until 1861, when he went to Fort Larned, Kan., and with a man named George Long, commenced to buy horses for the government.

In 1862 he joined an expedition against the Indians. He acted as guide and scout to Col. Clark, who was in command of the 9th Kansas Volunteers. They had several engagements with the Indians, but none of any especial importance.

In 1863 his mother died, and then Buffalo Bill gave himself up to a dissolute and reckless life, associating with gamblers, drunkards, and bad characters generally. He kept up his dissipation for about two months. While on a spree, he enlisted as a recruit in the 7th Kansas Volunteers, who were home on veteran furlough. When he sobered up, he found himself a regularly enlisted soldier, but when or where he enlisted he could never tell, so drunk was he when he was mustered in.

In the spring of 1864 the regiment went to Tennessee, and reached Memphis just after the memorable defeat of General Sturgiss, at Guntown, Mississippi. The fighting he was now called upon to do was new to him. He was finally made a non-commissioned officer, and placed upon detached duty as scout.

From Tennessee his regiment went to Missouri, and had an engagement with General Pine at Pilot Knob, and afterward, for about six weeks, kept up a running fight, having a skirmish every day.

While on this campaign, he fell in with his old friend Wild Bill, who was acting as Federal scout and spy. It was a happy meeting, and they worked together some time.

After the war closed in 1865, he was discharged at Fort Leavenworth, and immediately went to St. Louis, and married a Miss Frederici, with whom he had become acquainted while in St. Louis on military duty, the year previous.

We quote now from his autobiography, page 145 :

"During the winter of 1866-7, I scouted between Fort Ellsworth and Fort Fletcher. In the spring of 1867 I was at Fort Fletcher, when General Custer came out to go on an Indian expedition with Gen. Hancock. I remained at this post until it was drowned out by the heavy floods of Big Creek, on which it was located ; the waters rose about the fortifications and rendered the place unfit for occupancy, so the government abandoned the fort and moved the troops and supplies to a new post, which had been named Fort Hays, located further west, in the south fork of Big Creek. It was while scouting in the vicinity of Fort Hays I had my first ride with the gallant and dashing General Custer, who had come to the Fort from Fort Ellsworth with an escort of only ten men. He wanted a guide to pilot him to Fort Larned, a distance of sixty-five miles across the country.

"I was ordered by the commanding officer to guide General Custer to his desired destination, and I soon received word from the General that he would start out in the morning with the intention of making the trip in one day. Early in the morning I was on hand, mounted on my large mouse-colored mule, an animal of great endurance, and ready for the journey. When the General saw me, he said:

“‘Cody, I want to travel fast, and go through as quickly as possible, and I don’t think that mule of yours is fast enough for me.’

“‘General, never mind the mule, he’ll get there as soon as your horses. That mule is a good one.’

“‘Very well ; go ahead then,’ said he, but he looked as if he thought I would delay the party on the road.

“For the first fifteen miles, until we came to the Smoky Hill River, which we were to cross, I could hardly keep the mule in advance of the General, who rode a frisky, impatient and ambitious thoroughbred steed ; indeed, the whole party was finely mounted. The General repeatedly told me that the mule was ‘no good,’ and that I ought to have a good horse. But after crossing the river and striking the sand-hills, I began letting my mule out a little, and putting the ‘persuaders’ to him. He was soon out-traveling the horses, and by the time we had made about half the distance to Fort Larned, I occasionally had to wait for the General or some of his party, as their horses were beginning to show signs of fatigue.

“‘General, how about this mule?’ I asked at last.

“‘Cody, you have a better vehicle than I thought you had,’ was his reply.

“From that time on to Fort Larned I had no trouble in keeping ahead of the party. We rode into the fort at 4 o’clock in the afternoon with about half the escort only, the rest having lagged behind.”

We now come to that part of Bill’s life when he suddenly found himself a millionaire, and as suddenly was reduced to poverty.

He and William Rose, knowing that the Kansas Pacific Railroad would cross Big Creek, about one mile from Fort Ellsworth, concluded to purchase a site and lay out a town there, and reap the benefit of rise in price of town lots. When the site was surveyed and the lots laid out, they gave the new town the name of Rome. To make things boom, they gave a lot to any one who would build

upon it, reserving for themselves the corner lots and other desirable locations.

Their scheme was a success. In less than one month they had a town consisting of about two hundred frame and log houses, a hotel, several stores, and a saloon. Their fortune was now made, and they would frequently meet and figure up their gains, which as yet were in the future, but very near—almost within their grasp.

About this time, Dr. Webb, who was agent for the railroad, and whose business it was to locate towns, came to Rome and sought the proprietors.

“You have a flourishing town, I see,” said he.

“Yes, indeed,” said Bill. “Let us give you a lot. All you have to do is to build on it.”

“No, thank you,” said the Doctor. “But would you not like a partner?”

“A partner! No, sir; we have too good a thing to ‘whack up’ with any one,” said Bill loftily.

“Gentlemen,” said the Doctor, “I am agent for the railroad, and it is my business to locate towns.”

“Ah, indeed,” said Rose. “So we have saved the company great expense. Here we have a town already started.”

“But the company expect to make money selling land and town lots, and unless you give the company or me a show in this matter, I will have to start a town near you and run competition.”

“Go ahead,” said Rose; “we have the ‘bulge’ on you.”

The Doctor departed, and staked a place about one mile east of Rome and called it Hays City. He took pains to inform every one that there the railroad company would build shops and establish headquarters. The result is easily and quickly told. All the houses in Rome were pulled down and carted to Hays City. Cody & Rose found their site deserted, the only sign of a town having been there was the lone shanty where they kept their little stock

of merchandise. They too, finally pulled up stakes, and accepted two lots apiece in Hays City as a gift from Dr. Webb. Bill did not try to build another town. He returned to his favorite pursuit of scouting and hunting. Rose accepted a contract for grading a part of the railroad, and Bill undertook to furnish the camp with buffalo meat.

One day Bill put his horse into the team that was used in drawing a scraper, one of Rose's horses having given out. There had been no buffalo in that vicinity for several days, and meat was getting scarce. One of the workmen discovered a bunch of buffalo just coming over a distant hill. Bill jerked the harness off his horse,—the one that afterward became famous and went by the name of "Brigham,"—leaving the blind bridle on, and mounted without saddle. Snatching up his gun, which he called "Lucretia Borgia," and which was an improved breech-loading needle gun, just received from the government, he dashed away toward the game.

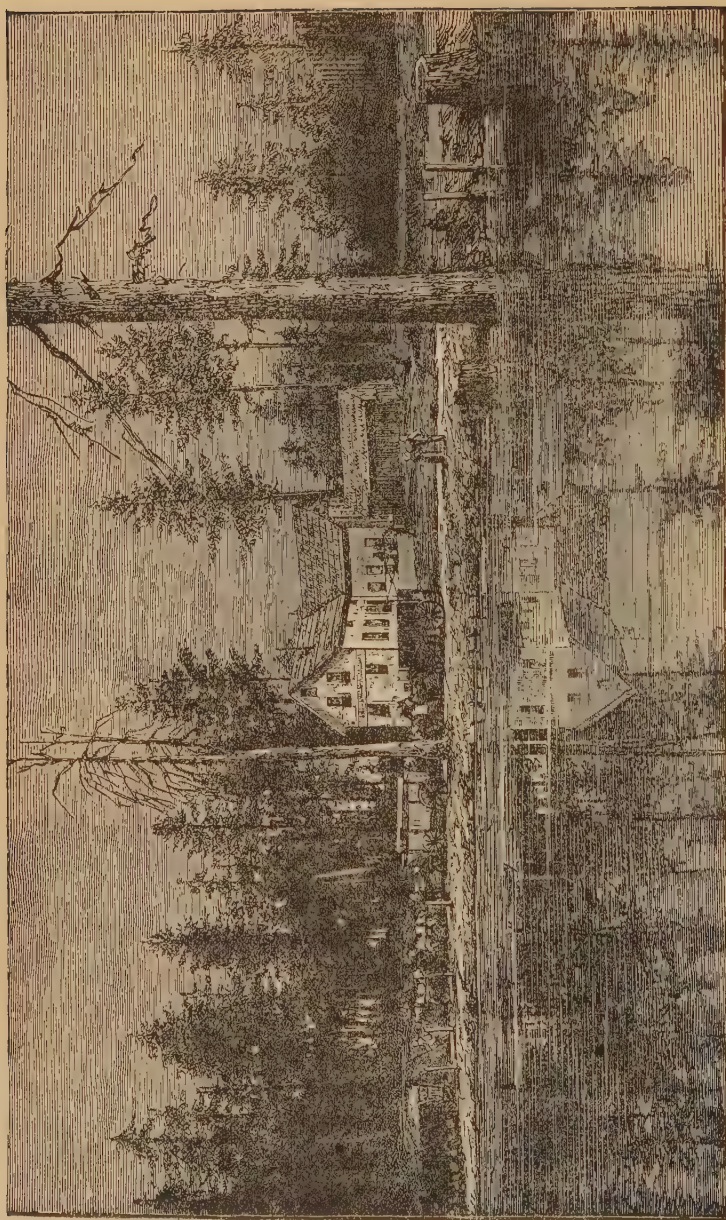
Just then the gates of the fort opened and a captain and several lieutenants rode out, they too having discovered the buffalo, and were intent on a chase after them. As Bill rode up to them the Captain said:

"Well, my man, you are not going after the buffalo on that horse! It takes a spirited and blooded horse to take such game."

"Does it?" said Bill, innocently, as if he were ignorant of the business.

"Yes, it does; but as we only want the tongues and a few tenderloin steaks, you may follow us and take the rest of the game."

Bill bowed low in acknowledgement of the favor granted him, while the officers galloped off to overtake the buffalo. Bill knew the habits of the animal, and instead of riding directly toward them, as the officers did, he took a straight course for the creek, where he knew they would cross. In this way he arrived there as soon as



CRYSTAL LAKE, CALIFORNIA.

they did, while the officers were in the rear about three hundred yards. He immediately threw off the old blind bridle and let "Brigham" have his own way. The horse understood his business. He carried Bill close up to the side of one buffalo, and as soon as he heard the shot and saw the animal fall, he dashed up alongside of another, and so on. There were only eleven buffalo in the herd. These were all killed in quick succession, only one shot missing aim. When the last animal was down Brigham stopped, and Bill leaped from his back, just as the officers rode up. Bill saluted them in royal style, and said:

"Gentlemen, here are your tongues and tenderloins."

"Who are you, any way?" asked the Captain in astonishment.

"My name is Cody," said Bill.

"What, not Bill, the scout?"

"The same, sir."

"Well, I must say that horse of yours has good running points."

"Yes, a few!"

"And what a hunter you are. Indeed, I never saw finer sport."

"Brigham did the hunting, sir, I had only to do the shooting. When I fired and missed, he would give me another chance at the same animal. If I missed the second time, he would dash away, as much as to say, 'You are no good.'"

The Captain gave Bill a pressing invitation to come to the fort, and assured him that he would be glad to give him employment, whenever he should have need of a scout.

At Fort Wallace was a scout named Comstock, who was thought by some to be more expert in hunting and killing buffaloes than was Cody. It was arranged by mutual friends to have a trial of skill. The stake was \$500, and both men found ready backers.

The place was twenty miles east of Sheridan, Kan. The

contest was extensively advertised, and hundreds of people from as far east as St. Louis, went to see the match.

It was agreed that both men should ride into the herd, and Cody should take the right side, and Comstock the left. Cody was mounted on Brigham, and had his trusty rifle Lucretia, a 50 caliber. He felt confident of success, because he knew his horse could not be excelled, and his gun had no equal. At the appointed day the company assembled, and soon a herd of buffaloes was discovered quietly grazing. A man to keep tally went with each hunter, while the spectators remained at a safe distance.

Cody rode to the head of his part of the herd, and by killing the leaders, and pressing the others from right to left, he soon had them running in a circle. He kept up the race until he had sixty-nine buffaloes lying dead in a very small circle. Comstock rode after his and killed the rearmost animal each time. The result was that he had only forty-six dead animals, and they were scattered along the plains for three or four miles. As may be guessed, Cody's plan made his skill appear to great advantage. The championship was cheerfully accorded to him. This circumstance, coupled with the fact, that as hunter for the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company, he had in eighteen months killed 4,280 buffaloes, gave him the name of "Buffalo Bill."

The grand finale of his contest with Comstock may be mentioned here. On the last run he took both saddle and bridle from his horse, and, although the ladies of the company begged him not to undertake so rash a feat, he dashed away on his well-trained horse without either saddle or bridle. He separated a big bull from the herd, and headed him toward the company of spectators. On they came, nearer and nearer to the assembly, and it seemed that the ladies must be run down before the infuriated beast and the wild rider. The ladies were frightened, and screamed lustily. Just as the buffalo was a few feet distant,

"Brigham" came up alongside at one bound, and Cody sent a ball through the heart of the bull, which rolled in the dust at the very feet of the spectators, while Bill leaped to the ground and "Brigham" stopped short in his tracks. This brilliant feat won round after round of applause for "Buffalo Bill."



CHAPTER IV.

SCOUT AND GUIDE—FORT LEAVENWORTH AND GEN. HAZEN—
INDIANS THWARTED—GEN. SHERIDAN AND FORT HAYS—
CHIEF OF SCOUTS — GUIDE TO GRAND DUKE ALEXIS —
ENTERTAINMENT IN CHICAGO AND NEW YORK—MEMBER OF
LEGISLATURE IN NEBRASKA —ACQUIRES CELEBRITY AND
MEANS AS AN ACTOR—TAKES PART IN SIOUX WAR—SETTLES
ON FARM IN NEBRASKA.

After the hunting match Buffalo Bill removed his family,—his wife and little daughter,—to Leavenworth, and soon afterward reported to Captain Dangerfield Parker in command at Fort Larned, for duty as scout and guide.

Gen. Hazen soon after arrived at the fort and took command. There were three hundred lodges of Indians about the fort. They were restless and anxious to take the war path, but were kept quiet by the efforts of the soldiers. Gen. Hazen wanted to go to Fort Harper, and ordered Bill and twenty infantrymen to accompany him, as he rode in a six mule wagon. They went as far as Fort Zarah, where they left the General to go alone, and had orders to return to Fort Larned next morning. But Buffalo Bill told the sergeant that he would return to Larned that afternoon, and saddling his mule, he set out alone. When about half way he was "jumped" by a band of Indians, who rode up saying, "How! How!" and one reached out his hand to Buffalo for a hearty

shake. He grasped the hand and was immediately jerked forward by the brave, while another redskin grabbed his mule by the bridle, and another snatched his revolver from the holster, another grabbed his rifle from him, while still another struck him on the head with a tomahawk. They then started off toward the Arkansas River, one leading the mule, while the rest lashed him from behind. They were yelling, whooping, singing, as only Indians can when having everything their own way. These were some of the Indians who had been left at Fort Larned that morning. Bill soon discovered that the whole band were on the warpath, and these were only a squad from the main army.

One of the chiefs came up to him and asked him where he had been. A happy thought came to him at that instant, and he answered, "I have been searching for the 'Whoa-haws.'" The Indians used this term to designate the cattle furnished them by the government. The old chief was anxious to know more about the "whoa-haws." Bill told him they were back a little way, and he had been sent by Gen. Hazen to tell him that they were for his people. The chief asked if any soldiers were with the herd. Bill said there were. The chief seemed delighted; Bill then told him that the treatment he had received was mean and cowardly, especially as he was on such a friendly errand. The chief then made the young men give up Bill's arms. He was anxious to get the cattle, and believed also there were "heap of soldiers coming." Bill had been lying to him, but thought himself justified under the circumstances. The old chief told him to go back and bring the cattle up. This Bill consented to do, and started off, intending, when in the valley, out of sight of the Indians, to put spurs to his mule and flee to Fort Larned. He had gone but a little way, when, on looking back, he saw fifteen Indians following him. He urged his mule to a lope. He reached the valley, and turned sharply off and headed toward the fort. The Indians came in sight,

and seeing him fleeing, started in hot pursuit. They kept up the chase for about nine miles, Fort Larned being still six miles distant, when the old road was reached, and Buffalo Bill put spurs to his mule and urged him to his greatest speed. The Indians came on, but did not gain much. At sundown Fort Larned was four miles away, but in plain sight. Bill's mule began to give out, while the horses of the Indians seemed fresh, and were gaining rapidly. When two miles from the fort, several of the Indians were only a quarter of a mile behind the fleeing scout. Fortunately, he saw a squad of soldiers in a government wagon going to the fort. He hailed them, and hastily told his story. They turned aside in a clump of trees near at hand, and waited the Indians, who came dashing along. They fired upon them, killing two; the others turned, and escaped in the dark. The two were scalped, and then Buffalo Bill and his comrades moved into the fort, where all the soldiers were under arms, and preparing for an attack, as they had heard the firing.

When Buffalo Bill reported to the Commander, he found him with all his scouts trying to find a man who would volunteer to carry a dispatch to General Sheridan, then at Fort Hays, sixty-five miles away. None were willing to go. Finally Cody volunteered, and although he had ridden sixty miles that day and was tired and hungry, he mounted a horse and left Fort Larned, to ride to Fort Hays in the night, not a star appearing, and a storm gathering in the sky. His route lay through a country infested by hostile Indians, but he reached General Sheridan's headquarters a little after daybreak, and delivered the message.

After taking a nap of two hours, and visiting with some old acquaintances at Hays City, near the fort, he reported again to General Sheridan, as he had been requested to do. He found him trying to persuade some scout to carry a message to Fort Dodge, ninety-five miles away. But none would volunteer, though the pay

was large. Several messengers had been killed on that route, and the scouts were chary about taking the chances. It seemed hard to ask Buffalo Bill to do it, since he had just ridden one hundred and twenty-five miles the day and night before. No one would volunteer, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon Cody mounted a fine horse and started. He rode seventy miles that night, and reached Saw Log Crossing, where he found a company of colored troops under command of Major Cox. Here he slept an hour, got a fresh horse, and was soon on the way again. It was now just sunrise. About 10 o'clock he reached Fort Dodge. He found the Commander anxious to send messages to Fort Larned, but no scout would undertake the trip. Fort Dodge is sixty-five miles from Fort Larned. As the latter post was Cody's headquarters, he volunteered to make the trip for the Commander. The Commander said he would be glad to send the message, but it seemed too hard for Buffalo Bill to make the journey after all he had done, especially as they had no fresh horse to offer him, and only a mule as a substitute. But Cody was anxious to return, and he mounted the mule and commenced his homeward trip, leaving Fort Dodge at dark. He did not take the main and generally traveled road, knowing the Indians would be watching that for scouts. Unfortunately his mule got away as he stopped to get a drink at the creek. He tried to catch him, but the obstinate animal trotted on ahead, just out of his reach, the balance of the night. Just at sunrise he came in sight of Fort Larned. When the morning guns echoed over the plains, they were just half a mile from the fort, the mule trotting along ahead, and Bill trudging after him afoot. He was provoked. Raising his gun, he aimed and fired, and lodged a ball in the mule's hip. He shot him again, and continued to pepper him from the rear until he dropped dead. The troops at the fort hearing the firing, came rushing out to see the cause. They all agreed that the mule had been served just right. Buffalo Bill

reported to Captain Parker, delivered the messages, and then lay down and took a long, refreshing sleep. General Hazen had returned to Fort Larned, and wanted to send some messages to General Sheridan, so that night found Cody again on the road, mounted on a good horse, bound for Fort Hays, the headquarters of General Sheridan. The next morning found the intrepid scout again in the presence of General Sheridan, who was astonished when he knew of the rides he had made from post to post, since he saw him two or three days before. He had ridden 355 miles in fifty-eight riding hours, most of the time in the night, making an average of over six miles an hour, through a trackless plain infested by hostile Indians.

General Sheridan kept Cody at Fort Hays, and appointed him Chief of Scouts to accompany the 5th U. S. Cavalry in an expedition against the Dog Soldier Indians, who were then making trouble along the Republican River.

From this time on to 1872 Buffalo Bill acted as Chief of Scouts. He was attached to various commands, and had many exciting fights with the Indians. He was successful in all his expeditions, and a favorite with the United States officers.

He acted as guide to the Grand Duke Alexis, when he was in the West on a hunting excursion. He led a party of distinguished men of the nation in a grand hunt. He recovered stolen property from thieves, whether white or red. He killed many an Indian chief, and appropriated his horse and accoutrements. He won numerous bets upon the speed of his favorite riding horse. He would occasionally get on a spree, at which time he would generally lose all his money while gambling with cards. When sober, he would preach against drinking and gambling, and always acknowledged the evil effects of both. Indeed, it would require hundreds of pages to relate a tithe of the many exciting scenes in his life during the stirring times of the Indian wars on the plains.

We must content ourselves by saying that what has been narrated of him is but the outline of his remarkable career, which will bear filling up with as strong colors as the imagination can furnish, and yet the truth will not be exceeded.

In 1872 he went to Chicago and was kindly received and right royally entertained by many of her prominent citizens, who had met him while on pleasure excursions in the West.

From Chicago he proceeded to New York, where he was treated as a prince. James Gordon Bennett, editor and proprietor of the *Herald*, prepared a magnificent feast for him, and invited many friends to meet the famous scout. Cody, however, had accepted so many invitations that he got confused as to dates and plans, and failed to put in an appearance at Bennett's dinner. He apologized for his carelessness, and was forgiven by the great editor. After spending three weeks in the city he returned West.

In the fall of 1872 he was elected member of the Nebraska Legislature, and hence derived the title of Honorable.

About this time, Ned Buntline wrote a play called "Scouts of the Plains," and engaged Buffalo Bill as the star, and Texas Jack as assistant.

The play was produced first at Chicago, but when Buffalo Bill came on the stage, he could not remember one word of his part. Ned Buntline, who also had a part in the play, helped him out of the dilemma by asking:

"Where have you been so long, Bill?"

Glancing up into one of the boxes, Buffalo Bill saw a Mr. Milligan, of Chicago, who had been out on the plains hunting buffaloes with him. A happy idea came to him, and he replied:

"I have been on a hunt with Milligan."

The "hit" was immense, and the theatre echoed again and again with applause. From this the conversation was entirely impromptu so long as Buffalo Bill held the floor.

The play was a success financially. From Chicago the troupe went to St. Louis, thence to Cincinnati, and then all over the East and West. Everywhere they were greeted by crowded houses. At the end of the season, Buffalo Bill found his share of the profits were about \$6,000.

In 1874 Buffalo Bill again went to the plains, the previous season having proved a very successful one. After scouting until fall he returned to New York and organized another troupe which played with success. The summer of 1875 he spent with his family in Rochester, N. Y. That fall he again played to large houses, and in 1876 went West to take a hand in the Sioux war then raging. During this war he had a hand-to-hand fight with an Indian chief, Yellow Hand, but killed his enemy and scalped him in the presence of his entire command, who stood spectators to the duel, and then turned upon him, but a company of United States cavalry that had been witnesses also of the contest, dashed down and rescued Cody.

That fall he returned East and played in a new drama written to illustrate scenes in the late Sioux war. After visiting the principal Eastern cities, the troupe went to California, and played to crowded houses.

Returning to Nebraska, he and Major North bought a cattle ranche. Leaving the Major to look after the cattle, Buffalo Bill went East, and in 1877 played in a new drama entitled "May Cody; or, Lost and Won." This was the most successful play he had ever produced.

In 1878, his wife becoming tired of traveling, he proceeded to North Platte, Neb., where on a farm adjoining the town, he had a fine residence erected, where the family now live, and where Buffalo Bill spends his spare time.

The season of 1878-9 was very successful, the troupe being larger than any previous one. The Indians were obtained from the

Indian Territory. The play is called the "Knights of the Plains."

This year, 1883, Buffalo Bill and Dr. Carver have formed a combination on a more extensive plan than ever before attempted. The plan is to visit all large places with a herd of buffaloes, a large band of Indians and other accessories, and give exhibitions of various characters, in fair grounds or on race courses. As this volume goes to press, the season has not commenced, and we are obliged to leave Buffalo Bill in the midst of active preparations for a grander exhibition of Western life, than was ever before given the people east of the Mississippi. Barnum must look well to his laurels, or the Scout of the Plains will eclipse him as showman.





INDIAN MEDICINE MEN.



WILD BILL.



WILD BILL.

LIFE OF WILD BILL.

FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS—SCOUTS IN GENERAL—DESCRIPTION OF WILD BILL—CHARACTERISTICS—ASSOCIATIONS—BLACK NELL INTRODUCED—TRIAL OF SKILL AS A MARKSMAN—RESCUES A CHILD—INCIDENT OF SCOUT LIFE IN CONNECTION WITH CIVIL WAR—LATER EXPERIENCES—DEATH.

The repression of outlaws in those portions of our country which, from time to time in the advance of civilization, have been border settlements, has often baffled the wisest dispensers of law and justice, and the most vigilant of law-abiding citizens.

To aid in this work there have appeared in history original characters ready to take upon themselves the task of settling desperate cases, and peculiarly fitted for dealing with desperadoes. They are brave and determined men, of large physical proportions and steady nerves, trained from boyhood in poverty and adversity, early learning self-reliance as well as self-defence, and risking life as quickly as the boldest criminals, but for an entirely different object.

They make their own way, and help others. They search the country over, and find out what none others know, and when an emergency arises, as in our Civil War, or the recent expedition into the mountain fastnesses of Mexico, they are prepared to render assistance,

They know neither fatigue nor fear. They are isolated characters, even in dress, which is in accordance with their own ideas of fitness and mode of life, which of itself is peculiar.

One distinguishing trait is, that they resent on the instant any reflection, however small, on their honor as men, and take a conscious pride in defending the unprotected, and in serving friends or their country in her need.

Having given this general outline, we introduce "Wild Bill," chief among scouts and guides.

We place him before you in the perfection of physical manliness, and by his side Black Nell, the faithful horse, his tried friend in many a desperate chance. We wish the bonny mare could speak for herself and her master, so that deeds of daring and valor that have never come to light might grace these pages; but dumb as she is, she is hardly more reticent than Wild Bill himself on anything pertaining to his individual experiences.

We know enough, however, to truthfully assert that the pony acted well her part in many thrilling adventures, and bore a striking resemblance in disposition and character to the master she served with perfect and loving obedience. Neither was she at disadvantage in matter of size or comeliness.

We cannot refrain from quoting here in part the minute personal description of Wild Bill by Gen. Custer, which is given in full in the life of Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), between whom and our hero a firm friendship was established, as lasting as life, and to whom, in connection with him, we shall again have occasion to refer:

"Wild Bill was about six feet one inch in height, straight as the straightest of Indian warriors, whose implacable foe he was. He had broad shoulders, well formed chest and limbs, and a face strikingly handsome; a sharp, clear blue eye, which stared you straight in the face when in conversation; a finely-shaped

nose, inclined to be aquiline, a well-turned mouth, and lips only partially concealed by a handsome moustache. His hair and complexion were those of a perfect blonde. The former was worn in uncut ringlets, falling carelessly over his powerfully formed shoulders. Whether on foot or on horseback, he was one of the most perfect types of physical manhood I ever saw."

As to his dress, a similar one has undoubtedly been seen by many travelers through the Western country, even in very recent times. He wore a fringed deer-skin frock, reaching to the knees, and confined by a belt, holding the inevitable knife and revolvers. Yellow moccasins adorned his small but shapely feet, and he invariably had, when not in disguise, an immense sombrero carelessly set upon his head, from under which "eyes that have pointed the way to death many times," looked with a gentleness singularly at variance with the intense nature he possessed.

His associations were of necessity largely among a rough class of people in the remote and sparsely settled portions of the country which he chose, and it is not surprising that he became addicted to some of the vices that accompany such surroundings. We do not deny his failings, but it is in his services to our country, and to his friends as guide and often defender, that we wish to write of him.

Before doing so, we wish to present a thought in reference to the longing for ever new fields for adventure that actuated him, and then note the gradual development of those marked traits that made him famous. It seems that in the parents existed in an incipient state the same unrest. We find them wearying of the home influences and surroundings of their youth, and it is in their early married days that the desire for pioneer life is created—a life always exacting great sacrifices, and constant endeavor and dauntless courage that must go hand in hand, in both men and women.

They would seek the West in which to make a new home and rear their children. Illinois proved to be the extent of their journey

westward, and it was there that the subject of this sketch was born.

Among what influences, whether religious or otherwise, the days of his infancy were spent, we have no means of knowing. Scanty means incident to farm life in a new country necessarily deprived the youth of educational privileges to any great extent, and we conclude that his taste in other directions—his love for nature, and finding out her secrets—largely overpowered the desire for mere book-knowledge.

We find him getting the training and making ready for the pioneer life for which he early showed a love, by obtaining through his own exertions a pony, knife, and revolver. This was not a strange fancy when we take into consideration the unsettled condition of the country, the necessity for defense against hostile Indians, the wild animals to be subdued, besides the countless other needs that these would help to meet. With these, all his own, to use as often as he willed, he soon became an expert in hunting. He also acquired skill in trapping. His later experiences only perfected these accomplishments.

As an example of his wonderful skill as a marksman we cite the following, as related in "Adventures of Wild Bill" by Ingraham:

"Failing in an effort to secure employment at once in Kansas whither he had gone in search of adventure, he sought to enlist with the 'Red Legs,' an anti-slavery band under the leadership of the noted Jim Lane. This band numbered some three hundred men, all thoroughly armed and mounted; but not having the wherewithal to purchase a horse and complete equipment, he was refused as a 'Red Leg Ranger,' greatly to his distress.

"A few days after this the Red Legs went out on the commons to shoot with rifles and pistols for prizes, and our youth determined to get into the ring if possible.

"To attract attention, when any one shot and did not drive the

bull's-eye, he laughed in a satirical way, until at last one of the Red Legs turned fiercely upon him and said: 'Look a hyar, boy, you has too much laugh, as if you c'u'd do better; an' durn my skins, ef yer hain't a Red Leg, I'll give yer a chance to shoot. Ef yer takes ther prize, I'll pay yer put-up dust, an' ef yer don't, I'll take the hickory ramrod o' my rifle an' welt yer nigh ter death. Does yer shoot on my tarms?'

" 'I will, and beat you too,' was the quiet response.

" All eyes had been turned on the tall, handsome youth before them, and several had determined to try his mettle, after the shooting, for having laughed at them, and now they gazed on him with increased interest.

" There were three prizes, viz: A fine horse, saddle and bridle for the first; a rifle and belt, with two revolvers and a bowie-knife for the second, and a purse of one hundred dollars for the third.

" He had some little money, and said quietly:

" 'I'll pay the fees, for I want no man to give me money.'

" 'Then shell out; it's fifteen fer ther first, ten fer ther second, and five dollars fer ther third prize, an' ther boys hes all chipped in, an' ef yer don't win, boy, they 'll all see me larrup yer.'

" The speaker, Shanghai Bill, all knew, and greatly feared, for he was a desperado of the worst type, a giant in size and strength, and ever ready to get into a brawl.

" The boy smiled at his words, paid his thirty dollars, which left him with three in his pocket, and after the Red Legs had shot, took his stand, and raising his rifle, quickly fired. The first to start the cheer was Jim Lane himself, who cried out:

" 'By heaven! the best shot in the three hundred.'

" 'It's a accident; besides, Ginerall, ther's two more to be shooted,' growled Shanghai Bill.

" The two more were then shot in the same quick way as before, and the bullets found dead center.

“‘I’ve got the horse, saddle and bridle toward becoming a Red Leg, General,’ said the boy quietly, addressing Lane.

“‘You have, indeed; now see if you can win the arms, and egad, I believe you can,’ was Lane’s reply.

“These were to be shot for with pistols, and at twenty paces, the best two in three shots, and once more three dead center bull’s-eyes were scored by the lad.

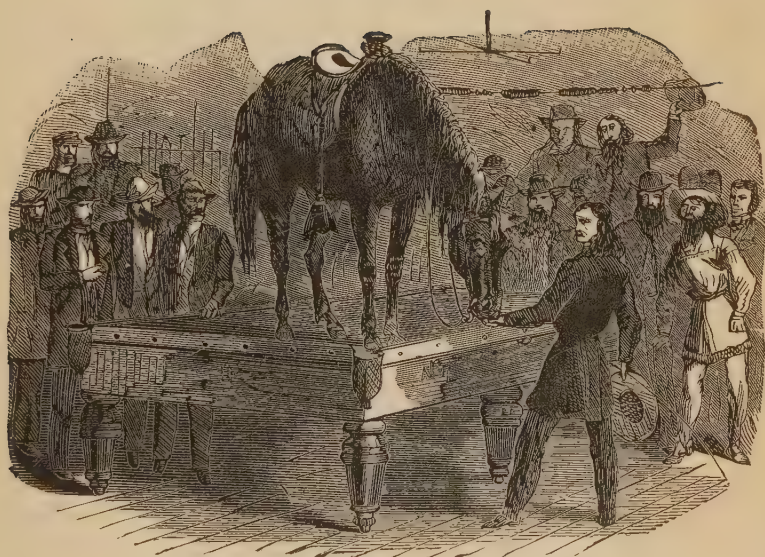
“The men now became deeply interested in the youth, and watched eagerly for him to come to his third trial, which was to be with a rifle at a moving object, a hundred yards off. This object was a round piece of wood, painted red, which was to be rolled, like a wheel, along the ground, and at it three shots were given. Just as the man who rolled it started it in motion, a crow flew over the field above the heads of the crowd, and instantly raising his rifle, he fired and brought him down, while he immediately seized the weapon held by Shanghai Bill, and throwing it to a level, sent a bullet through the red wheel ere it had stopped rolling.

“This double feat, and one shot with a strange rifle, set the crowd wild with enthusiasm.”

This is only one instance among numberless exhibitions of his unerring aim, which not only protected the weak and innocent, but as often dealt death to foes.

An account is given of the wonderful rescue of a small child. A bear having crept undiscovered near the cabin of an early settler, seized the child by its clothing, and was making fast tracks for the forest, when young Bill, discovering the fearful situation, pursued the animal, and shot him until he dropped the terrified infant, and turned upon him. Then it was that he put an end to the life of the beast, and catching up the child, soon returned him to his parents. This brave act settled an old difficulty between the father and himself, and made them firm friends ever after.

For a time he rendered efficient aid to the Overland Stage



BLACK NELL.

Company as driver. While serving in this capacity he was once intercepted by a band of Indians. As the road in front was an ascending grade for the remainder of the distance to the station, he was confident that it would be useless to attempt a passage with any hope of escape, unless their numbers could be reduced, or some successful device conceived of removing them from the way. To effect this, he made a short turn, and urged his team forward to their utmost exertions, thus deceiving the savages, who fancied that he was about to make the distance by another route.

Believing their energies were partially spent in gaining a new point from which to operate, he suddenly turned again, having won considerable time by this strategic movement, and used every art known to horsemen to excite his team to the greatest speed. The Indians, perceiving the trick, retraced the ground with fearful swiftness—those who were not already exhausted—and reached the edge of a narrow river that must be crossed, and there made their attack.

Wild Bill's desperate courage stood by him as, with the lines firmly secured, he made good use of his trusty revolvers, while his team broke through the yelling savages, and entered the stream, showered by the arrows of their assailants, which carried death to all but two of the occupants of the coach. These, as well as the brave driver, were wounded, though not seriously, and pushed forward, though closely pursued, until assistance reached them, when they were able to overthrow the remnant of the band.

Wild Bill scored many a success as an Indian-fighter, as the Generals whom he served can attest, in obtaining which his knowledge of woodcraft was of great assistance. We learn of him as a pony express rider winning new laurels for fidelity and daring, and gallant conduct.

In whatever capacity he served, he thoroughly mastered the situation, though death stared him in the face. Many times was he

wounded so that it required weeks and months of nursing to restore him to usefulness, but neither this, nor the pain he endured, could unnerve the strong man. He was always a terror to the lawless, stage-robbers, horse-thieves, and mean men of every description, they giving him a wide berth after once learning, by actual contact, his true mettle, if they were so fortunate as once to escape with their lives.

Let us now look at his career as scout and spy during our Civil War, when he "encountered many perils and suffered many privations in defense of our nationality." In Harper's Magazine a Lieutenant is made to tell one of the most daring feats ever attempted, which we quote:

"I can't tell the thing as it was," said the young officer. "It was beyond description. One could only hold his breath and feel. It happened when our regiment was attached to Curtis' command, in the expedition down into Arkansas. One day we were in the advance, and began to feel the enemy, who appeared in greater strength than at any time before. We were all rather uneasy, for there were rumors that Kirby Smith had come up from Texas with all his force, and as we were only a strong reconnoitering party, a fight just then might have been bad for us. We made a big noise with a light battery, and stretched our cavalry out in the open, and opposite the rebel cavalry, who were drawn up in line of battle on the slope of the prairie, about a thousand yards away. There we sat for half an hour, now and then banging at each other, but both parties keeping pretty well their line of battle. They waited for us to pitch in. We were waiting till more of our infantry should come.

"It was getting to be stupid work, however, and we were all hoping something would turn up, when we noticed two men ride out from the center of their line, and move toward us. At the first instant we paid little heed to them, supposing it some act of rebel

bravado, when we saw quite a commotion all along the enemy's front, and then they commenced firing at the two riders, and their line was all enveloped with smoke, out of which horsemen dashed in pursuit. The two riders kept well together, coming straight for us. Then we knew they were trying to escape, and the Colonel deployed one company as skirmishers to assist them. There wasn't time to do much, although, as I watched the pursued and their pursuers, and found the two men had halted at what I could see was a deep ditch, the moments seemed to be hours; and when they turned, I thought they were going to give themselves up. But no; in the face of that awful fire, they deliberately turned back, to get space for a good run at the ditch. This gave time for two of their pursuers to get within a few yards of them, when they stopped, evidently in doubt as to the meaning of this retrograde movement. They did not remain long in doubt, for the two men turned again, and with a shout, rushed for the ditch, and then we were near enough to see that they were Wild Bill and his mate. Bill's companion never reached the ditch. He and his horse must have been shot at the same time, for they went down together, and did not rise again.

"Bill did not get a scratch. He spoke to Black Nell, the mare he rode, who knew as well as her master that there was life and death in that twenty feet of ditch, and that she must jump it; and at it she went with a big rush. I never saw a more magnificent sight. Bill gave the mare her head, and turning in his saddle, fired twice, killing both of his pursuers, who were within a few lengths of him. They went out of their saddles like stones, just as Black Nell flew into the air and landed safely on our side of the ditch. In a moment both the daring scout and the brave mare were in our midst, while our men cheered and yelled like mad."

Wild Bill had secured all the information that could be obtained from the Confederates, and as an engagement was about to take



STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

place, he decided to make a bold dash for the Union side. He undoubtedly enjoyed the prospect of danger connected with the adventure, or he certainly would have attempted escape by a less conspicuous method. He had entered their lines in disguise as "a boy in gray," to avoid detection.

Several times in different disguises he entered the enemy's lines, and once was discovered and sentenced to execution; but escaped without injury, to again baffle the sharpest of their detectives and reveal plans of action to our forces that were of great value during the campaign.

Later he took command of a government wagon train bound for Springfield, Mo., with supplies for the United States Army.

At one time he was wagonmaster of a train ordered by Gen. Fremont from Leavenworth, Kan., to Sedalia, Mo., and for meritorious conduct in defending the team and stores from an attack by marauding parties, he was made wagonmaster of high rank in Gen. Curtis' command, the Army of the Missouri.

As marshal of Hays City he was equal to every emergency, as he was in every important position he was called to take. To hold this office in such places and under such circumstances as did Wild Bill, required far more courage than is expected of the ordinary official. The border element to which we have referred, was uppermost. Not only to shoot, but to kill, seemed to be demanded in order to suppress riots or to preserve anything like peace and order. The vices at which we hold up our hands in horror were the everyday amusements, and the taking of human life was of such common occurrence and for such petty causes, that one would be in continual terror to listen to the bloody deeds so often enacted.

Wild Bill led a more quiet life when he joined Buffalo Bill in his journey through the United States as an actor, though he failed to distinguish himself, and on several occasions satisfied his love for

“fair play,” by settling disputes in a summary manner. He soon wearied of the life, and settled on a plan of his own to make money by taking buffaloes and Comanche Indians to the East, so that the people there might realize the spectacle of a buffalo hunt. This failed him financially on account of not having a private inclosure for the exhibition, though it afforded amusement to a large crowd; but as money was the object, he concluded to fall back for a time on a surer basis, by renewing his old life as scout for the government. Later we find him in the gold regions of the West, the Black Hills, hoping to amass a competency. Ere he has time to accomplish his purpose his life is cut short in its prime, by one of the many desperadoes that frequent places so remote from legal jurisdiction, lured on by the thirst for gain, and hoping to escape the reach of justice.

Wild Bill is shot while engaged with friends in a game of cards, to avenge a fancied injury on being beaten at a similar game a short time previous; and though the assassin escape speedy retribution, it comes, and the cold-blooded murderer is at last numbered with his kind. The friends of Wild Bill laid him to rest in the everlasting mountains, with kindly hands and affectionate remembrances. •





INDIAN AMBUSCADE.





CALIFORNIA JOE.

LIFE OF CALIFORNIA JOE.

HIS EARLY LIFE A MYSTERY—FIGHTS INDIANS SUCCESSFULLY—
RECEIVES RECOGNITION FROM THE MILITARY — OBTAINS
NOTORIETY IN CALIFORNIA—ENTERS SERVICE OF UNION
ARMY—CHIEF OF SCOUTS—DEATH AT THE HANDS OF AN
ASSASSIN.

Gen. Custer, in "My Life on the Plains," thus speaks of California Joe:

"In concentrating the cavalry which had hitherto been operating in small bodies, it was found that each detachment brought with it the scouts who had been serving with them. When I joined the command, I found quite a number of these scouts attached to various portions of the cavalry, but each acting separately. For the purpose of organization it was deemed best to unite them in a separate detachment, under command of one of their number. Being unacquainted with the merits or demerits of any of them, the selection of a chief had to be made somewhat at random.

"There was one among their number whose appearance would have attracted the notice of any casual observer. He was a man about forty years of age, perhaps older, over six feet in height, and possessing a well-proportioned frame. His head was covered with

a luxuriant crop of hair, almost jet black, strongly inclined to curl, and so long as to fall carelessly over his shoulders. His face, at least so much of it as was not concealed by the long, waving, brown beard and moustache, was full of intelligence, and pleasant to look upon. His eye was handsome, black, and lustrous, with an expression of kindness and mildness combined. On his head was generally to be seen, whether awake or asleep, a huge sombrero, or black slouch hat. A soldier's overcoat, with its large, circular cape, a pair of trowsers, with the legs tucked in the top of his long boots, usually constituted the make-up of the man whom I selected as chief scout. He was known by the euphonious title of 'California Joe'; no other name seemed ever to have been given him, and no other name appeared to be necessary.

"This was the man whom, upon a short acquaintance, I decided to appoint chief of the scouts.

"Sending for California Joe, I informed him of his promotion, and what was expected of him and his men. After this official portion of the interview had been completed, it seemed proper to Joe's mind that a more intimate acquaintance between us should be cultivated, as we had never met before. His first interrogatory, addressed to me in furtherance of this idea, was frankly put, as follows:

"'See hyar, Ginerall, in order that we hev no misunderstandin', I'd jist like ter ax ye a few questions. First, are ye an ambulance man or a hoss man?'

"Professing ignorance of his meaning, I requested him to explain.

"'I mean,' said he, 'do yer b'lieve in catchin' Injuns in ambulances or on hossback?'

"Still assuming ignorance, I replied, 'Well, Joe, I believe in catching Indians wherever we can find them, whether they are in ambulances or on horseback.'

“ ‘Thet ain’t what I’m a-drivin at,’ he responded. ‘S’pose you’re after Injuns and really want ter have a tussel with ’em, would yer start after ’em on hossback, or would yer climb inter a ambulance and be hauled after ’em? Thet’s ther pint I’m a headin’ fer.’ ”

“ I answered that I would prefer the method on horseback, provided I really desired to catch the Indians; but if I wished them to catch me, I would adopt the ambulance system of attack.

“ ‘You’ve hit the nail squar’ on the head,’ said he. ‘I’ve bin with ’em on the plains whar they started out after Injuns on wheels jist as ef they war goin’ to a town funeral in ther States, an’ they stood ’bout as many chances uv catchin’ Injuns ez a six-mule team would uv catchin’ a pack uv thievin’ ki-o-tes, jist as much.’ ”

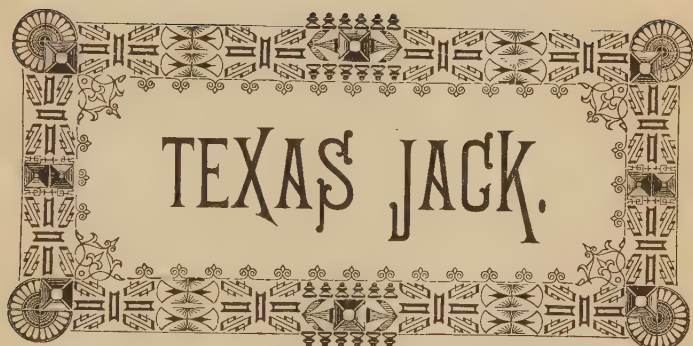
The foregoing evinces California Joe’s good judgment on Indian fighting, and we find that his perceptions were equally acute on other subjects. We shall not be obliged to enlighten the reader, as to his educational advantages in the line of acquiring the use of language, since he speaks for himself. Had he informed us as well on other topics, the mystery that now surrounds his boyhood days would never have existed. He created this by scrupulously avoiding every allusion to his parents or relatives, or to any incident or experience in connection with them. It was as though they had never been. Joe was all the name he desired, and the curious were restrained by a reticence of manner that forbade familiarity, from penetrating the apparently sacred precincts of the home, now his only in remembrance, or of calling up the friends of other days, undoubtedly lost to him. On other subjects he was ready and eager to exchange opinions, and showed a decidedly social nature.

Without being able to tell how it all happened we behold him armed and equipped for service, already an expert in the use of firearms, a master in horsemanship, and a born terror to the red

man, "than whom ghosts or goblins could no more affright them." In an *eerie* way, in the darkness, on his white horse, he rushed through their midst again and again, and no hand could point an arrow through superstitious fear. He captured their horses, defeated their plans of attacking, robbing and murdering, by timely warning those in danger, and carried death to many a wily savage before they discovered the real flesh and blood of which he was made.

The officers of the regular army were glad to procure his services as a scout, on account of his superior capabilities, and also as a recognition of gallant conduct. They were going out to fight the Indians, and if possible subdue them. They needed not only a fearless, but a tried, wary, cunning, reliable guide, and California Joe was all of these. After becoming celebrated in California so that he never after was spoken of without the name of the State being added to that of his own, he went with the Union Army in defense of his country, as one of a band of border sharpshooters, and confirmed his established reputation for possessing a deadly aim. Afterward he served under Gen. Custer who, as we have seen, readily perceived his worth, and honored him by making him chief of scouts. California Joe was the friend of Wild Bill, Texas Jack, and Capt. Jack, and their companion in many thrilling adventures of pioneer life. His home was in Dakota at the time of his death, 1876. He was shot by an unknown enemy. He was one of a strikingly unique group, whose weaknesses in common with mankind, we will hide underneath their manly qualities and heroic deeds which far exceeded aught of human frailty.







TEXAS JACK.

LIFE OF TEXAS JACK.

THIRST FOR ADVENTURE—PREPARATION FOR PIONEER LIFE—
AMBITION FOR CATTLE-RAISING—INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL—
ARRIVES IN TEXAS—AS A “COW-BOY”—HUNTER TO GOV-
ERNMENT FORT—SCOUT AND GUIDE—OWNER OF A RANCH—
CONNECTION WITH THEATRICAL LIFE—RESUMES LIFE IN
THE WEST—DIES IN COLORADO.

To begin with, Texas Jack's heart was in the right place, from the time his eyes first opened to the light till the day they were closed in death, about three years ago; for we find him brave and courageous, honest and true, mindful of the rights of others, and always ready to lend a helping hand, or champion the defenseless.

How he imbibed the love of adventure to such an extent as to cause him to determine, even when a boy in one of the South Atlantic States, to enter upon the exciting life of the Southwest in Texas, we cannot conceive, though his surroundings at the date of his childhood were well adapted to fit him, as far as horsemanship, hunting, and trapping were concerned, for the new life he was to lead. He often, in those days, assisted in furnishing the family table with game of his own shooting. We find him very early determined to become the owner of large herds of cattle. He had heard of the immense ranches of Texas and their wealthy owners, and intended to use what means he had collected from the results

of his sure aim with the rifle, to take him to that country, where he expected to realize the visions of wealth that inspired him to youthful endeavor. He owned a pony with many good points, to which he was much attached, a rifle, revolver, and knife, in the use of which he had become distinguished among his fellows. With these and a few necessary articles of clothing and camping utensils suited to the journey, he left his pleasant home and friends.

Imagine him now entertained in hospitable homes, sharing the good cheer within, and again cooking his simple meal over a forest fire, and lying down to sleep beneath the stars, with only his faithful horse to share his solitude. Yet the way was not all smooth. He found himself in the hands of unprincipled men, who were ready to rob him of the money he had hoarded so carefully, and must use so prudently, ere the long journey was accomplished. But Jack, ever on the alert, used his revolver with such good execution that they failed to gain their object, two of their number being killed instantly, and he continued on his way, trusting more and more to the protection of the friendly woods as night came on.

When the Texas border was reached, he found he could be of service to a family as "cow-boy"—a term given to those who follow the herding of cattle in that locality. He realized that with his scanty means the road to affluence must be slow, yet he meant it to be sure. He was a mere boy as yet, but he set himself to work in this capacity with the energy needed to make him thoroughly familiar with his duties, and served so well that the owner of the ranch considered him indispensable to his success. At the same time he was fitting himself to be the future master of a ranch of his own. In addition to this, he was still perfecting his skill in trailing, hunting, and trapping, and from the sale of skins increased the small sum that he received for his work to a considerable amount.

We next hear of him as hunter to one of the government

forts. Here was afforded an ample opportunity for the display of his wonderful proficiency as a marksman. It suited well his taste, as, when mounted on a fleet steed, he rode at will over the immense prairies in the healthful excitement of the hunt, excelling all when the results of the chase were counted up. As long as he held the position the soldiers were never in want of venison, buffalo meat, wild turkey, and a great variety of game. Nothing could have better aided the full development of his already fine form than this free, wild life.

He was now nearly six feet in height, with an ease of carriage and self-possession of manner that betokened ease of mind. Jack Omohundro was not ashamed of his deeds. His hair fell in dark waves over his shoulders, and gave a softened expression to the firm outlines of a face which showed the strength of character that afterward separated him from the ordinary frontiersman, and gave him a place in history. He wore a buckskin frock, fringed and beaded, and leggins of the same material, tucked into high-topped cavalry boots armed with spurs. The indispensable belt, with weapons of the most approved make, and a gray sombrero, completed his attire.

He now comes to the front as an Indian-fighter. On one of his hunting excursions, while enjoying more than usually the delights of the chase, he was surprised by the appearance of some sixty Indians, and his desire for an opportunity to distinguish himself is satisfied. Being in possession of a repeating rifle, he immediately commenced an attack, instead of making any attempt at flight, as we would have supposed any one man would have done.

When one after another of the savages fell under the fire of the repeating rifle, the others became disconcerted, unaccustomed to such a weapon as they were then, and, though they did not retreat, hesitated to advance too near.

Jack was wounded by the arrows that fell thick and fast about

him, and also his horse; but he withstood them a long time, until he saw a larger band of savages about to reinforce the first. Then he concluded to carry the four scalps already obtained from the bodies that had fallen near him, with all possible haste to the fort, as proof of the engagement, before death should rob him of the glory that would be attached to the achievement. Under a shower of arrows from the pursuing band, both his horse and himself suffering from their wounds, they sped swiftly on, and gained the fort and desired distinction.

From this time as long as he remained at the post, he acted as scout and guide, in which field he won new favor; since he counted not his own life dear in the service of humanity, saving many lives at the risk of his own.

Bands of robbers and horse thieves frequented many portions of the Western country, and nowhere were they more plentiful than in Texas at the time of which we write.

Now that Jack had become a scout, he longed in some way to show his appreciation of this recognition of his services, besides being naturally antagonistic to anything like a lawless element.

Being a close observer, he already had suspicions of a locality which might be the hiding-place of a noted band, and as it was near the time when supplies were expected for the fort, and he had on several occasions seen parties about who not only apparently wished to conceal themselves but their intentions, he determined to keep close watch in order to prevent any loss, and, if possible, to surprise and capture the men.

A small town near by was a popular resort for loafers and gamblers, and afforded Jack an excellent opportunity to continue the scrutiny of those whom he suspected. He concluded to play the spy. Entering one of the noted gambling houses, in an off-hand way he stepped up to the bar which invariably accompanies such places, and ordered drinks for the crowd. For any one to drink alone was considered almost an insult to the bystanders.

This opened the way to friendly conversation, which ended in his being invited to "take a hand for luck." This would further his plans by giving him the chance of hearing whatever might throw light on the identity of suspicious individuals. He therefore consented; but luck went against him, since, for purposes of his own, he made no effort to win. He was soon on excellent terms with the set. Jack recognized one among the number as the same person whom he had seen lurking near a bluff on the traveled road to the fort, and who had hastily passed out of sight, seemingly with a view to concealment, when aware of his approach.

That he had the slightest suspicions that it was Texas Jack who surprised him, and who now was engaged in the friendly game with himself and friends, is not for a moment to be supposed.

The bluff to which we have referred was some distance from the road, and so situated as to afford easy concealment, if desired.

The stranger, for such we will call him till we prove his name and character, was now in very different costume from the previous occasion, yet this was only a confirmation of the truth of Jack's suspicions. Jack himself had so altered his appearance as to be hardly recognized.

The next day, and the next, he sought opportunity for carrying out his plans by adding to the intimacy already existing between himself and the stranger. Finally, at urgent solicitation, he accompanied him to his home in the mountains, about thirty miles away.

One and then another joined them there, until there were twelve strong, robust men, well armed. It was nearly a week before any of their plans were disclosed. The time was spent in feasting, drinking, and card playing, with an occasional hunt to relieve the monotony. Cautiously they revealed a plot for obtaining stores, and asked Dave Hunter's assistance, as Jack was now called. The work was planned for the following Friday; it was now Monday.

Jack must have time to warn the soldiers to prepare for an attack, and get back without exciting doubts as to his loyalty. It was a difficult thing to do, as these sharp, fierce men kept strict watch, on account of their short acquaintance.

He must plan some excuse for absence. On plea of hunting to break up the feeling of lassitude that he averred was beginning to possess him, he made preparations for departure, purposely in the absence of the larger number of those who shared the retreat, as less explanation would then be required.

How he sped over the ground when once at liberty! but not in the direction of the fort. He made his way there by a circuitous route, and by ways as little frequented as any.

No time was lost in revealing the plot and getting back to the stronghold of the robbers, except to obtain game with which to satisfy the impression he had given, that hunting was the object of his going. He loaded a fine two-year-old buck, which he had easily taken, upon his horse, sure that this when dressed and served in true mountaineer style would not only gratify their appetites, but dispel their doubts as to his loyalty, if any existed.

They eyed him sharply, as he sprang to the ground, and relieved his restless horse from the unaccustomed burden of the deer.

"Where runs the herd from which that buck was taken, hunter?" said one.

"In these mountains, in the small canyon to the west,—fine feed there," replied Jack, or Dave, as he was known there.

"Too fine, I fear, to warrant the finding of much game, my friend," answered another.

"You're right, boys. So scanty have I found game in these parts for the past two days, it's a wonder how you exist."

"Trust me, the government is back of the deer, Dave, and besides, our *friends* often *share* with us ;—sabe?" said a third.

"Aye, lads, 'It's a poor town that has only one road leading to it.' But I'm as hungry as a gaunt wolf on a desert island. What can you set out?"

Dave followed the three and was soon cheered by a plentiful amount of provisions, no less than drinks of different kinds, for these were not the men to do things by halves.

After partaking freely of the food set before him, cautious in indulging in the tempting beverages, lest they might, from the stupidity they were likely to cause, unfit him for the task he had undertaken, he lay down to rest from the fatigue of the journey.

Only two days would intervene before he would be needed in the full strength of his manhood, and Texas Jack would serve his country as never before. But how could this band of lawless men be taken? It would be an easy thing, now that the soldiery were warned, to protect the stores, but these desperadoes were a terror not to be despised. It would need a clear head to plan, and strong arm to execute.

Let us leave him to his dreams, while we return to the fort and note the preparations for going out to meet and defend the train coming with supplies.

The bustle has already begun. The soldiers are eager to be engaged, weary of the dullness of camp life. Orders to march are given, and soon is heard the tramp, tramp, of the boys in blue. A portion of the command was to proceed to a distance beyond the supposed point of attack, to make sure of success, while the remainder were to be stationed at the bluff, in accordance with Jack's suggestion.

Long before these were on their way, another and a strange cavalcade made its way down the mountain side, and Jack was with it. The direction in which they were moving indicated that the two bodies might meet at some point.

At the head rode the chief in his showy and elegant uniform

of velvet and gold with the emblem of his rank, the gold star, on his front. Long and gracefully waving plumes adorned his hat. His followers were scarcely less richly attired, except Jack, who had not yet been formally adopted into the order, "The Lone Star Knights."

"A right royal procession in outward semblance,
Would that their deeds were kingly."

They moved toward the bluff, thinking to be in readiness when the wagon train, loaded with provisions and ammunition, approached. Then it could be easily despoiled.

Everything was quiet as death until the turn that led to the place of concealment was made. Then shots came in quick succession, and were almost as quickly returned. These cool, determined men were accustomed to surprises, and not easily unnerved. The fight grew fierce and desperate. Men were engaged who knew neither retreat nor surrender. Jack fought bravely, and hand to hand. But numbers were against the robber band, and one after another they fell, either wounded or dead.

The wounded were carried as prisoners to the fort, and the dead were buried by the bluff. Among the dead was Leon Hartley, chief of "The Lone Star Knights," who would fight to the death, but never be taken alive.

Jack returned to the fort, but shortly after, though the officers were sorry to part with so valuable a scout, he determined to make a beginning toward the stocking of the cattle ranch which had been his ambition. Herds of wild horses roamed the Texan plains, and having found a companion, they started in pursuit. Experts in the use of the lariat, it was not long before quite a large number were herded and driven to the place where he determined to settle. The means he had accumulated enabled him to purchase a ranch and begin a substantial business, and one that proved lucrative. Later he

is induced to engage with "The Buffalo Bill Combination," in the capacity of an actor, with what success we are not informed. But frontier life had sufficient attractions to recall him, and we find him again at his ranch. Mining also claimed his attention in Colorado, this State having become celebrated for its gold ore.

The region about Leadville exerted a magnetic influence, and thither Jack was drawn, seeking a competence that would harmonize with the independent spirit within him. Strong, not only in himself but his material resources, he would then be able to gratify at will the promptings he could never silence, to aid his fellows whenever occasion offered. In this he was only moderately successful. His ranch still held the precedence as a substantial dependence. But like a "will-o'-the-wisp" in the distance, he ever beheld the glowing treasures he would possess, and expecting to approach and grasp them, he continued the pursuit for gold. His time was not all occupied in mining. He took as usual a general interest in the affairs of the town, which, mushroom-like, had suddenly grown to astonishing proportions, and in which had congregated a medley of human beings that would afford study for an ethnographer. There was enough to engage one of Jack's temperament far more than his leisure hours. Many a night, as well as day, was spent in searching out the well-laid schemes of treacherous men, and thwarting their designs for robbery and murder, or whatever wickedness might be disclosed. In not a few instances life paid the penalty of their crime.

On the evening stage from the mountains, June 27, 187—, was a jolly trio of men. That their coming would result in mischief was only too evident. Partially intoxicated, they incautiously allowed words to escape that gave Jack, who had come to witness the arrivals with many others, the key to their plans. They knew of the presence in town of a wealthy capitalist having interests in that vicinity, and believing that he would have a considerable

amount of ready means about him, they purposed awaiting his departure, with the intention of attacking the stage, and obtaining it. To frustrate their movements, Jack had asked the assistance of two of his friends, and after finding out the time set by the gentleman for his trip to the mine he desired to visit, they made their way to the spot they thought best suited to the object of the desperadoes. They had some time to wait before the rumbling of wheels told the approach of the six-in-hand held by Jake Timberlake. They could hear from their elevated position, a slight rustling below, and suppressed tones. Just as the team turned the sharp point of rocks where both parties were concealed, "Hands up!" rang out upon the air, and the stage was brought to a sudden halt; but only for a moment, ere Texas Jack with his friends, sprang forward. Completely surprised, the robbers could do nothing but submit to the same terms they had exacted; since the same invincible weapons stared them in the face with which they had compelled obedience. The stage-driver and passengers were only too glad to assist in securing the criminals, who were firmly bound and taken to the nearest place to await the demands of justice. Jack and his comrades returned to their labors, not the richer in money—this they would not accept—but happy in the consciousness of another victory won.

Soon after this occurrence he became afflicted with a lung difficulty, which grew more and more serious, and terminated in death.



CAPTAIN JACK.



CAPTAIN JACK.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN JACK.

POET--BORDER RANGER--GOES TO BLACK HILLS--METES OUT
JUSTICE--COMPANION OF BUFFALO BILL AND CALIFORNIA
JOE--INDIAN FIGHTER AND SCOUT--PERSONAL APPEAR-
ANCE--INCIDENTS.

Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet scout, was a famous border ranger similar in character to, and sharing in many of the adventures and experiences of Buffalo Bill and California Joe.

When the excitement broke out in the Black Hills at the discovery of gold, he, with many others, was attracted in that direction. In these mining towns that spring up so suddenly, and often as quickly disappear, congregate not only the honest miners, ready to toil for the expected gain, but also human parasites, preying upon the daily laborer, and winning from him at night all that can be made through the day, and sometimes much more. Many are the brawls that this condition of affairs begets. Crimes of all kinds are prevalent, and in the absence of law-givers, such men as Capt. Jack Crawford, Wild Bill, California Joe, and Texas Jack, answer the demands for the meting out of justice. They willingly take this upon themselves. Capt. Jack was another example of remarkable physical strength, and endowed with all the attributes that, combined, made him a chief among his kind, and fitted him for the position to which we have referred.

Our hero was an Irish boy. When a mere child, his parents left their native land with the hope of obtaining a better income in America, and reaching this country, settled in a mining community where there was work for all. Here began for the little lad the hard discipline of life, before he had enjoyed the sports of boyhood, or the school days that he would have prized. Even at his age, Jack was too much of a philosopher to do otherwise than "hoe out his row" to the best of his ability, though standing ready to seize the opportunity for study, if it came in his way. It came, after a few years, and was so well appreciated that it compensated largely for the lack of privileges in childhood. A hitherto latent talent was developed, which resulted in his often embodying in verse the doings of his comrades, much to their delight.

A mining town was well suited to cultivate certain traits, and to perfect him in many of the accomplishments which were required to fit him for the duties of scout and Indian-fighter. After establishing, by degrees, his own rights in the community, he had many an occasion to defend the lives and property of innocent parties, who lacked the self-assertion and physical endowment that Jack possessed.

He entered the civil war as a volunteer, and soon attracted the attention of the officers, among whom he became a general favorite. They made him a special courier at headquarters, on account of faithful services, and there it was that he distinguished himself. He allowed no obstacle to mar his progress as the bearer of dispatches that might involve momentous results—either turn the tide of battle in favor, or hasten the disastrous defeat, of the army he served. The hottest fire of the enemy deterred him not. Mounted on a spirited horse, he dashed fearlessly on, unharmed, while others fell in death about him. After his experience in the war, he found opportunity to act as carrier of dispatches from one fort to another in the West, and won much commendation for the remarkably

quick time he made. This took him over unfrequented roads, and through dismal places, where it was necessary to be well armed, and to exercise constant vigilance, not only on account of Indians, but robbers. At any moment might be heard "Hands up," as one entered a narrow pass or rocky glen. Only the more muscular and brave thought of resistance, for life must pay the forfeit in most cases. Jack's motto was victory, if a bold front and a valiant fight could win it; on the other hand, death without fear. We know the seeming magic of a life thus animated, and we say "he bears a charmed life," when escape from harm is solely the result of a noble purpose so filling the soul as to inspire to the utmost every mental and physical energy.

Fortune placed him in the way of Buffalo Bill, of whom he had heard. He admired the wonderful skill of this notorious buffalo-hunter, and also the many exhibitions of his untiring zeal in whatever he undertook—a quality of character which, more than any other, earns success for its possessor. Jack desired to become a scout, like his newly found friend. Opportunity soon offered the coveted position. Will it surprise any, when we assert that he achieved in this field a reputation equal to that of the noted scout he so much esteemed? With the traits already accorded him, failure would have been impossible. Second under Buffalo Bill as scout with Custer and his brave three hundred in that last charge, he maintained his standing, fighting with desperation, though against great odds.

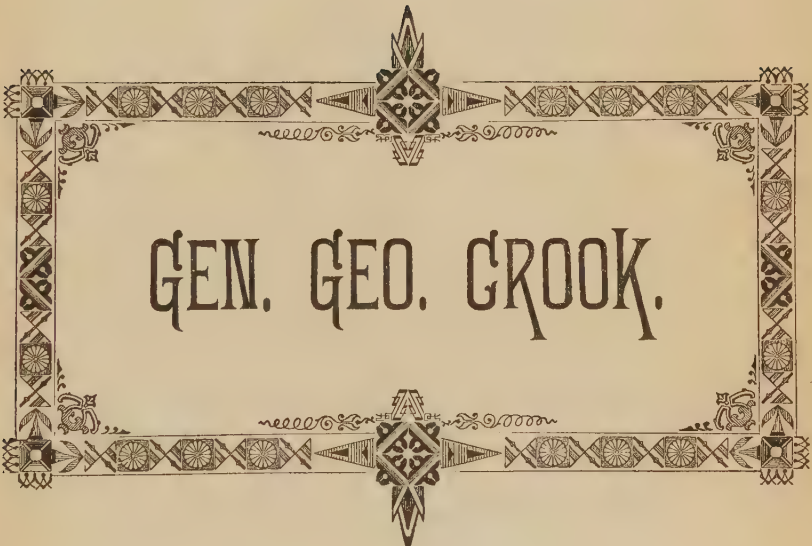
In Indian fighting he was the equal of the most noted of his class. Many a redskin was arrested in the fulfillment of vengeful designs by the prompt appearance of Jack upon the scene of action, who never failed to do good execution with the trusty weapons he always carried.

His attention was several times turned to mining. We have mentioned the Black Hills excitement. He amassed sufficient

means to place him in comfortable circumstances. Mining, once entered upon, however, possesses an attraction that is seldom lost, and we find Jack no exception. As long as earth yields up her treasure will men toil for gain. Life in the West also satisfied his love for excitement and adventure. Here was ample scope for his ambition. Her boundless prairies and her rugged mountains furnished a vast field for the exercise of his powers. Our hero was at home.

Imagine Jack Crawford in possession of a mining property from which he realized a fair income, situated in a picturesque mountain range which afforded a goodly variety of game, and gave that freedom of action so characteristic of the man; whose peaks inspired song, and whose valleys were restful to gaze upon. Nestled among the hills was a little cabin, over which trailed in profusion the wild cypress vine and the morning glory, and inside the simple furnishings of a pioneer home. Not only valuable weapons and trophies of war adorned the walls, but what was unusual, books, which our poet-scout had learned to value. From the door-way could be seen the sharers of his adventures and participators in the hunt, cropping the fragrant grass upon the hillside.

Any one in trouble welcomed the face of Capt. Jack. There was no doubt but he would render the needed assistance. "Fair play" was the creed of this man and he lived it. Though somewhat rough in exterior, an inward refinement often revealed itself in kindly acts. His clear, friendly eyes carried a benediction in their gaze, and the hand that grasped yours sent a thrill of magnetic influence that told of power. There was nothing unusual in his dress to distinguish him from many another scout, but his manners and bearing revealed at once the superiority that we claim. We have none of his verses to place before the reader, yet we trust he will see in the deeds he performed, unwritten poems, bearing the stamp of true eloquence.



GEN. GEO. CROOK.



GEN. GEO. CROOK.

LIFE OF GEN. GEO. CROOK.

CHAPTER I.

UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL AT TUCSON--RECEPTION AND BANQUET--
SPEECHES AND TOASTS--OPINIONS OF ARMY REPRESENT-
ATIVES--SENTIMENTS OF THE PEOPLE--EXPERIENCES DUR-
ING RECENT CAMPAIGN--CAPTIVES HELD BY INDIANS RE-
LEASED--A VEXED QUESTION SETTLED.

"On the evening of June 22, a medium-sized man, with bushy whiskers, dressed in a gray suit, and wearing a Japanese summer hat, without any military trappings or style whatever, stepped from the platform of a car of the West-bound passenger train at Tucson, walked quickly up to the hotel register of the Porter House, and inscribed in a bold, round hand, 'George Crook, U. S. A.' Underneath were written the names of John G. Bourke, G. J. Fiebeger, and G. A. McCreery, also of the U. S. A.

"Then it was that a gentle buzz went through the crowd, 'There's Crook,' and all hands pressed round the doorway to get a peep at the great warrior.

"The news spread rapidly, so that, dinner over, when the party, after a drive about the town, accompanied by all the local, municipal, county, and federal officers, stopped at Levin's Park, the little cottonwood grove was filled with people anxious to see and

shake hands with the hero of the hour. Here he was entertained with music and song until a late hour. As he passed out of the gate, the assembled multitude gave him three hearty cheers.

"On the following day a public reception and banquet were given Gen. Crook at Masonic Hall. For two hours a steady line of people filed by, being introduced individually by the Mayor, and shaking hands with the distinguished soldier. Invited guests then repaired to the banquet hall, which was handsomely festooned with bunting and drapery in red, white and blue colors. The general and officers accompanying him, and officers from Fort Lowell, were in full uniform. These bright uniforms, interspersed in the crowd of ladies variously costumed in light and gauzy materials, with the inevitable dress suit of black worn by the gentlemen, presented a very pleasing picture. It was a mirthful crowd, and we doubt if a more intellectual one could be found anywhere on a similar occasion" During Mayor Strauss' address of welcome, he remarked that it was one of the most pleasurable moments of his life that he should be the humble instrument in the hands of the people, to welcome the hero who has done more for Arizona than Arizona has done for herself.

Gen. Crook then responded:

"His Honor, the Mayor, among other things, has said that 'brevity is the soul of wit.' Now, if that is true, I propose to be very witty. I have been on an exploring expedition, and have had a rough time of it, and I am very glad to get back again. I heartily thank you for all kindness shown me."

A poem and the customary toasts were next in order.

"The United States Army," replied to by Bvt.-Maj. Gen. Eugene A. Carr, Col. Sixth Cav. U. S. A., in a most appreciative way, recalled the days of the first gold fever, when the pay of officers on the Pacific Slope would not begin to support them, and they were obliged to resort to all sorts of shifts in order to live.

Our own Crook was among that number, as Col. Carr proved by relating an actual experience of those times.

“Two young officers arranged to supply with game one of the small towns in Oregon. One was to do the hunting, the other the selling. The hunter was Crook. [Long continued applause.] ‘It was in hunting for his living, after graduating at West Point, and becoming a commissioned officer,’ says Carr, ‘that he commenced to acquire the knowledge of woodcraft and of the ways and habits of Indians, which now results in such great benefit to the people of Arizona, and reflects such honor and credit on the United States Army.

“There has been some dispute as to who brought Gen. Crook out here. I understand that the Governor and the Delegate both claim the credit. I also claim a part of it. I told the Secretary of War last summer that Crook could do the business. [Applause.] I would not have had him know it before, as he left a much larger command and more desirable station, and there was of course some question of luck; but now I hope that his success, and the prospect it opens, will make him forgive those who needed him here. [Great applause.] I do not know how he likes his sobriquet, but it is one which is likely to stick, and I close by saying that the army is proud and glad of the honors now added to its record by the ‘Gray Fox.’” [Cheers.]

In answer to the toast, “The President of the United States,” Hon. W. A. Sheldon, Judge of the First Judicial District of Arizona, besides many good and true sayings, made this assertion:

“It is not necessary for us to go beyond our own confines to see the evidences of that wisdom that has characterized our President. The assignment of the distinguished guest of the evening, Gen. Crook, to the command of this Department, shows conclusively that he understood the situation, and knew the man to fill it. He well knew that the General would carry the war—not into

Africa—but into Mexico, if it was necessary for the accomplishment of his purpose.”

In concluding the account of the feast, we cannot forbear giving “The Tiger” by Col. J. A. Zabriskie: “It is no easy task to represent such an animal upon the spur of the moment. I never could understand why the last toast of the evening should be thus denominated, except upon the hypothesis that at about this stage of the proceedings the guest is supposed to be in a condition to growl. But it is suggested that the tiger in this case is a misnomer; that it is not to be understood in its literal sense; that it is strictly metaphorical, and that this peculiar appellation has reference to a concluding hurrah—a sort of grand finale, a spontaneous outburst of generous enthusiasm over the brilliant and unsurpassed military achievement of our guest. With this view of the case, then, I accept ‘The Tiger,’ and feel proud to add my testimony to the universal judgment of the American people on this subject.

“After the years of turmoil and bloodshed to which this Territory had been subjected, the people had almost surrendered hope of better days. The material interests of the country were almost crushed, and the prospects for future prosperity were held in abeyance by these periodical outbursts of savage fury. We have now probably seen the end; undoubtedly so, if wise and sagacious counsel prevail. The people feel grateful for this unexpected relief, and in the fullness of gratitude, they can hold up their hands in reverence, and thank this administration for sending them an officer possessing the ability to comprehend, the determination to undertake, and the consummate skill to execute successfully.”

Don Juan Zubiran, a former Mexican consul in this country, believes Crook to be “a gallant, noble, self-sacrificing officer, who will do his duty to the letter, and who, as an Indian-fighter, is equal to the best, and inferior to none who have tried their chances with the wily savages for half a century past.”

On hearing the news of Gen. Crook's successful campaign at Prescott, A. T., the people called a meeting, which was addressed by Gov. Trible, Hon. J. J. Gosper, and many distinguished citizens ready to give due honor to the bronzed veteran.

A resolution was adopted returning thanks to Gen. Crook and the brave officers and soldiers under his command. Such expressions of gratitude come from every nook and corner of Arizona.

"The war is not ended, but it is nearer an end than it has been since the day that the freedom of Sonora was given to the Chiricahuas.

"If the Secretary of War will now allow Gen. Crook to finish the work, we have no doubt he will do so in such a way as to thoroughly satisfy all sections of the country." This is another of the many evidences of the estimation in which the subject of our sketch is held.

We have thus chosen, before giving historical data in connection with the life and services of Gen. Crook, to analyze the sentiments of the people in the locality where his recent work has been done, by placing before our readers the manner in which he was welcomed from the field by those whom he has especially served, and thereby lead to a correct appreciation of his services.

We have copied from *The Arizona Weekly Citizen*, published at Tucson, which contains the most reliable information on the subject.

We will now go back to the first day of May, when the dangers and uncertainties that resulted in such favorable consequences, began. May morning, bright and early, the expedition entered Mexico by way of San Bernardino Creek, having previously obtained the co-operation of the Mexican government. It consisted of Brig.-Gen. Crook; Capt. J. G. Bourke, Third Cavalry, acting Assistant Adjutant General; Lieut. G. J. Fiebeger, engineer officer and acting aide-de-camp; Capt. Adna R. Chaffee, Sixth

Cavalry, commanding troop I of forty-two men, and his Lieutenants, Frank West and W. W. Forsyth; Capt. Emmet Crawford, Third Cavalry; Lieut. C. B. Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, commanding Indian scouts; Lieut. J. O. Mackey, Third Cavalry, and Dr. George E. Andrews, acting Assistant Surgeon; one hundred and ninety-three Indian scouts, consisting of twenty-three White Mountain Apaches, and the remainder made up of San Carlos, Tonto, Yuma, and Apache-Mojave Indians; five pack trains of about fifty-two mules each, and seventy-six packers. There were also with the expedition Al Sieber, guide and scout; Archie McIntosh, Suviena, and Mickey Free, interpreters, and Mr. Randall, a photographer.

At San Bernardino Major James Biddle was left in command of four troops of the Sixth Cavalry, and one of the Third Cavalry, as a reserve. They were supplied with provisions for sixty days.

The order of march was as follows: The Indian scouts, with Gen. Crook and staff, and Capt. Crawford; Lieuts. Gatewood and Mackey, and the guide, Al Sieber; then the pack trains, and, finally, Capt. Chaffee and Lieuts. West and Forsyth bringing up the rear with troop I. The cavalry was used to guard the pack trains while on the march.

The following reliable historic outline will show with what forces Gen. Crook was to deal, their numbers and surroundings:

In the west side of the Sierre Madre Range, in Mexico, in almost an inaccessible stronghold, were about four hundred Indians, including women and children, hostile to the whites, and at intervals swooping down upon the peaceful inhabitants of Mexico and our frontier settlements. Among these was the remnant of Victorio's Warm Spring band under Nane, Victorio having been killed by Mexican troops after carrying out to the bitter end, his vow made to Agent Thomas that "he would die, but never go to San Carlos." Also Loco, a Warm Spring once with Victorio, who

went to San Carlos under protest, but remained quietly until 1882. At that time sixty armed hostiles came in from Mexico on the reservation, and Loco's band being unarmed, they were bound hand and foot, and carried off before aid could arrive from the agency to which they had sent word.

Such of his band as were willing to fight, were furnished with arms, and the entire party, including some seventy women and children of the Warm Springs, swept down through Arizona, killing such citizens as chanced to be in their path, twice encountering United States troops. About thirteen of their number were killed before they crossed the line. The Mexicans met them soon after, and reported seventy killed; but they killed *women* and *children*, taking no prisoners.

Besides these there were the Chiricaluas who, under Juh (Hoo) left the San Carlos reservation in October, 1881.

Nine years they kept their treaty of peace made with Gen. O. O. Howard in 1872, through their famous chief Cochise, or until after the death of the latter, which was that they would cease to raid, rob, and murder on United States territory. They were at that time on a reservation of their choice, and afterward were removed to San Carlos, much against their will. At length dissatisfaction arose on account of the imprisonment of certain bands by the military, and the following night they started for Mexico, committing depredations, and killing from point to point on the way, until they reached their old rendezvous in the mountains. And since there are so many evil deeds to record against this Apache tribe, we will not neglect to mention the honest act of Juh, who, the night before his departure, went to the agency and returned five dollars which had been loaned him by one of the employes.

We left our expedition ready to set out. Traveling southward for sixteen miles, they camped on the right bank of Elias Creek, a mile above the old ranch known as the Lower San Bernardino.

Here sage grass grew in abundance, from three to four feet high, wood and water were found in plenty, and also game, so that on this day venison and wild turkey were added to the rations already provided.

Another sixteen miles was made May 2, still south, though over a rougher trail than the preceding day. Numerous ravines were crossed, and at many points cavalry-men were obliged to dismount and pick their way.

They camped on the Bavispe River on the 3d, after having marched twenty-two miles. Now and then a little glen or valley varied the scene. They found cool shade here, and the fragrance of flowers, and the songs of birds to cheer them. The yellow blossom of the mesquite shed a delicious perfume. They also found pure water in abundance. Yet, with all these comforts, the journey was a perilous one.

Eighteen miles further on brought them near the town of Basaraca on the same river, built on a tableland in the Bavispe Valley. As they toiled along, the inhabitants of the place, numbering five hundred, came out upon the bluffs on which the town is built, to watch the passage of the soldiers through the country. The trail grew rougher still, and sixteen miles on the 6th, was all that could be accomplished. They passed through a small town called Huachinera, and came to an old Mexican ranch called Teserebobi, which has been in ruins since 1842. It must not be forgotten that the scorching rays of the sun beat upon the traveler in this section of the country, with indescribable intensity. To get relief from this, after several days' exposure, it was found expedient to lay in camp on the 7th, and continue the march at night.

They changed their course, which had been southerly, after going ten miles, and entered the Sierra Madres, to the east.

The trail was almost impassable, full of danger, and it would have been useless to have attempted it without a guide. Several

mules lost footing, rolled down the mountain side, and were killed. Those who have looked upon the rugged foothills and precipitous peaks of these mountains, rising one above another, can imagine the peril of the situation, though faintly, while none can ever realize the hazardous undertaking of the commander of this expedition. May 8 they marched twelve miles and camped on the banks of a pretty little mountain stream, which sparkled at an altitude of five thousand feet.

They were obliged now, when again setting out, to abandon riding altogether. Besides being dangerous, the way was wild and rough, and signs of Indians began to appear. They continued their journey dismounted, until seven more miles of the same frightful road were passed over, going through several deserted Chiricahua ranches, all of which were fortified, and camped in one of these, near where the Indians fought the Mexicans last spring, and killed several.

Two packers came in on the 11th, who were supposed to be lost or captured, having been sent ahead the day previous with axes to clear the trail, and had not returned as expected. A number of stray Indian ponies were picked up. No game of any consequence could be found.

Nine miles each for the next four days with similar experiences, the journey still perilous in the extreme, brought them to the side of a ravine, where they rested. This was the 15th of May, and the stronghold which the Indians had so long boasted could not be penetrated by our soldiers, was reached, the savages completely surprised, and a victory virtually accomplished.

It was about five miles from the camping ground where the engagement between Capt. Crawford's scouts and the Chiricahuas took place. They had been sent ahead on the 11th. Very little resistance was shown on the part of the Indians. But little hostility was evinced. They were evidently tired of exile in a region where

means of subsistence were so scanty. Many of them, like old Loco, had been out almost under duress, and were ready to yield themselves to the protection of the General whose brave and noble qualities had won their confidence. Besides this, quite a number of their braves were away, and they were ill-prepared for a contest with such a warrior as they knew Crook to be.

A number of prisoners were brought in, and property which had evidently been stolen; Winchester rifles, watches, and money. Here let us reflect for a moment on the sufferings that even so light an engagement must have wrought. It is an easy thing to ridicule the results of battle as small, when seated at home in ease and comfort, and a common failing to look upon matters as trifles that have even caused blood to flow and life to go out, a sacrifice to humanity. But let us not forget the brave scouts who fought this, *our* battle, so that not one of our soldiers was sacrificed, and let us in this generation be broad enough to accord due merit to the humblest, and our sympathy wherever there is suffering.

The march was resumed on the 17th, and the next camping place was near the sight of the deserted ranch destroyed in the battle of the 15th.

Indians here began to come in in small detachments and ask to be allowed to surrender. While camped in a large pine grove four miles further on, a pretty little Indian girl came to Dr. Andrews' tent with a bullet hole through the hand, received during the fight at the village.

Nane, Chato and over 260 other Indians came into the camp on the 23d, making in all 285, including forty-eight warriors and a large number of bucks capable of handling a rifle. These reported Juh, who had been their head chief, as having gone with his squaw to live in the Yaqui country, his tribe having become dissatisfied with him. It is believed that all the hostiles came in with the chiefs, Geronimo, Chato, Natches, Nane and Loco. Nane and



APACHE INDIANS SCALPING.

Loco started with our army on the homeward march. The other chiefs were sent out to hunt up the squaws and children who fled in different directions at the time of the encounter, and to bring them in. Gen. Crook believes that they will do this, as they were completely humbled and surrendered in good faith, if the government will sustain him in his policy toward them. The Interior Department cannot afford to act in opposition to one who has so well proved his ability to cope with the present difficulty by his success in the past, in subduing the Sioux and other Indian tribes, and getting their good will and support to such an extent that they are ready to fight for him.

If it should be decided to imprison them in a military fort, instead of setting them to work on the Reservation, then we cannot expect them to come in voluntarily. They must have faith that Gen. Crook can protect them.

Not one of the least fruits of this expedition was the release of captives held by the Chiricahuas.

About the 1st of February, Judge McComas and wife were massacred while journeying through New Mexico, and their eight-year-old boy carried to the mountains. This boy was heard from as alive and well. It is believed that he will be returned. Five Mexican women and one small child were brought in. These were found to be residents of Chihuahua, and wives of soldiers in the Mexican army. The child was the two-year-old son of Mrs. Antonio Hernandez, which she had carried in her arms during the fourteen days of their captivity. They were placed under the protection of the Mexican Consul at Tucson, through whom the following facts were elicited. The command to which their husbands were attached had been stationed about three hundred miles northwest of the city of Chihuahua at a place on the Mexican frontier named El Carmen. The troops had been ordered home, and the women followed their husbands at a distance

of two days' journey behind, traveling on foot. On the 10th of May they were surprised by a band of Apaches, under the personal command of Geronimo. The Indians suddenly rose up from behind the rocks and bushes. The women, being greatly terrified, began screaming, when a Mexican captive named Jose, who had long been with the Indians, came forward and addressed them in Spanish, assuring them that no harm would come to them if they would surrender and follow the Apaches. There was no other alternative. They were asked a great many questions in reference to the Mexican soldiers, as to their numbers and plans. They traveled all that day and night, and the next morning were a long distance from the place of capture, which is known as Cerritos Cuates. For three days they were without water, but after that it was found in abundance. The country through which they passed was wild beyond description. At times they were obliged to crawl on all fours.

Toward the latter part of their captivity the food commenced giving out, small rations of raw beef being given them, which had to be divided among the six. The Indian children took great delight in tormenting the little Mexican boy who was carried in the arms of his mother. The last two days they had no food at all. The cold of the mountains was intense, and the women suffered, almost freezing. They were made to work hard whenever camp was made. They traveled many miles a day, and were forced to keep up. The exposure to cold, thirst, famine, exhaustion from travel, and fear of torture, was having its effect upon the women. One day a brother of the chief Chato delivered them up to Gen. Crook. As one of them expressed herself: "When I saw Gen. Crook and the soldiers, it seemed as if the sky opened and heaven appeared."

Their condition was a pitiable one, and excited the deepest sympathy. Mules were furnished each of the women to ride

on their return, and this was one reason for the slowness of travel of Gen. Crook's command.

When these women are returned to their friends, as they undoubtedly will be by the Mexican government, and husbands welcome wives, and the father clasps his child once more in his arms, Gen. Crook and his gallant soldiers will receive added tributes of praise and thanksgiving, and their memory be engraved forever upon the hearts of all the soldiers of Chihauhua.

Now, gratitude from them and from us to the brave scout, who guided the expedition to the stronghold of the enemy.

We are pleased to learn of the existing harmony between the War Department and Gen. Crook, and gladly add the result of the conference between the Interior, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Secretary of War, and Brigadier-General Crook, held July 7, 1883 :

"In view of the difficulty encountered in making a satisfactory disposition of the Apache Indians recently captured by Gen. Crook, under the existing methods of the administration, it is determined by the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Interior, after considerable discussion, that the Apache Indians recently captured by Gen. Crook, and all such as may hereafter be captured, or who may surrender themselves to him, shall be kept at such points on the San Carlos reservation as may be determined by the War Department, but not at the agency without the consent of the Indian agent, to be fed and cared for by the War Department until further orders. For the greater security of the people of Arizona and to insure peace, the War Department shall be intrusted with the entire police control of all Indians on San Carlos reservation, charged with the duty of keeping peace on the reservation, and preventing the Indians from leaving it, except with the consent of Gen. Crook or the officer who may be authorized to act under him ; the War Department shall protect the Indian agent in the discharge of his duties as agent, which shall include the ordinary rules of the Indian agent, which shall remain as heretofore, except as to keeping peace, administering justice and punishing refractory Indians, all of which shall be done by the War Department as above stated."

(Signed),

ROBT. T. LINCOLN, *Secretary of War.*

H. M. TELLER, *Secretary of the Interior.*

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH — LIFE AT WEST POINT — RISE IN REGULAR ARMY — COMES TO THE FRONT ON PACIFIC COAST—WINS DISTINCTION AS AN INDIAN FIGHTER—HIS CIVIL WAR RECORD—MAJ.-GEN. U. S. VOLUNTEERS — SECOND CAREER IN REGULAR ARMY—ASSIGNED TO MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA —FIRST VICTORY OVER THE APACHES—POLICY WITH THE INDIANS—ADVANCES AGAINST SITTING BULL — ANOTHER BRILLIANT VICTORY — CAUSES OF RETURN TO ARIZONA — BRIGADIER.—GEN. IN REGULAR ARMY.

This celebrated military man and Indian-fighter, whose recent achievements we have chronicled in the previous chapter, was born near Dayton, Ohio, September, 1828. He was educated in the public schools of the State, and at the age of eighteen, after passing a severe examination, was admitted to West Point, where he received the military education that laid the foundation for his prominent career during our civil war.

In early youth he evidenced that ability for studying and reading character, which has so distinguished him in his campaigns against the various Indian tribes.

In 1852, being then twenty-four, having completed his studies and training at West Point, he was breveted Second Lieutenant in the Fourth United States Infantry, and immediately entered active service in the extreme West.

One year of efficient service ended, he was made a full Second Lieutenant, and 1856 finds him promoted to the position of First Lieutenant, in which capacity he served faithfully in the Rogue River (Oregon) expedition. These were the years during which he was becoming proficient in woodcraft, and in the knowledge of the habits and modes of life peculiar to the Indian; when the pay of the soldier was so limited as often to necessitate exertion on his own part in order to obtain anything like a generous living; and it was the time when Crook won distinction as a hunter by supplying one of the small towns in Oregon with game, as told by Gen. Carr.

He came conspicuously to the front on the Pacific Coast in 1857, when he conducted a vigorous campaign against the Modoc Indians. At this time he was stationed at Fort Jones, Scott's Valley, in California. With a mere handful of soldiers he succeeded in overcoming this powerful tribe, and in making a substantial treaty with them. These Indians had risen, and massacred nearly all the settlers in the great rich valley of Pitt River, and volunteer companies, gathered from miles around, had assembled and fought the savages. Lieut. Crook dismissed these volunteers, and won a victory with his own men. It is a fact worthy of mention, that he fought over the same ground, and subdued the same tribe of Indians, the Modocs, with his few soldiers, that held the famous lava beds nearly twenty years later, against a large force of the Regular Army. He had but one company under his command, and the Indians were far stronger numerically, than when led by Capt. Jack, chief of the Modocs. This brilliant victory gave him his first distinction as an Indian-fighter. His success lay in an invincible determination and unhesitating execution, coupled with his eminent capability for understanding Indian character, and his bestowal of fair treatment as a reward for good behavior on their part.

Nearly a thousand women and children of this tribe had been killed, before "Crook, with his Regulars, came around the great peak of snow through the pines, and established something like discipline, and a code of civilized warfare," says Miller. It is Mount Shasta that overlooks the Pitt River Valley.

In May, 1861, Crook received a Captain's commission in the Regular Army, and four months later was made Colonel of the Thirty-Sixth Ohio Volunteers, serving with great credit in Virginia and West Virginia. Here, having been breveted a Brigadier-General in the Volunteer Service, Sept. 7, 1862, he was engaged in the famous and successful battles of South Mountain and Antietam, Sept. 14 and 17. We find him at Chickamauga, "The River of Death," Sept. 19-20, 1863. In October of this year he received the rank of Brevet-Colonel of the Regular Army, and within a year was made Brevet Major-General of Volunteers while actively engaged in the field. He was at Perryville, Fisher's Hill, and the Shenandoah Campaign in 1864. He also figured conspicuously in Sheridan's command before Richmond. The fall of this year, 1864, finds him a full Major-General of U. S. Volunteers.

The years 1865-6 were occupied in command of the department at Wilmington, N. C. In the spring of 1865 he had been breveted a Brigadier-General of the Regular Army. He was mustered out of the Volunteer Service, January, 1866.

During the Civil War he had been engaged in some of the bloodiest battles of Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Maryland and Georgia. In the reports of these engagements Gen. Crook is often spoken of as "gallant, meritorious and distinguished," and his frequent promotions were the results of successful combats with the enemy. Nor has he escaped unscathed, for he has been wounded on several occasions, but was never absent for any great length of time from the field of conflict.

He soon entered the second time upon his career in the Regular Army, as Major of the Third Infantry. This was in July, 1866, the same year that brought to a close his labors in the Volunteer Service. It was not long before he was transferred to the Twenty-Third Infantry and made its Colonel. Thus we find him starting on a new field of success and rapid promotion, in the far West, where he further distinguished himself by his shrewdness and sagacity in dealing with Indian character.

"A short time before his arrival a new fort had been established near Harney Lake, Oregon, and named Fort Crook. With characteristic modesty, he changed the name of the fort from that of his own name, to Camp Harney, although the old Fort Crook of Northern California had long since ceased to figure as a fort," says a historian. We find this trait a marked feature of his life, recognized in recent days as then, since we read of him as "the brave soldier and modest gentleman." What wonder if the majestic snow-peaks of Oregon helped to nourish this attribute, or her sierras to inspire brave deeds. We leave him there till 1871, when he went to Arizona, having been assigned to the military department as Lieut.-Col. of the Twenty-Third Infantry. About this time the attention of the Government was called to the bloodthirsty deeds and fearful ravages of the Apaches in Northern Mexico and Arizona. These Apache tribes numbered nearly nine thousand, and for years had resisted every attempt to settle the rich valleys of the Territory, and to develop the valuable mines of silver, gold and copper, now become so famous. The cruelties and atrocities perpetrated upon settlers and miners are indescribable. Over four hundred citizens were murdered in the most barbarous manner, within a very short time, in addition to the robberies committed. Whoever appeared in the highways during the day expected and were prepared for bloody work. The night-time was used as much as possible for journeying, and even for working. Arizona was at that

time separated from the rest of the country, by almost impassable deserts, and only connected by long stretches of overland stage roads. The Indians were familiar with every inch of ground, not excluding the mountain ranges whose every stronghold might avail them for a home, and from long years of warfare with other tribes, they had become the most warlike and fierce of all frontier tribes. Crook had been selected as a man of especial fitness to command forces against them. Up to the time of his arrival, these savages had never been conquered by white men, and for years Arizona had been the scene of a series of fierce and sanguinary struggles.

Crook's campaign marked a new era in Indian warfare here as it already had in Oregon. He gathered around him the most ambitious officers of his command, fired them with his own intrepid spirit, and led them forth into the mountains, filled with a determination to conquer these hostile red men. The plan of using one tribe of Indians, as soon as conquered, to pursue and subdue others, was adopted. By this means in an exceedingly short space of time he overcame all the Apache tribes, with the single exception of the Chiricahuas, and placed them on reservations.

His plan was to give the Indians individual homes, teach them agriculture, educate their children, and surround them with the influences of civilization. A beginning was made near Camp Verde. Under Gen. Crook's management, they prepared land for planting. Having no agricultural implements they were obliged to use the sharpened ends of burnt sticks, and with these and old hatchets and spades they accomplished considerable, planting fifty acres of land. In addition to this they made an irrigating ditch five miles long, to bring water to their fields. They also laid out a village in rectangular streets, which they swept every morning, and in it they built their huts. They evinced an interest in earning money for themselves, by cutting wood to supply the quartermaster's department. This condition of affairs was interrupted, unfortunately,

and for reasons variously stated, they were placed on the San Carlos Reservation, and "the peace that Gen. Crook had made with them was practically nullified." Had the Government appreciated Gen. Crook's plans, and acquiesced in them, the Apache wars would have been ended. Placing them on a reservation, feeding and clothing them, while they spent their time in idleness, was a mistaken policy, as the valuable lives that have since been sacrificed will prove.

It was early in 1873 that Gen. Crook announced the surrender of large numbers of hostile Indians, the desire of their chiefs for peace and the terms on which they had agreed, and in the fall of this year he was made Brigadier-General in the Regular Army. When we reflect that there was hardly a family but mourned the loss of relatives and friends in the struggle for citizenship in Arizona, it cannot be doubted that numberless thanksgivings and rejoicings went up, and that gratitude toward the great peace-maker filled every heart at the close of the war. Soon after this Gen. Crook was transferred to the Army of the Platte, and in 1875, in the months of February and March, in the midst of a severe winter, entered upon a campaign yet fresh in the minds of many of our readers, in which he defeated Crazy Horse and his braves, with but slight loss to his troops. In the following year he entered upon another great Indian war, leading the expedition in person, against the allied forces under Sitting Bull. He fought and drove the Sioux, three thousand strong, under Crazy Horse and White Antelope, on the Rosebud, June 17, 1876, and forced them to retreat to the Little Big Horn, where Custer was killed. Afterward he made that extraordinary march without wagons or tents, for weeks, persistently following the trail until he came upon the hostiles at Slim Buttes, where he fought and defeated them with great loss. The Indians fled in dismay across the border into the British Possessions. This virtually ended the war, and soon after Crazy Horse and his bucks came in and surrendered. From that time as long as he remained

in that department, Gen. Crook was feared and revered by the Sioux to such an extent that no serious troubles occurred.

No one having been found to successfully cope with the renegade Indians in Arizona, not for want of bravery, but from lack of knowledge of Indian character, it was then that Gen. Crook, in response to the repeated requests of the people, was returned to the Military Department of that Territory, in the fall of 1882. He was able at this time to settle difficulties that had begun to assume dangerous proportions. Some of the tribes had threatened outbreak, but under his influence settled down to peace and quietness, and no more fear was felt by the citizens of any further trouble. Gen. Crook is individually acquainted with many of these Indians. They esteem him as a great chief whom they can trust, one who will defend their interests. The very fact that the Indians he enlisted as scouts were to fight against their own kin, was sufficient evidence of his control over them. He in turn gives them credit for possessing more intelligence, courage and shrewdness, than most people do, who only partially know their manner of living and mode of warfare.

It was early in the spring of 1883, that the Chiricahuas, the unconquered Apache tribe, a remnant of which had always existed in the Dragoon Mountains, and others already specified, started out on their customary raids for killing, plundering and burning whenever opportunity offered, among defenseless settlers. Crook, both from the unexpectedness of the attack and lack of resources at command, was then unable to overtake and punish these marauding bands. The people and the press began to criticise severely, and to hold him responsible for the results of the outbreak, and to feel that he, satisfied with the laurels already won, had become careless and indifferent. But Gen. Crook understood the situation far better than his critics. With the sound judgment that ever characterized his movements, he set about making careful and thorough prepara-

tions for the invasion of the Sierra Madres, some time being occupied in consulting with the Mexican government, as he was obliged to pass through their country in pursuit of the hostiles, and desired to act in harmony with that nation. The successful result of the Sierra Madre expedition has already been given in full.

One reason of his uniform success may be attributed to the fact that he has accustomed himself to study thoroughly all the details pertaining to the preparation and carrying on of Indian warfare. He understands how to pack a mule, mend a saddle, and throw a lariat, as well as cook a meal. He messes with the men having charge of the pack trains, when engaged in active campaign, that all extra labor may be avoided, carrying no special supplies or servants for himself; and it would be hard for a stranger to distinguish him at such times, as far as regards dress, from any of the subordinates. As an illustration of this we give an amusing incident which occurred while in preparation for one of these campaigns.

A man who had never seen Gen. Crook had been employed to take charge of the pack-train, with authority to employ such assistants as he might need. While making his arrangements at one of the camps, and engaging men to aid in packing the animals, he was visited by the General himself, who was giving his personal attention to the progress of affairs. The packer, noticing a man walking about, dressed in an ordinary manner, and observing that he was an able-bodied individual, the following dialogue ensued:

Packer—"Say, mister, do you understand packing mules?"

Gen. Crook—"I think I do."

Packer—"Have you had experience in that line?"

Gen. Crook—"Well, considerable, here and there."

Packer—"Well, I'll give you forty dollars a month and grub to help us in this campaign."

Gen. Crook—"I am much obliged for the offer, but I already have a job."

Packer—"Is that so? What is the job?"

Gen. Crook—"Well, my friend, I am at present commanding this department."

A roar of laughter from the bystanders followed the abrupt termination of the conversation on mule packing, at the expense of the discomfited packer, who had pressed his interrogatories to such an unwarrantable extent.

Thirty-one years of the most efficient service has Gen. Crook rendered to his country, the frontier having reaped the rich benefits of his labor during twenty-six of these. Ceaseless vigilance and untiring energy have been required through protracted seasons, yet he has never faltered, but has met the demands of every occasion in the coolest, the bravest, the most persistent manner. The results of his work have been large. Not seen conspicuously by the people during the civil war, because shared with the many by whom he was surrounded, and swallowed up in the glory of the victories accorded to superior officers; yet they are not the less real, as proved by the published military reports, and his rapid promotion. In the West there has been opportunity for his deeds to stand out in their true significance, and well have they borne the test before the severest of all critics—the people. We feel assured that the near future will see the fulfillment of plans which were necessarily delayed on account of lack of power when most needed. Should there be a temporary failure, which we are not willing even to foreshadow, it will be attributable to the one fact that he was crippled by being subordinate to the Interior Department in his dealings with the Apaches. It is to be hoped that the late increase of power may undo the mischief, but if not, Gen. Crook cannot be blamed. Many would have assumed authority to act in such an emergency, depending upon executive clemency, but usurpation of power is not one of Gen. Crook's characteristics. Now, with his well-

earned right to power, we look for glorious results. He is a great General, and that he is a true philanthropist who can doubt, when even the lowest races find in him an interested friend, who helps to place them in the way of progress and permanent safety. That he is the friend of the Apaches and the Sioux in the exercise of his power, without further endangering the rights of others, but in time lessening the prospect of harm, will commend him to all true men, and such will help to make the work he has to do among them and for them the easier, by hearty support and appreciation of his efforts.

We must not fail to record the good fortune of Gen. Crook in possessing the truest and best of wives, who has not only shared his gayest seasons, but brightened his solitude. Mrs. Crook is credited with being remarkably prepossessing in personal appearance. We hear of her in New York as "a delightful lady," and again in the remote regions of Oregon, "where she is as popular and universally loved as her brave and unassuming husband;" and he was exceedingly popular. We can desire nothing better than that his future efforts may be as successful and pleasing to the people as his past labors, resulting in as much beneficence.



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